

No. 31

SEPTEMBER, 1939

64
PAGES
OF
Thrill-Packed
ACTION

Detective COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

10¢



Powerful and awesome, the mysterious
BATMAN again appears to oppose
the evil forces of a terrifying
master of crime known as
THE MONK!

No. 31

SEPTEMBER, 1939

64
PAGES
OF
Thrill-Packed
ACTION

Detective COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

10¢



Powerful and awesome, the mysterious
BATMAN again appears to oppose
the evil forces of a terrifying
master of crime known as
THE MONK!

The Greatest Scoop in Comic Magazine History!



Continue "THE AMERICAN WAY" featuring
FREDRIC MARCH!!

Follow the adventures of "RED, WHITE, and BLUE",
"SCRIBBLY", "MYSTERY MEN OF MARS", "HOP
HARRIGAN", and "POPSICLE PETE" in the
Sept. issue of **ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!**
AMERICA'S LEADING COMIC MAGAZINE
NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS!

See your old favorites "MUTT & JEFF", "TIPPIE",
"SKIPPY", "REG'AR FELLERS", "BEN WEBSTER",
ROBERT RIPLEY'S "Believe It or Not"...
and many others of your favorite
Comics!

HERE ARE MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE AUGUST ISSUES OF
THESE TWO NEW GREAT MAGAZINES, NOW ON SALE!

READ THEM FOR THRILLS and ENTERTAINMENT.

ENJOY A COMPLETE FIVE STAR MOVIE SHOW
FOR ONLY TEN CENTS!

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE:

FIVE CAME BACK

with
CHESTER MORRIS
WENDY BARRIE

WOLF CALL

a
JACK LONDON STORY

THE GIRL AND THE GAMBLER

with
LEO CARRILLO

THE HOUSE OF FEAR

with
WILLIAM GARGAN

THE FAMILY

NEXT DOOR

with
HUGH HERBERT

Continuing OREGON TRAIL

with
JOHN MACK BROWN

Shorts • Comics Newsreels

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

starring
JOAN BENNETT
LOUIS HAYWARD

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS



VINCENT A. SULLIVAN, Editor

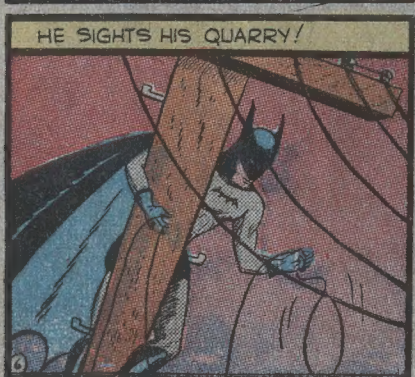
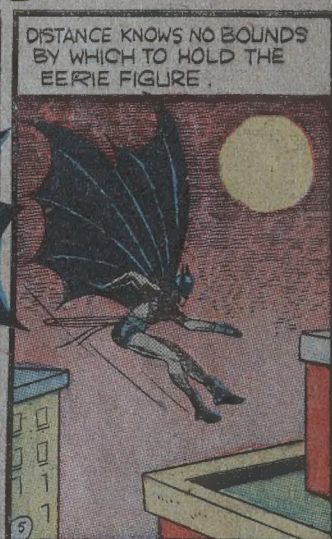
DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly by DETECTIVE COMICS, INC., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States and its possessions, \$1.20; elsewhere \$2.20. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1939, by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address: Combined Publications, Inc., 125 East 46th Street, New York City. Western Office: Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

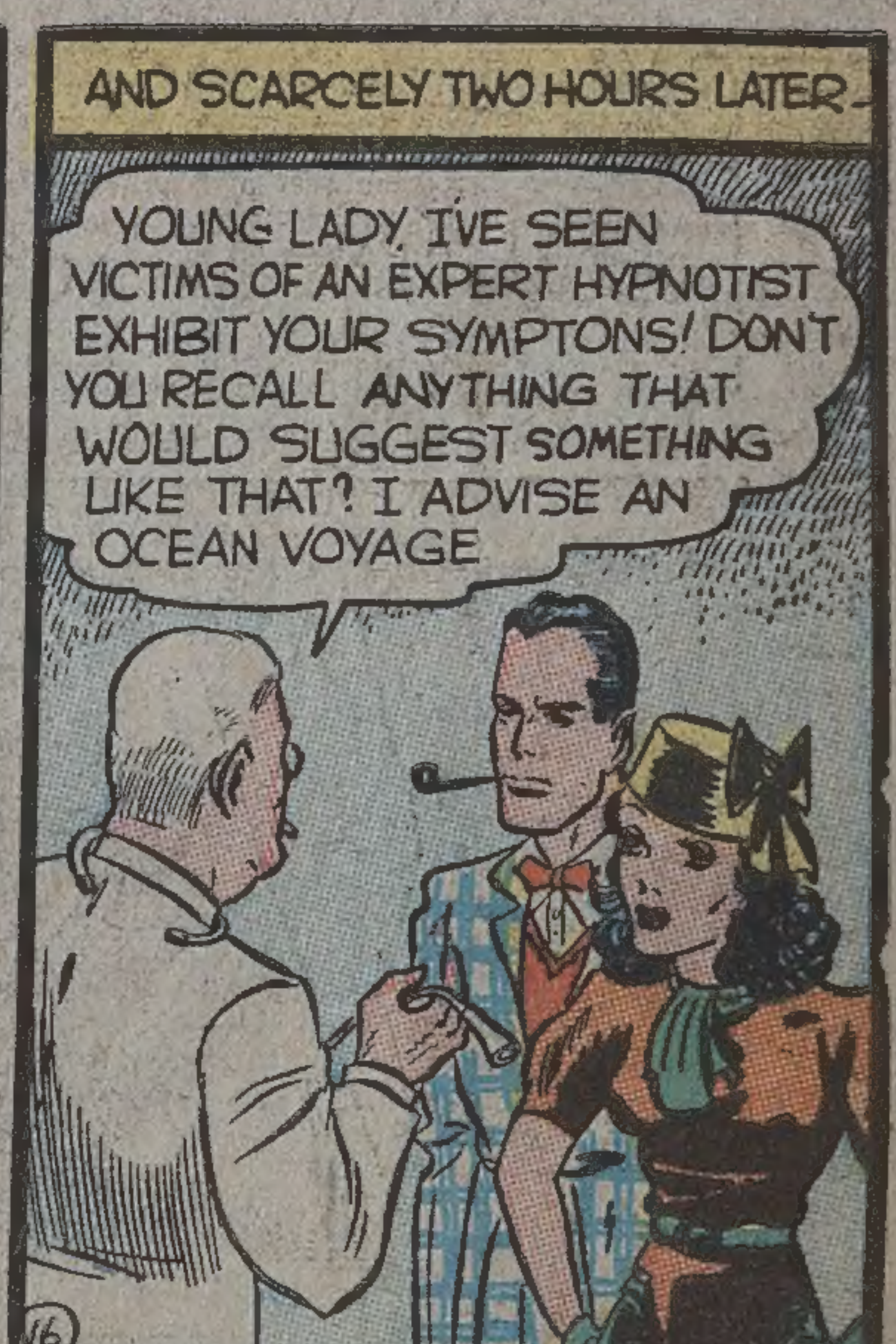
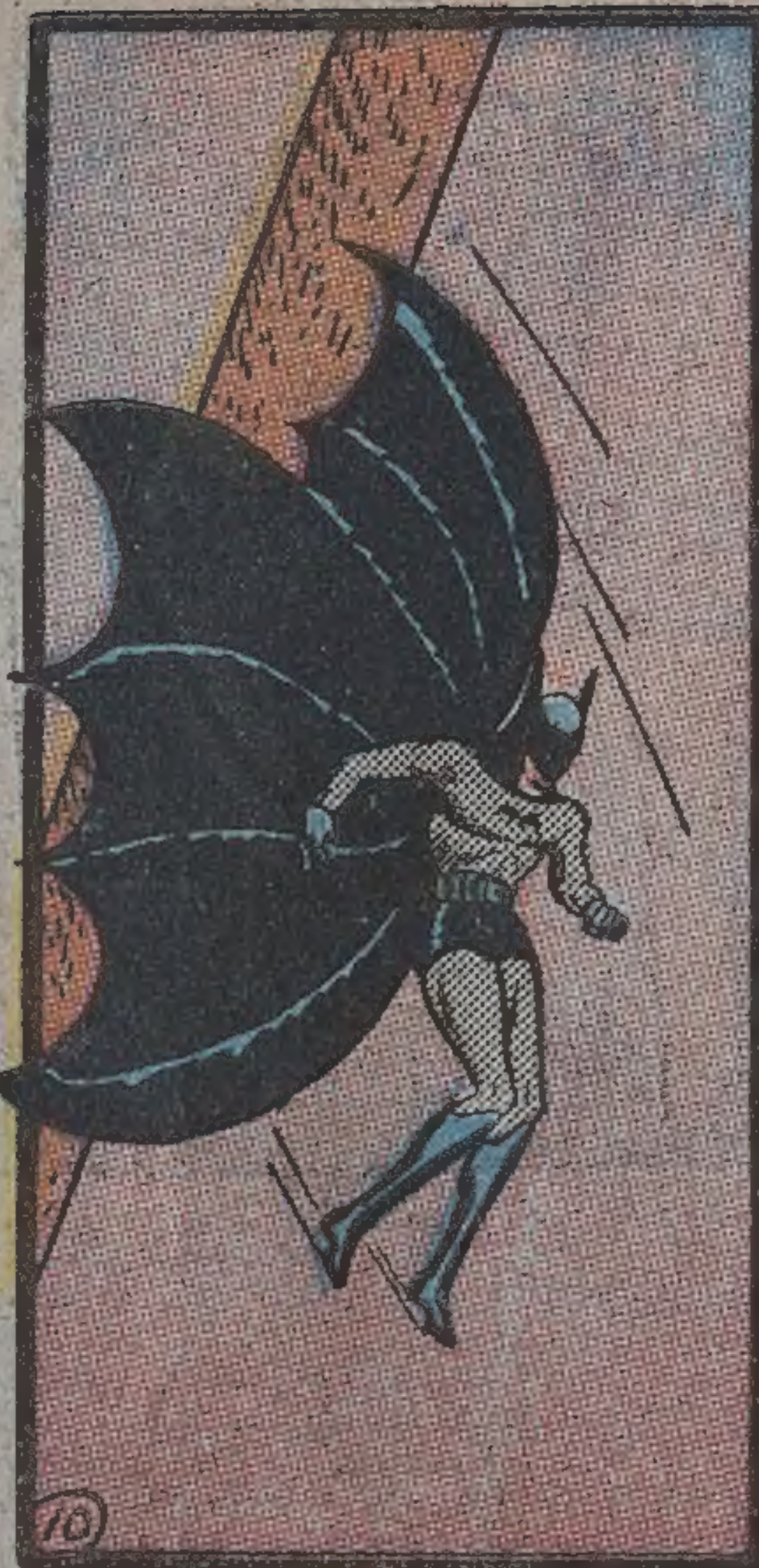
BAT MAN

THE BATMAN - WEIRD MENACE TO ALL CRIME - AT LAST MEETS AN OPPONENT WORTHY OF HIS METAL - A STRANGE CREATURE, COWLED LIKE A MONK, BUT POSSESSING THE POWERS OF A SATAN! A MAN WHOSE POWERS ARE UNCANNY, WHOSE BRAIN IS THE PRODUCT OF YEARS OF INTENSE STUDY AND SECLUSION!

BY

BOB KANE





YET AS DOCTOR TRENT TALKS, BRUCE WAYNE NOTICES HIS STARING EYES AND WONDERS...

YES, YES. AN OCEAN VOYAGE TO PARIS... AND PERHAPS, LATER, TO HUNGARY. THE LAND OF HISTORY AND WEREWOLVES.



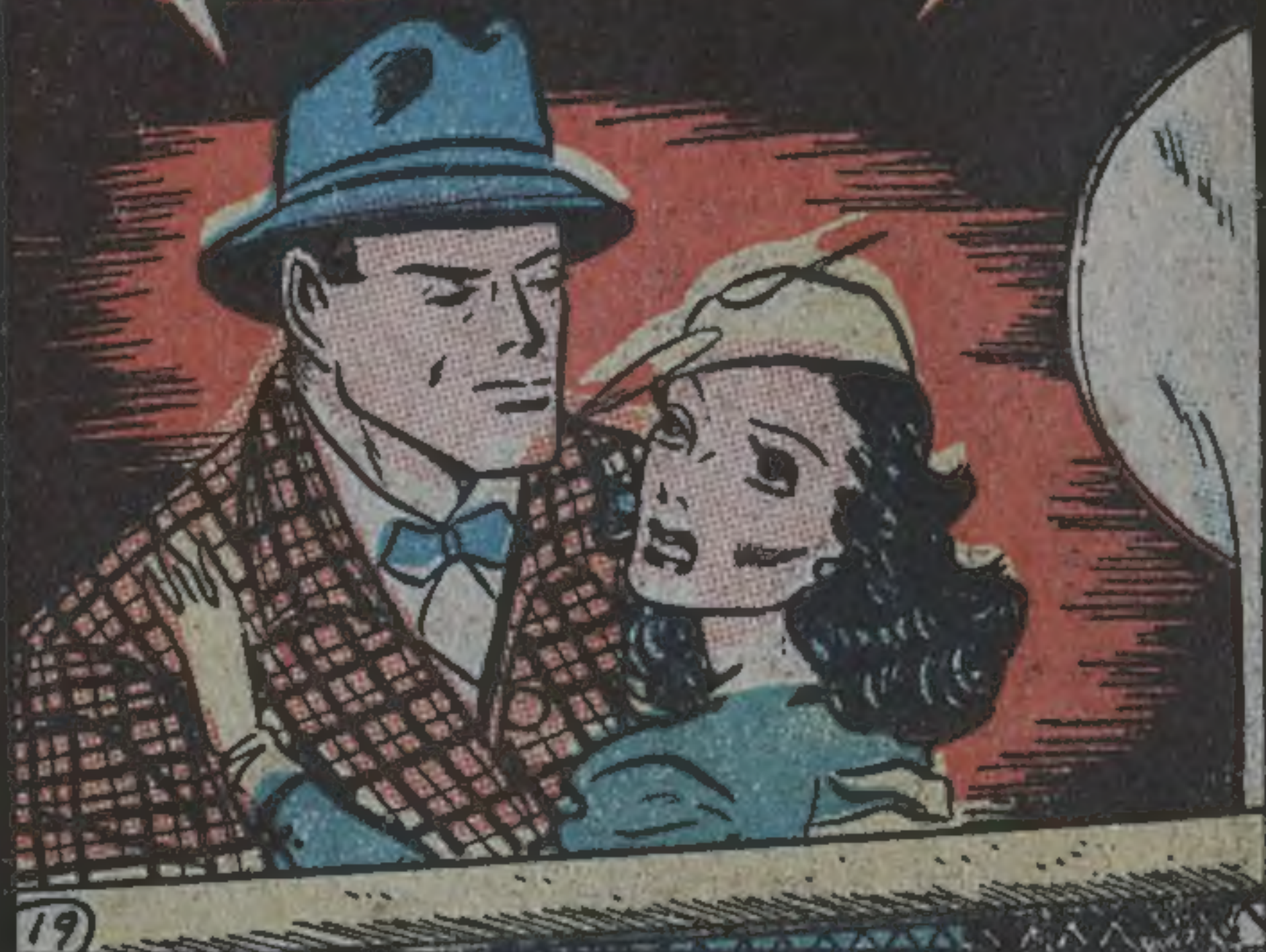
ONE TICKET TO PARIS, PLEASE. PORT CABIN.

**LUNAR
LINES**



I DON'T LIKE THE CRACK THE DOCTOR MADE ABOUT WEREWOLVES, JULIE. AND HE SEEMED HYPNOTIZED HIMSELF, WHEN HE GAVE YOU THAT ADVICE. BUT MAYBE I'M IMAGINING THINGS.

OF COURSE YOU ARE! I'VE WORRIED YOU. BUT I'LL BE GOOD, I PROMISE.



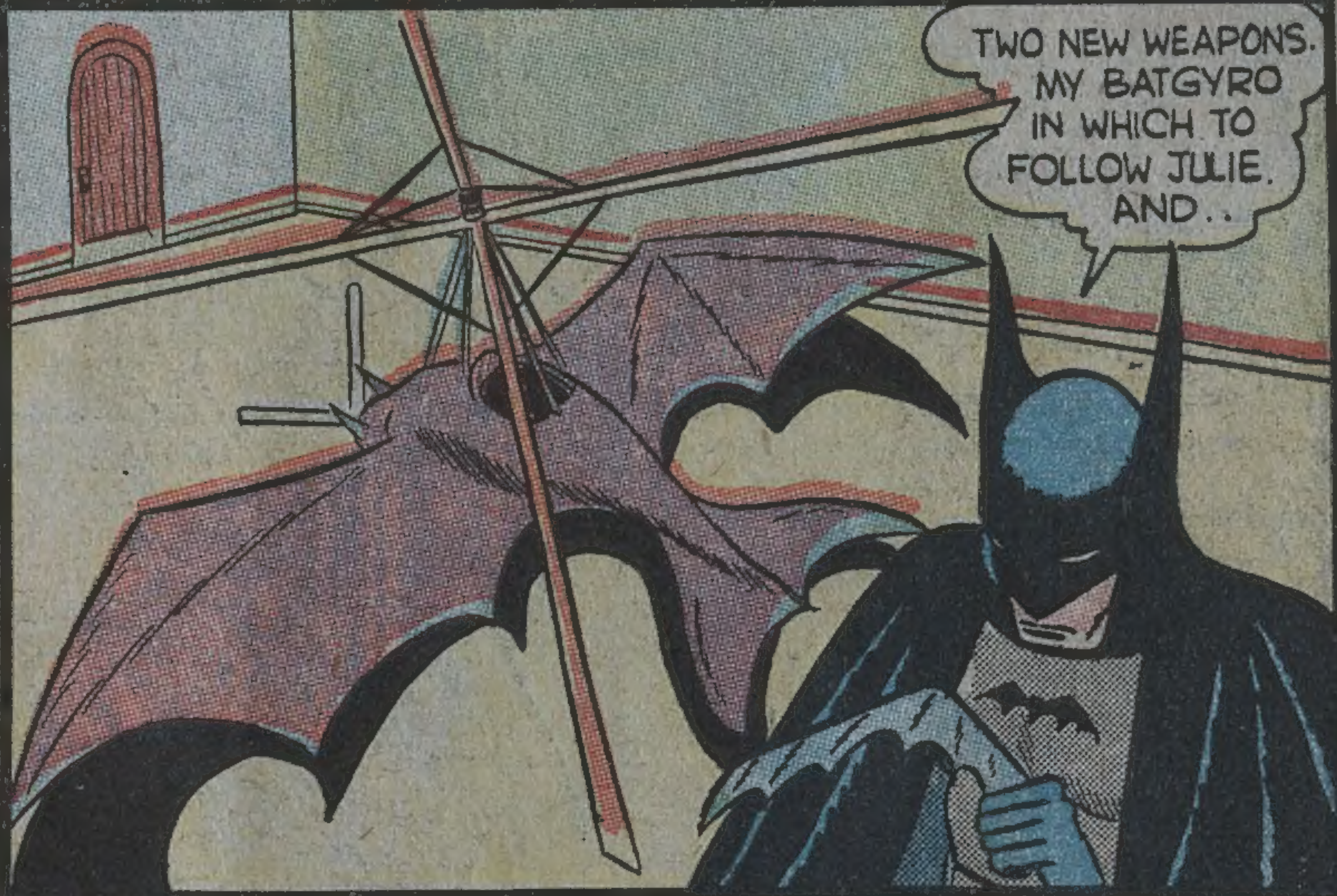
BUT BACK AT THE WAYNE MANSION.

JULIE WOULD BE SUPRISED TO KNOW HER BATMAN IS HER FUTURE HUSBAND.

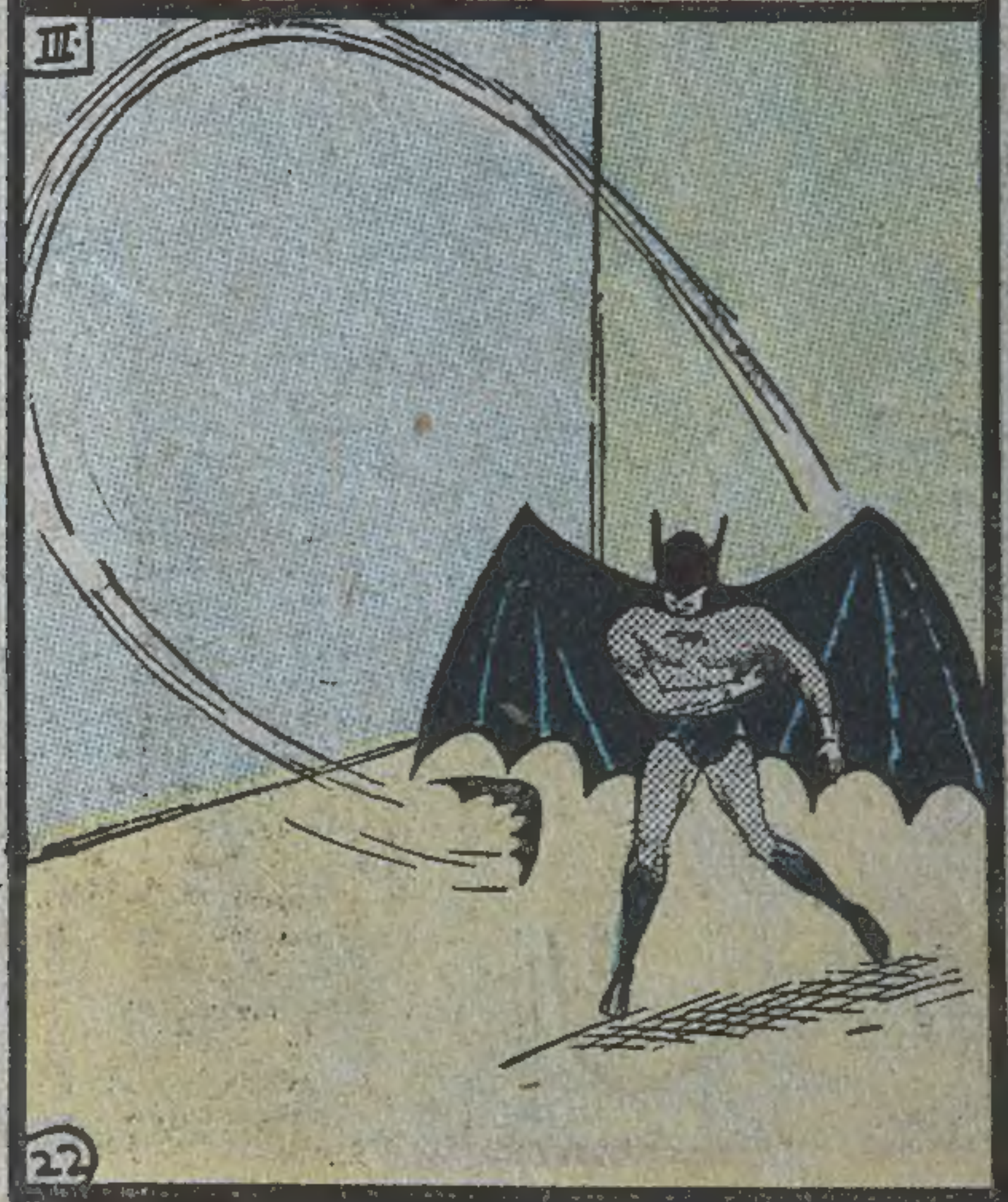


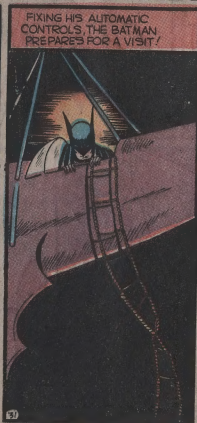
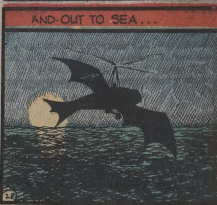
AND IN A SECRET HANGAR KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF.

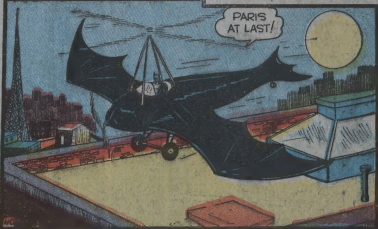
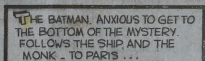
TWO NEW WEAPONS. MY BATGYRO IN WHICH TO FOLLOW JULIE. AND...



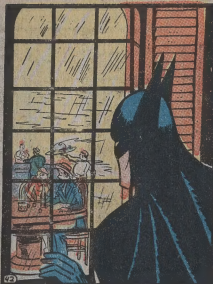
THE FLYING BATERANG - MODELED AFTER THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S BOOMERANG!







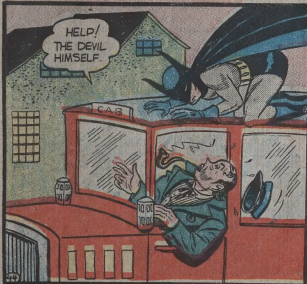
THE SEARCH BEGINS...



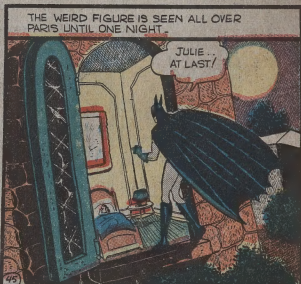
THE TRAIL LEADS EVERY-WHERE.



HELP!
THE DEVIL
HIMSELF.



THE WEIRD FIGURE IS SEEN ALL OVER
PARIS UNTIL ONE NIGHT -



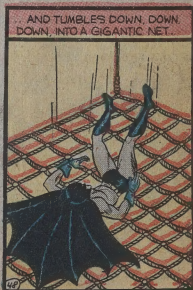
BUT A WARM RECEPTION HAS BEEN
PREPARED FOR HIM!



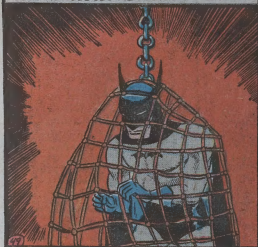
THE BATMAN NIMBLY
DODGES THE HUGE APE,
ONLY TO FLY THROUGH
A SLIDING DOOR.



... AND TUMBLES DOWN, DOWN
DOWN, INTO A GIGANTIC NET.



CAUGHT LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP, AS
THE NET CLOSES ABOUT HIM...



THE BATMAN, ONCE AGAIN FACES THE DIABOLICAL MASTER MONK!



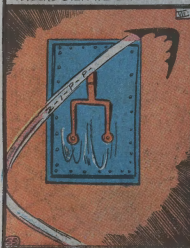
THE NET BEGINS TO DROP SLOWLY INTO THE DEN OF SNAKES.



IN A FLASH, THE BATMAN FLIPS HIS BATERANG.



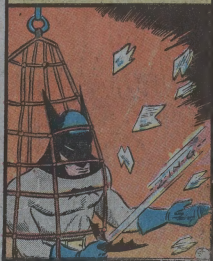
THE NET STOPS IN ITS DOWNWARD
FLIGHT AS THE BATERANG
KNOCKS OVER THE LEVER.

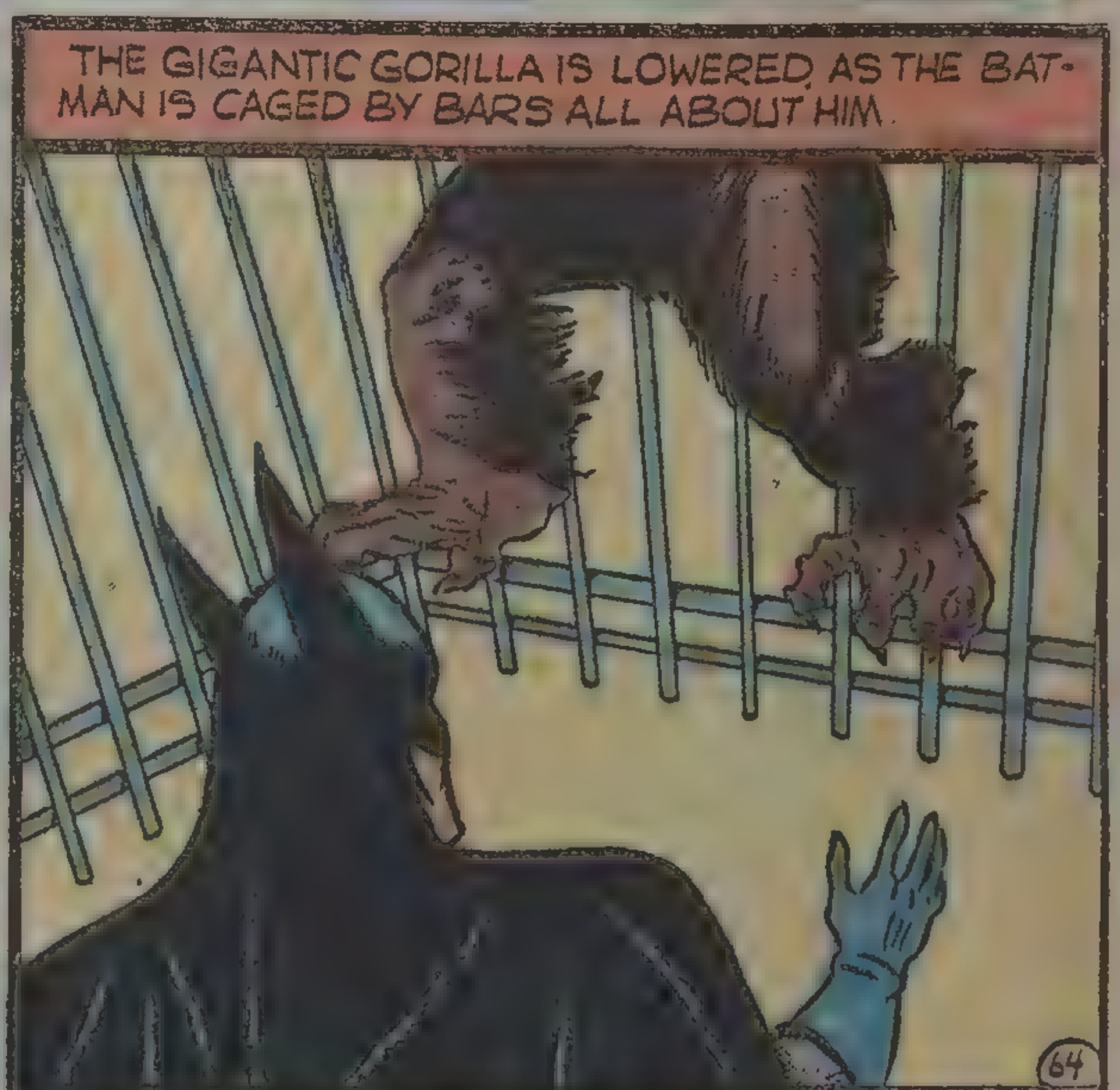
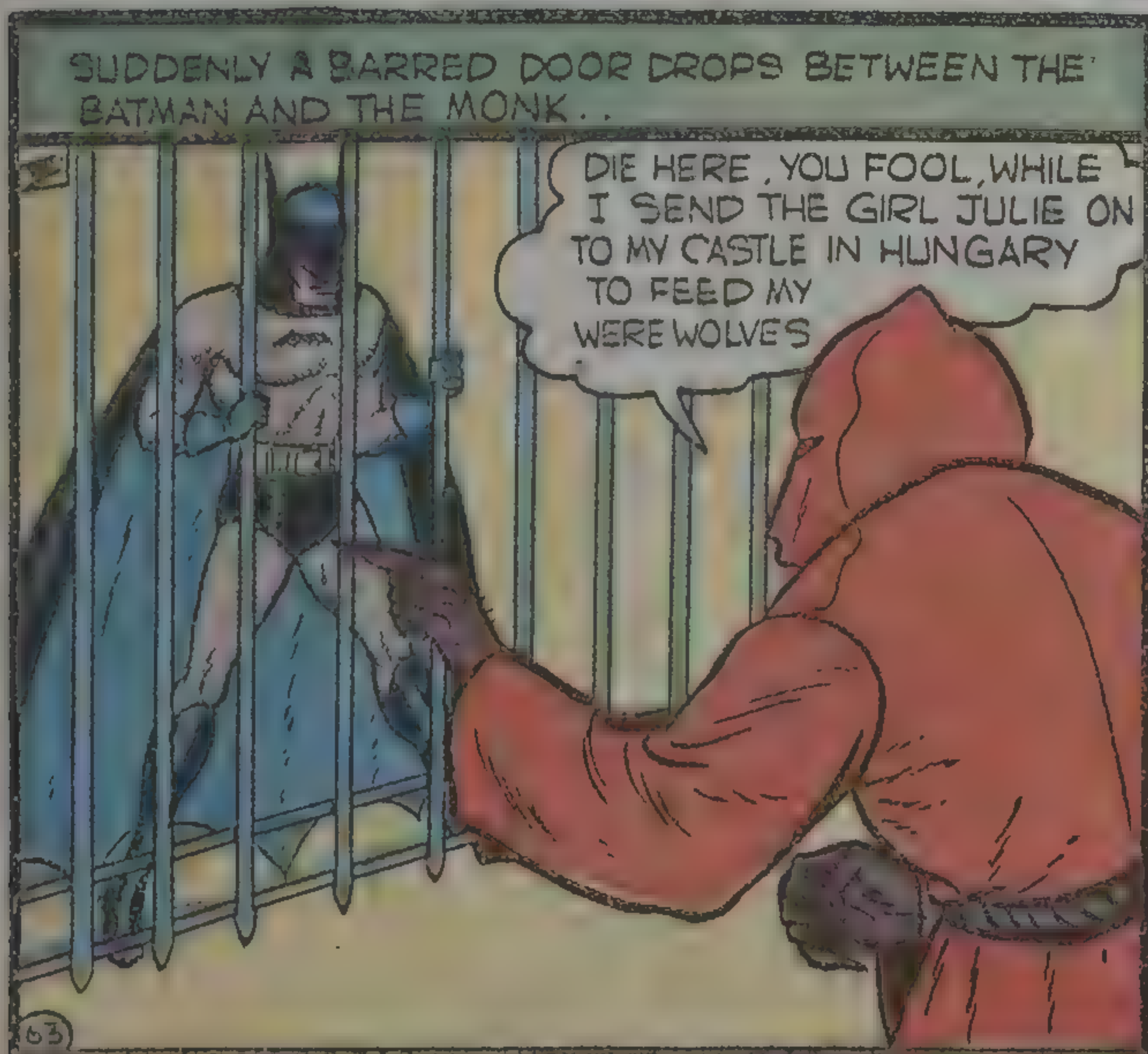
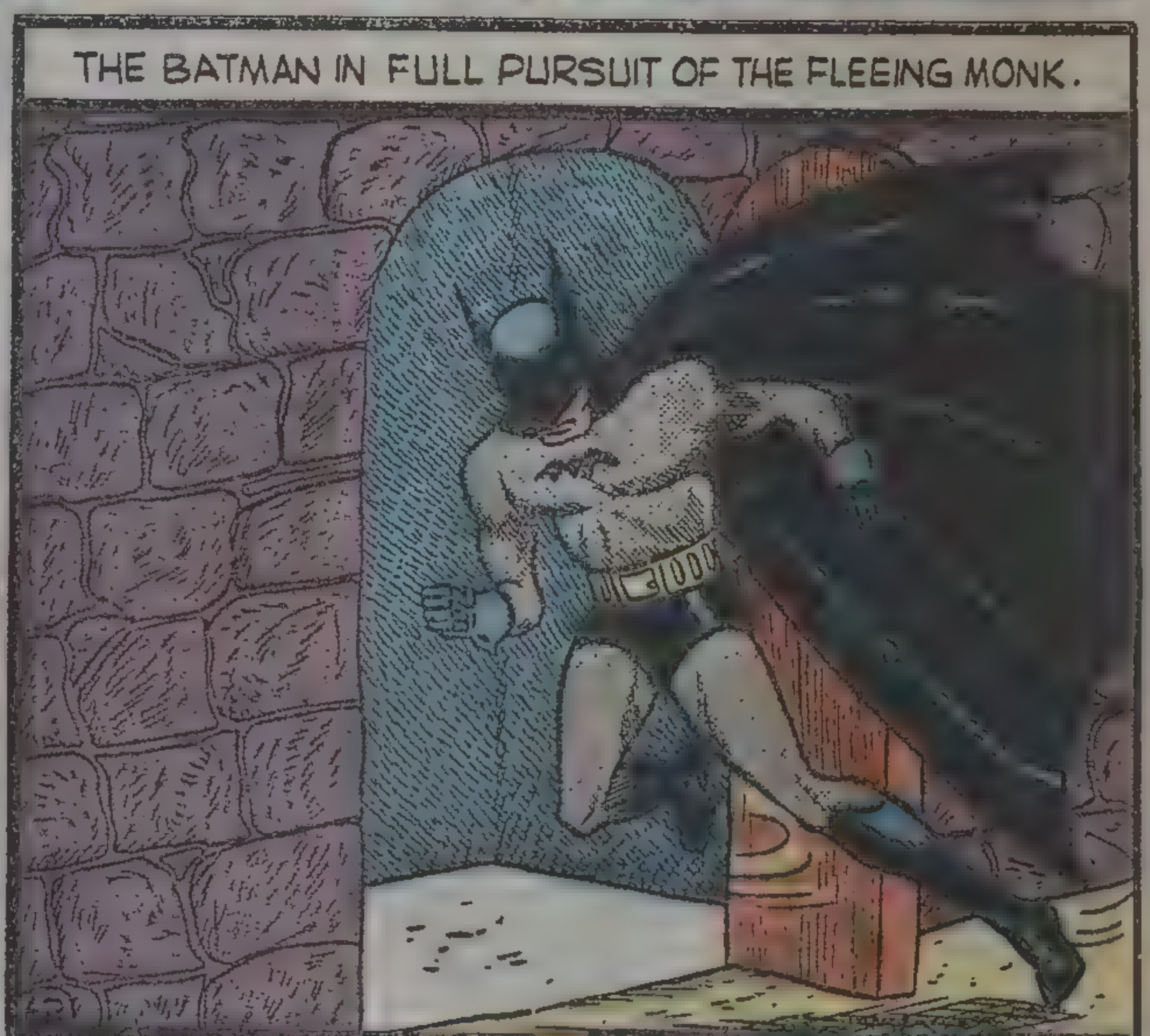
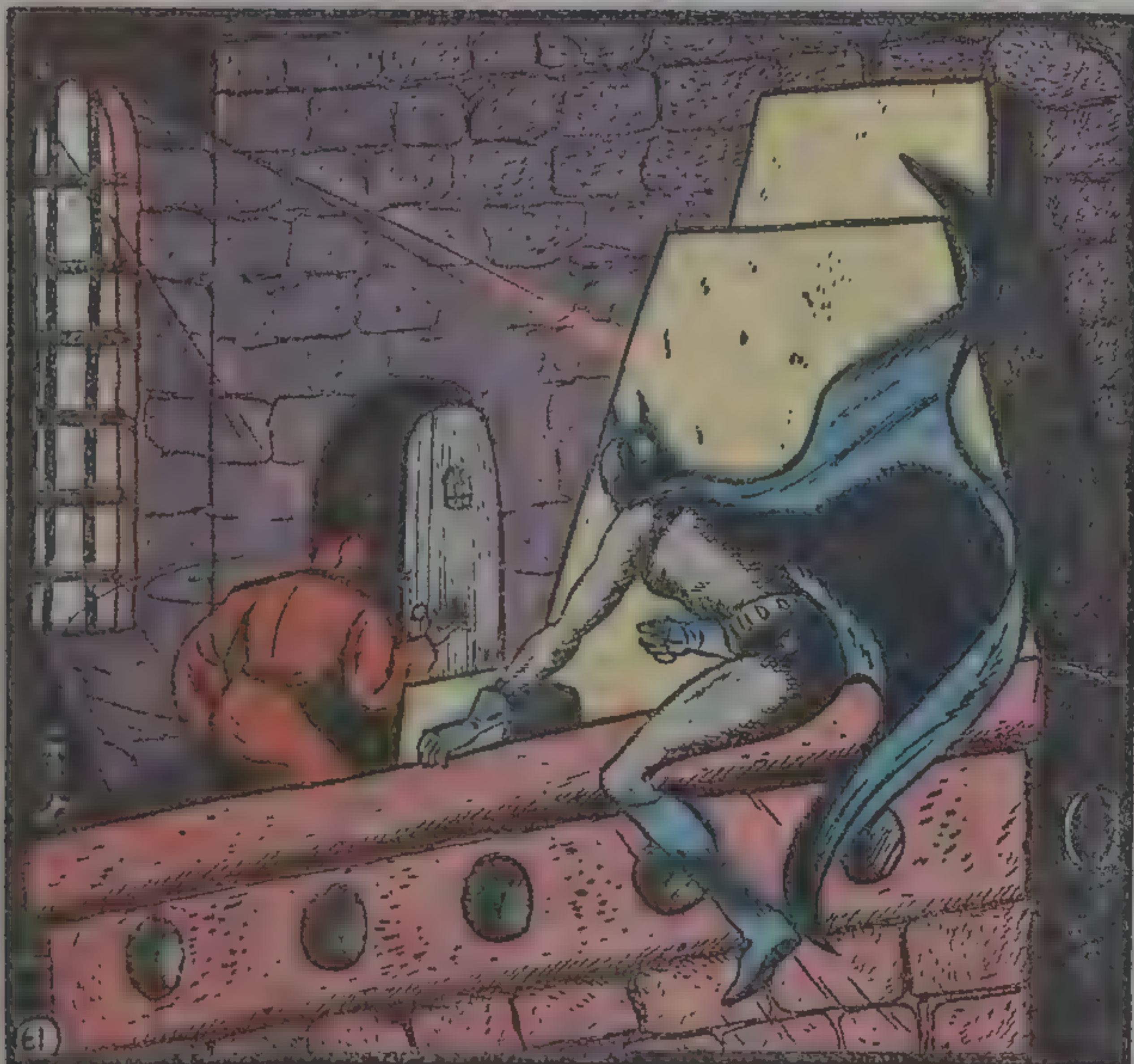
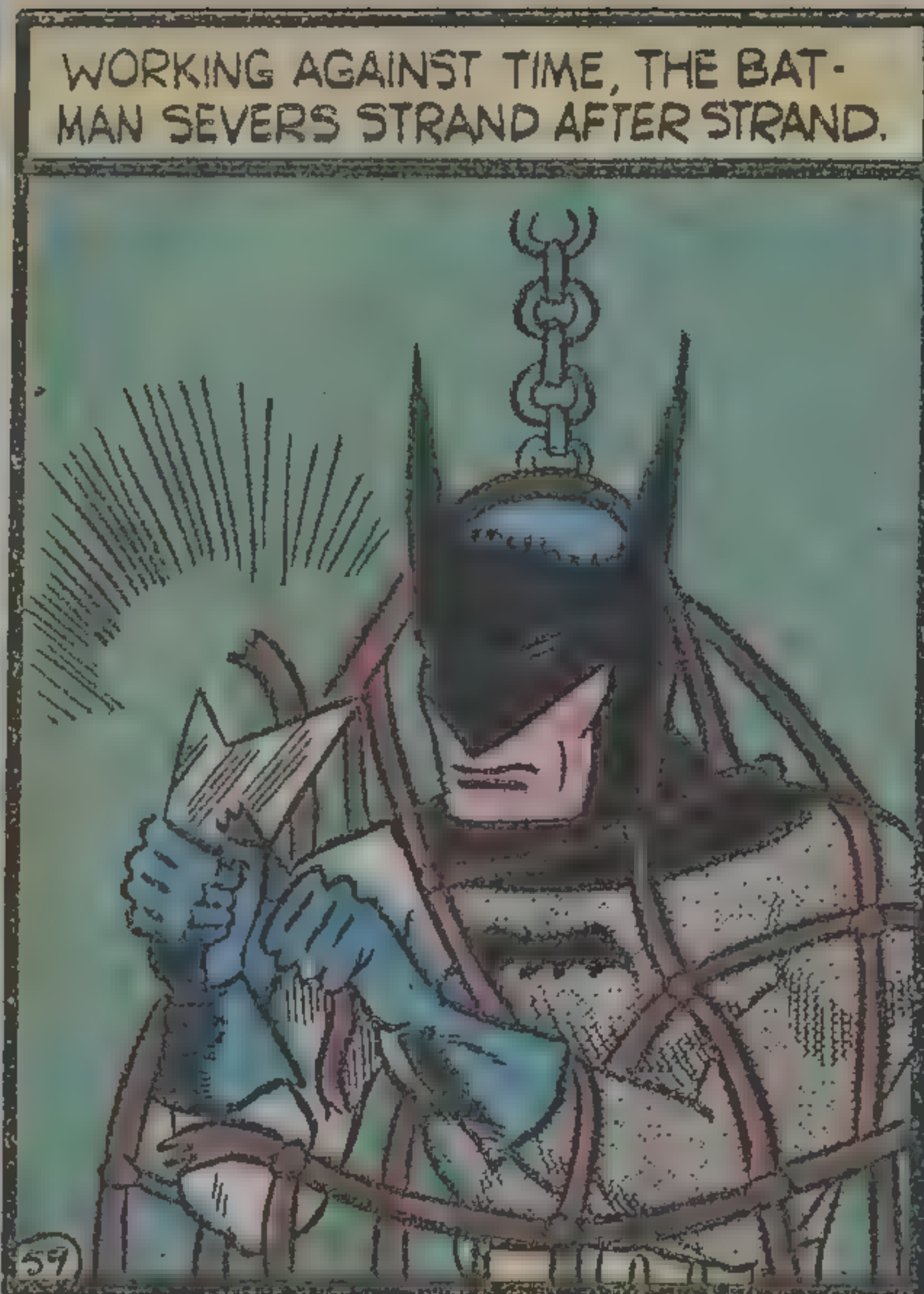


CONTINUING ON ITS UPWARD
SWEEP IT CRASHES INTO A
GLASS CHANDELIER



THE BATMAN GRASPS THE BATERANG
AND THE BROKEN GLASS!



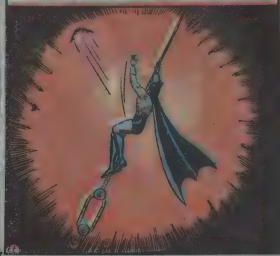


THE BATMAN MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP FOR THE ROPE THAT LOWERED THE GORILLA...



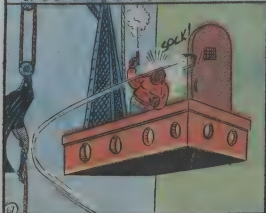
65

... AS HE CLIMBS HAND OVER HAND UP THE ROPE - HE SIGHTS THE GUARD ABOUT TO DRAW A GUN.



66

THE BATERANG HITS ITS MARK!



67



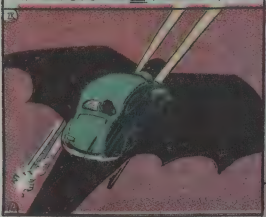
68

THE IDLING BAT-PLANE HOVERS ABOVE THE BATMAN!



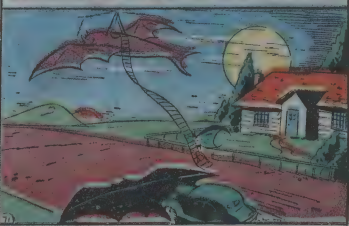
69

AS A POWERFUL CAR PACES TOWARDS HUNGARY, THE SHADOW OF THE BAT FOLLOWS IT!

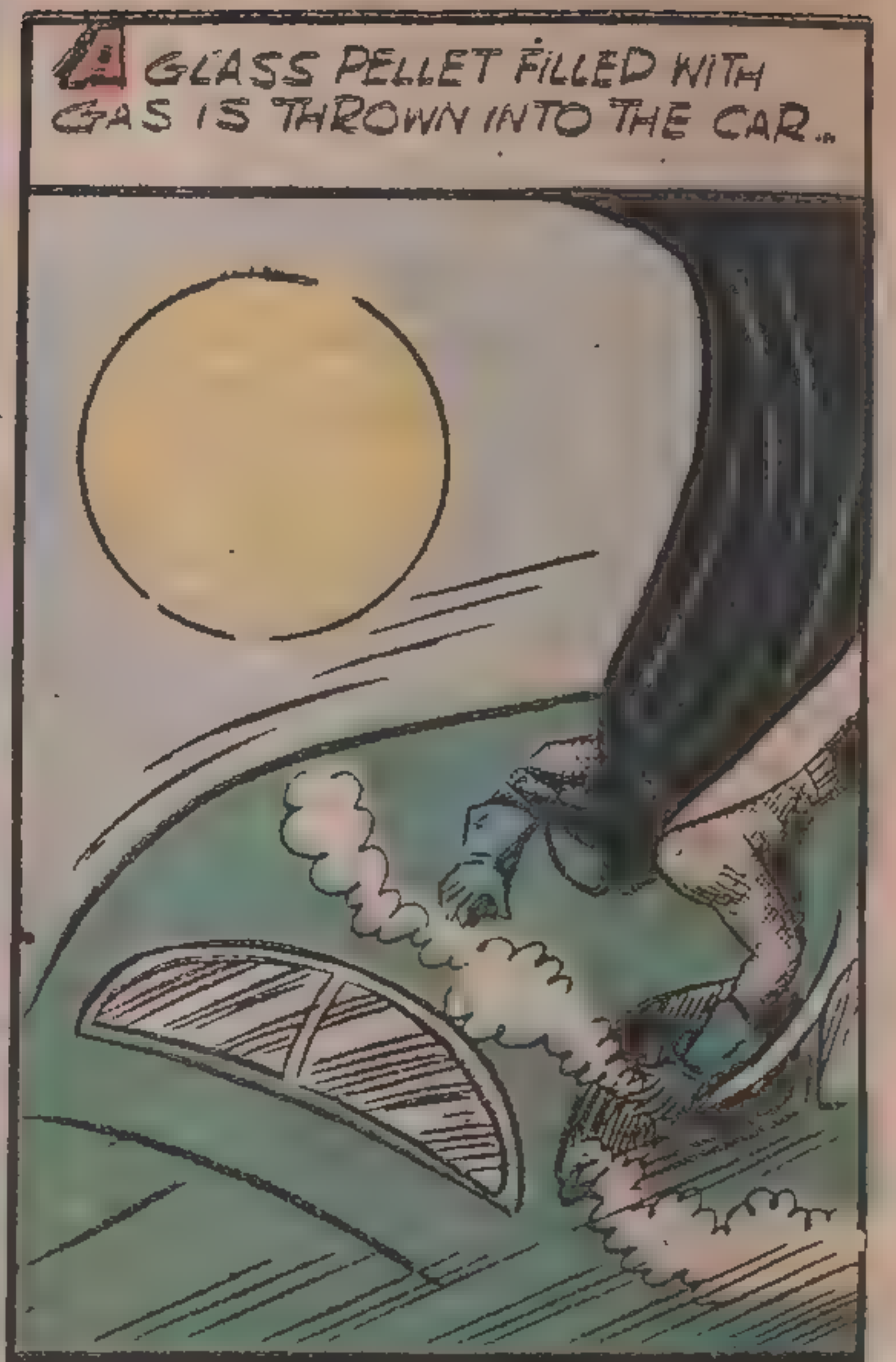
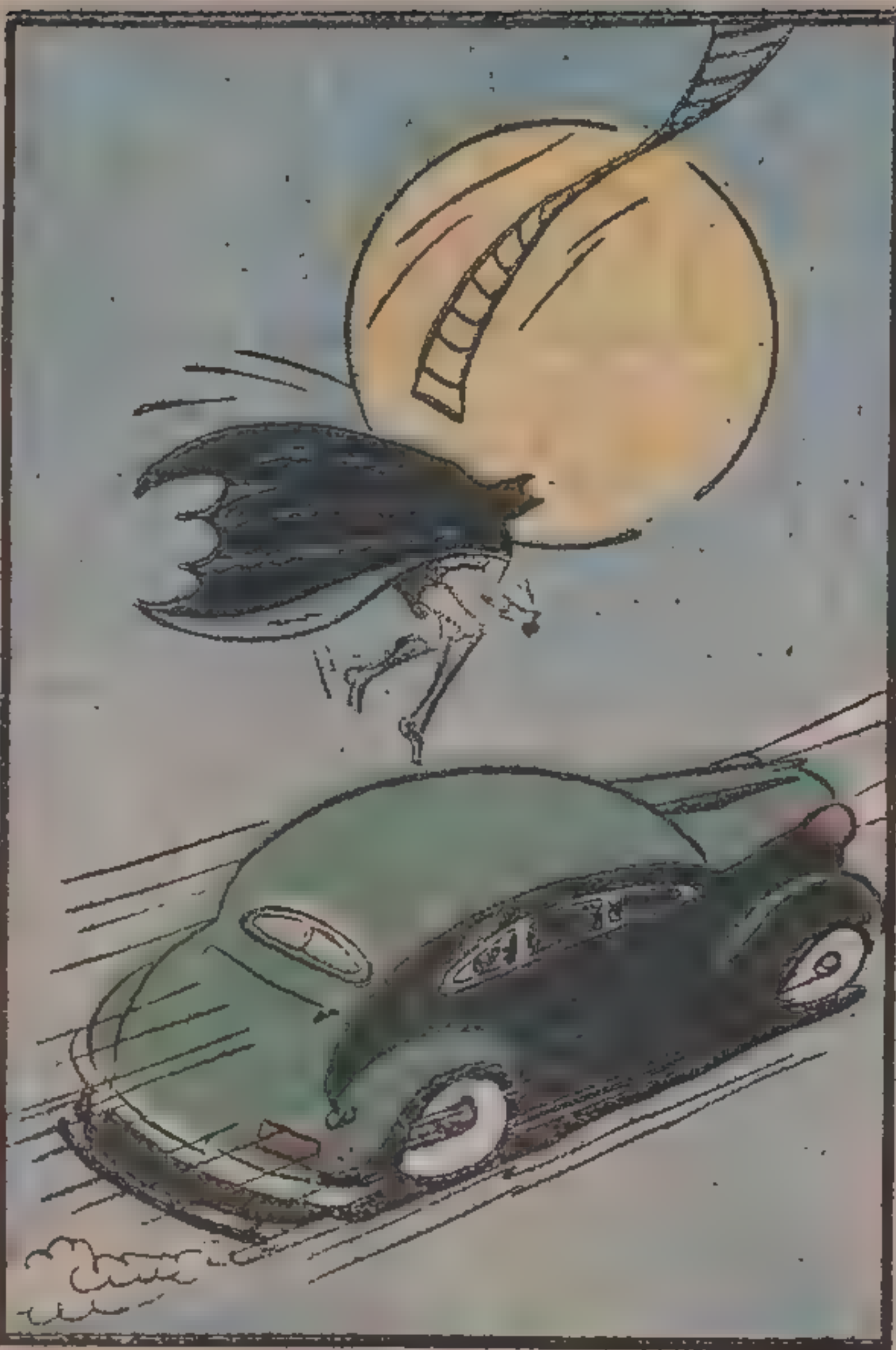


70

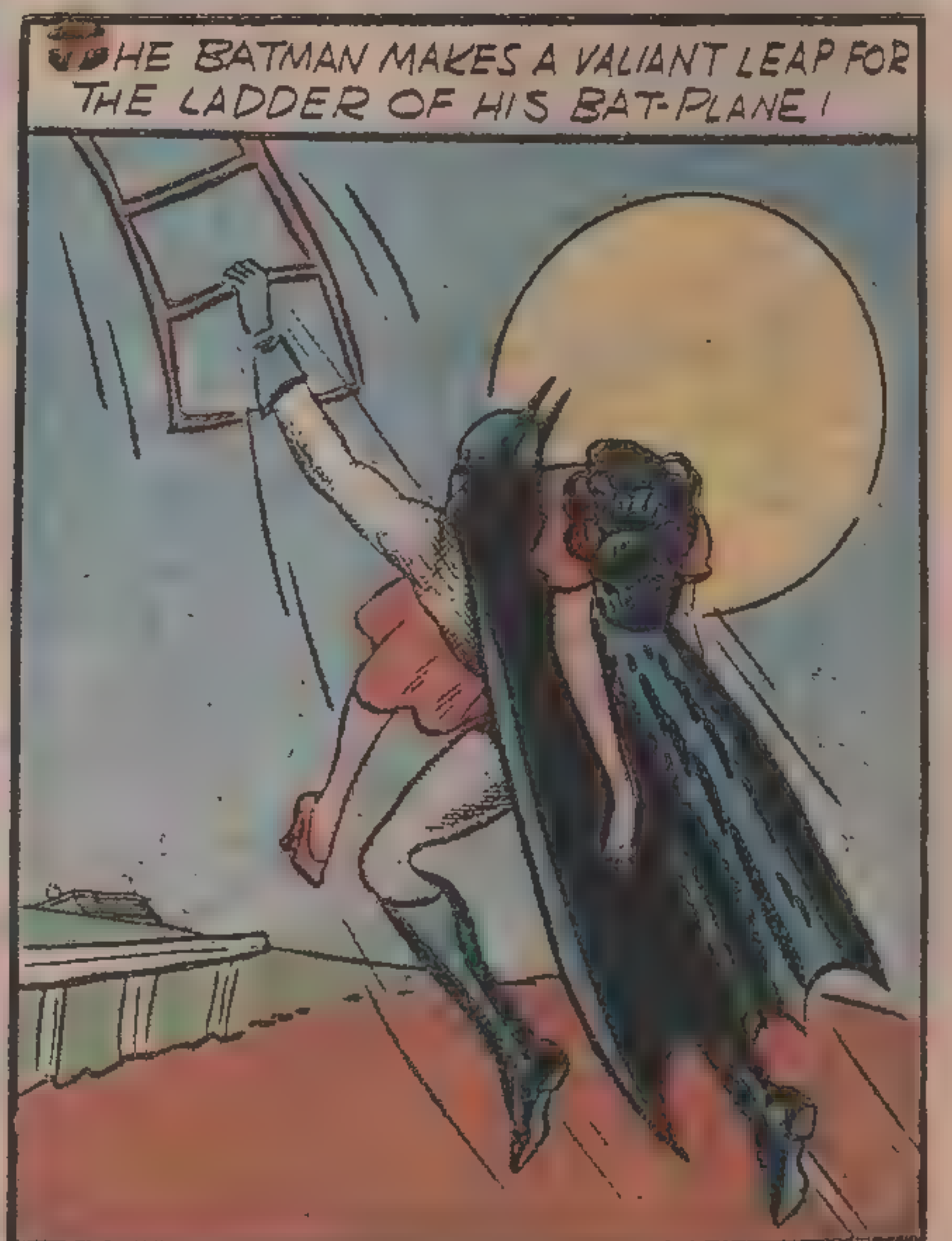
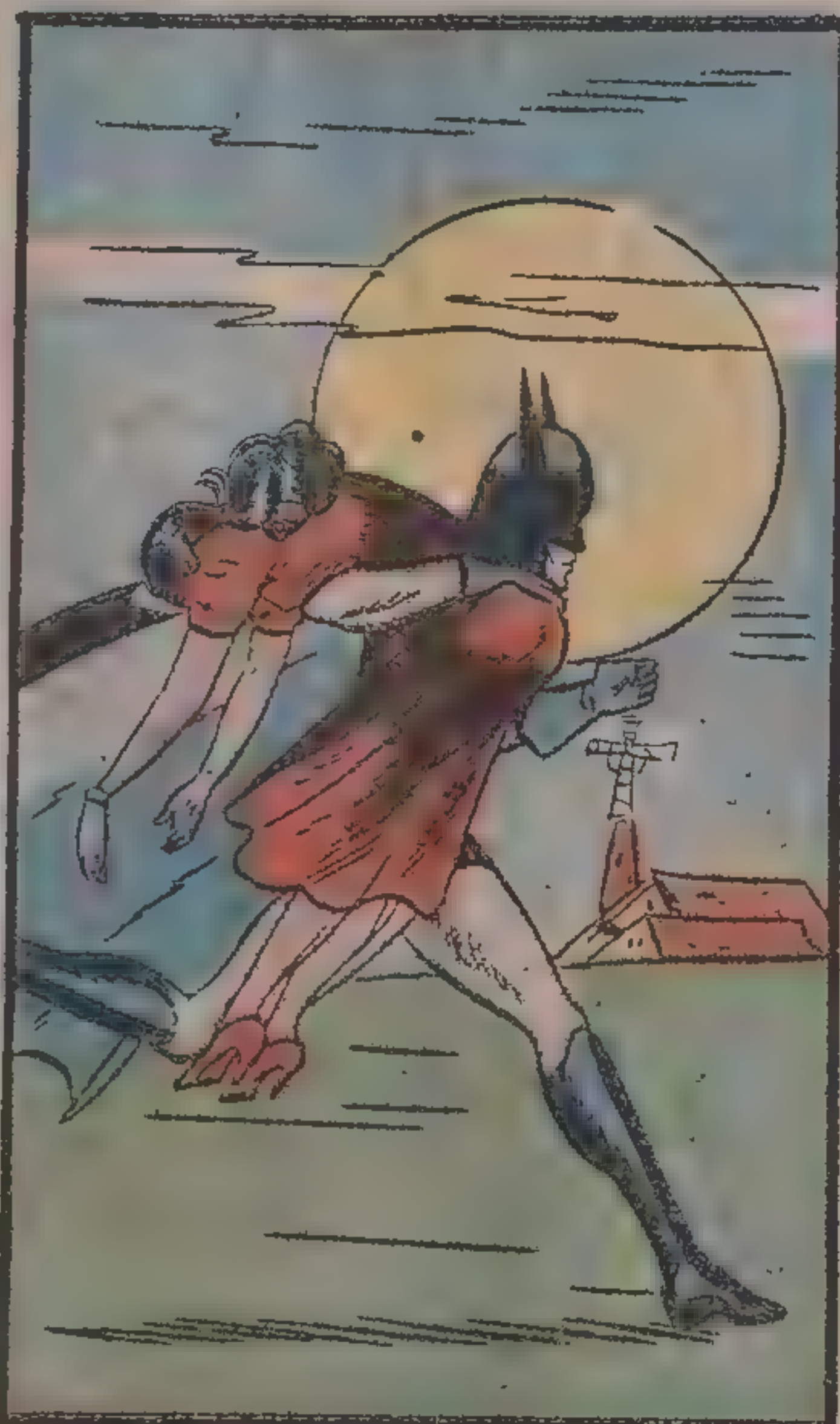
THE BATMAN PREPARES TO BOARD THE CAR FROM THE AIR!



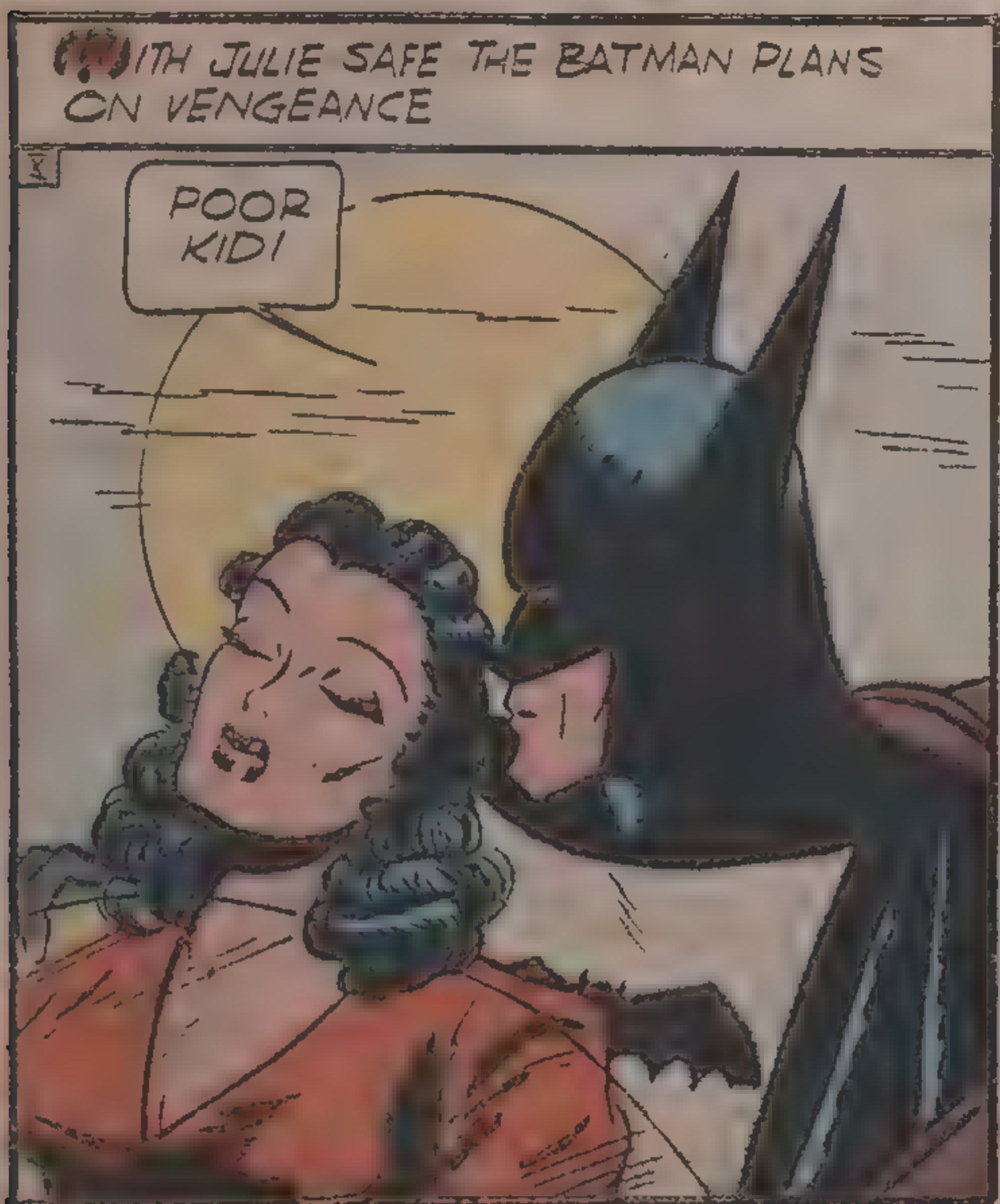
71



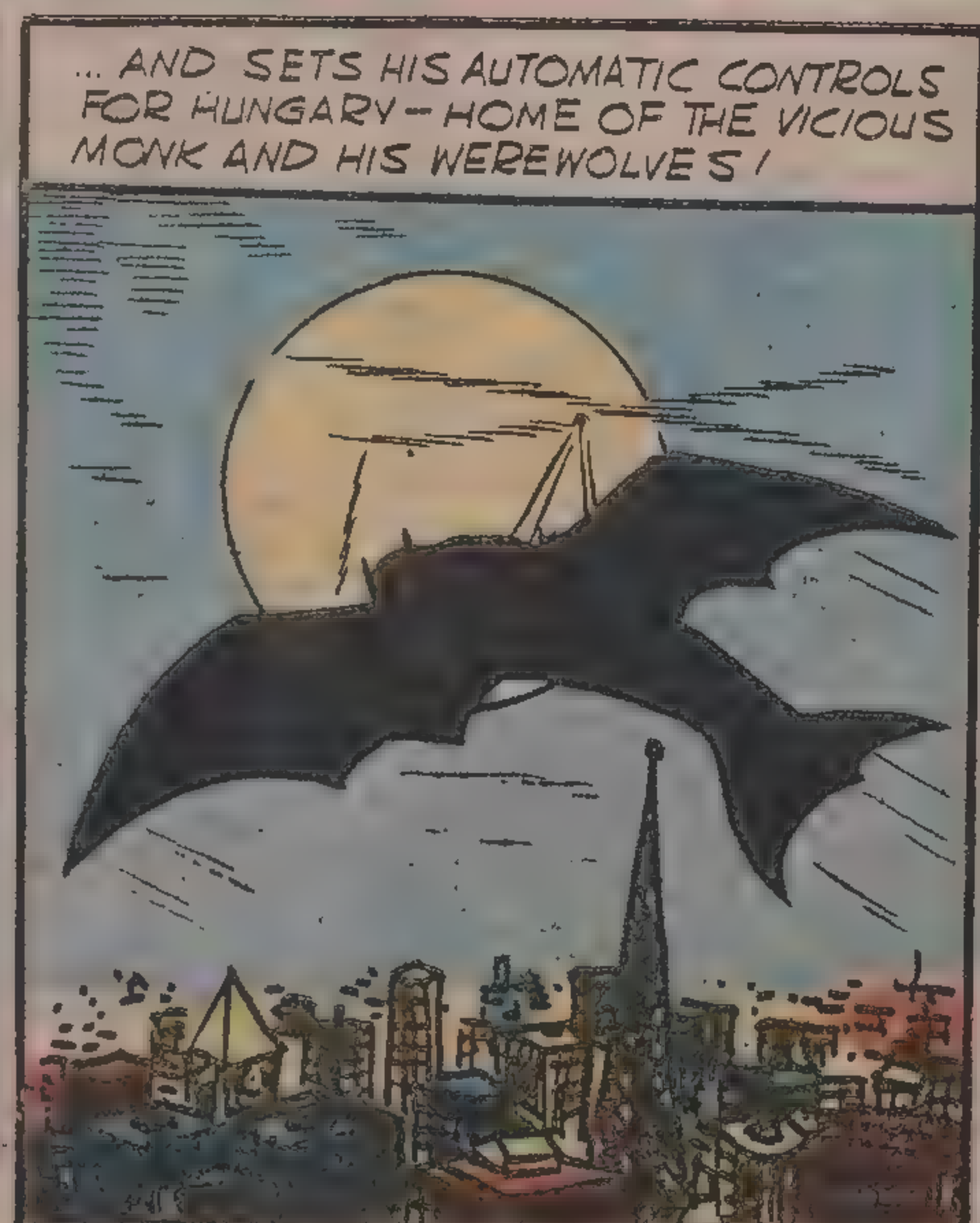
A GLASS PELLET FILLED WITH GAS IS THROWN INTO THE CAR..



THE BATMAN MAKES A VALIANT LEAP FOR THE LADDER OF HIS BAT-PLANE!



WITH JULIE SAFE THE BATMAN PLANS ON VENGEANCE



... AND SETS HIS AUTOMATIC CONTROLS FOR HUNGARY - HOME OF THE VICIOUS MONK AND HIS WEREWOLVES!



Detective Stamp Page

LATEST ARRIVALS FOR WORLD'S FAIR

Strikingly depicted on a new Russian set, issued in honor of the New York World's Fair, is the most striking statue in the exposition at Flushing Meadow. It is the stainless steel figure of a Russian worker, and is presented on the 80 kopecs, blue-gray and red stamp. A companion stamp pictures the Russian pavilion at the fair and is issued in a 50k value, printed in light brown and blue.

The Russian pavilion is one of the largest, most expensive and most spectacular exhibits at the fair. One of its features is a 125 foot tower covered with the same red Karelian marble that adorns Lenin's tomb. Crowning the tower is the lofty statue upholding the emblem of the U.S.S.R.

Another fair exhibit to be pictured on a stamp is the Roumanian pavilion. Two views of this edifice are presented on Roumania's commemorative series which is issued in a 6 lei reddish-brown and 12L light blue.

The French colonial item, consisting of two values each from twenty-four colonies pictures a group of natives against a background of New York skyscrapers. Values and colors are: 1.25 francs dark red and 2 Fr.25 ultramarine from Cameroons, Dahomey, French Equatorial Africa, French Guiana, French Guinea, French Oceanica, French Sudan, Guadeloupe, Inini, Ivory Coast, Madagascar, Martinique, New Caledonia, Niger Territory, Reunion, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Senegal, Somali Coast, Togo, and Wallis and Futuna Islands. In the same colors, Indo-China and Kouang-Tcheou issued 12 cents and 23 cents stamps, and French India's values are 1 fannon 12 caches and 2f12c.

LATVIA HONORS PREMIER

Latvia's outstanding statesman is honored on a series of eight stamps issued to commemorate the fifth anniversary of Dr. Carlis Ulmanis' rise to executive power. On May 15th, 1934, Dr. Ulmanis assumed the head of an extremely disorganized state and became the republic's president with almost dictatorial power.

When Latvia became an independent state in 1918, Dr. Ulmanis organized the new government and became its first prime minister.

The buildings pictured on the new issue were all constructed during the past five years. Designs, values and colors of the complete set are: 3 santimu bistre, government building; 5s bright green, President's home; 10s dark green, army barracks; 20s carmine, Independence Monument at Riga; 30s bright blue, eagle holding nation's flag; 35s dark blue, railroad station; 40s brown-purple, army barracks; 50s gray-green, portrait of Dr. Ulmanis.

FREE!! ROYAL VISIT PACKET. Contains Coronation and other new stamps of King George and Queen Elizabeth. Also includes an Abdication Stamp of King Edward and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets—one of them from Austria. Send 4c for postage and packing. Approvals included.

R. T. ROBERTS & CO.
312 Shearer Bldg. Bay City, Mich.

U.S. #1, 2, 4, & 5 Stamps

Included in our packet of 25 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to new approval applicants sending 3c postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. DC
FLINT MICHIGAN

STAMP COLLECTORS VALUABLE ALMANAC FREE



Do you know that Abraham Lincoln was an honorary citizen of the Republic of San Marino? You will find this and hundreds of other interesting facts, with illustrations, in our latest almanac "FAMOUS STAMPS AND THEIR STORIES."

This almanac is recognized everywhere as the most instructive, interesting and fascinating work of its kind, worthy of a permanent place in your library. It is so universally admired that collectors look forward to it each year. We will send it FREE for 10c mailing expenses together with a trial selection of stamps "ON APPROVAL," but only to responsible persons.

GLOBUS STAMP CO.
268 Fourth Ave. New York City. Dept 37

6 TRIANGLES BIG DIAMOND 5 AIRMAILS!

also Big packet of world-wide stamps including rare Borneo, Silver Jubilee, Belg. Congo, Dutch Indies, Siam, P. I., Cuba, China, Brazil, many Brit. Colonies, Chile & Mexico. 6c to approval applicants

EUREKA STAMP CO., Dept. M, Burbank, Calif

★ ★ STAMP ★ ★

100 Page Collectors Handbook, chock full of information, both for the beginner and advanced collector, **also** 100 different stamps from all parts of the world for only **10c** to applicants for our foreign approvals. Offer limited. Write today.

HARVEY D. DOLIN & CO.
31 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOY SCOUT SET AND TRIANGLE



from Netherlands included in one Big Packet of Ships, Scenes, Airmails, Animals from Scarce and Thrilling countries in Dark Africa, South Seas, West Indies, Asia, etc., only 3c with approvals. **REYCO SERVICE.**

Box 5197, Metro Stat., Los Angeles, Calif

Royal Visit Stamp Annual Free

Sixty pages with hundreds of Illustrations featuring Canadians, Newfoundlands, United States, Colonials, Foreign, Supplies Sent FREE

GRAY STAMP COMPANY
Dept. DG, Toronto, Canada

EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and Girls sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies, etc. in your school, neighborhood, and clubs. Bargains in Stamps and profits for you.

MONTGOMERY WALKER
2841 West 37th St., Dept DT-8 Brooklyn, N. Y.

CRIME NEVER PAYS



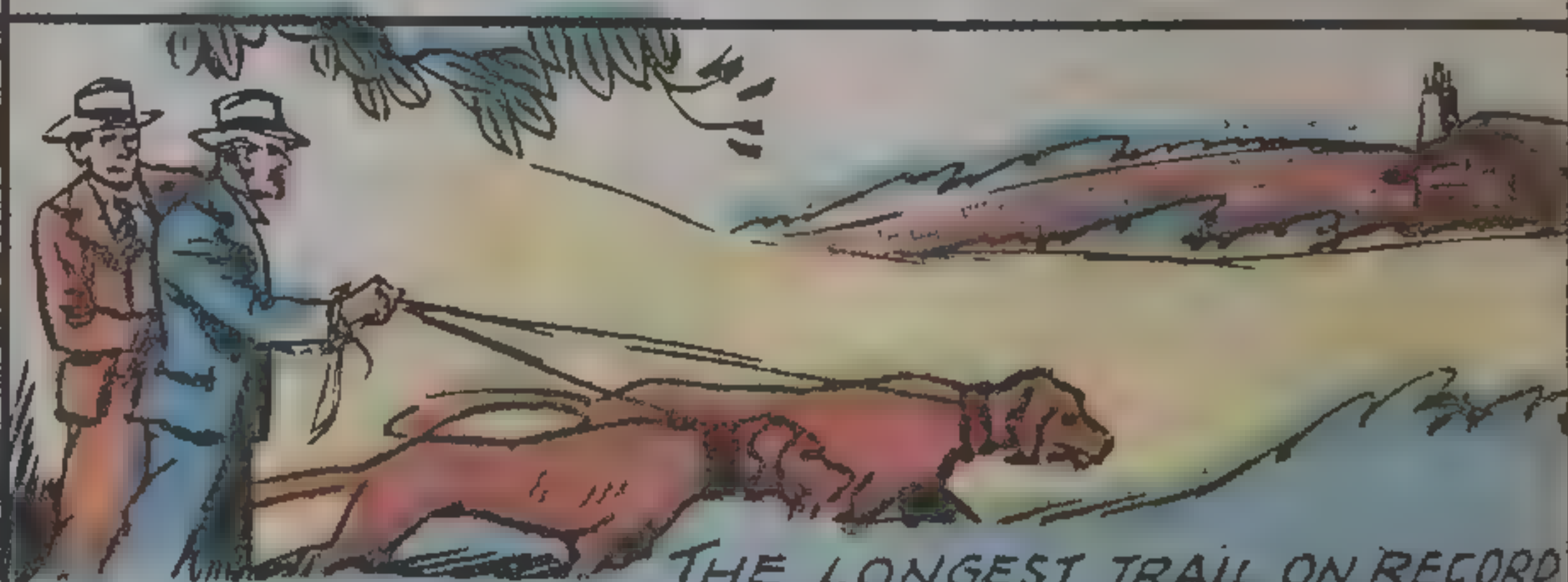
WAGING BATTLE AGAINST HIGHWAY PIRACY!

ALONG 3,000,000 MILES OF U.S. HIGHWAYS, UNDER-COVER AGENTS OF THE F.B.I. ARE WAGING WAR AGAINST FREIGHT-TRUCK PIRATES AND HIJACKERS.

PLUNDERING FREIGHT-TRUCKS IS LISTED AS ONE OF THE MAJOR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES OF THE UNITED STATES. MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IS THE ESTIMATED ANNUAL TOLL THAT THE HIJACKERS TAKE FROM THIS FIELD. THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE MEN USE ALL SCIENTIFIC AID, AND HIGH-SPEED CARS WITH STRONG SEARCH LIGHTS IN TRAILING DOWN AND PREVENTING THIS HIGHWAY PIRACY.



"CLEAN FINGERPRINTING" METHOD IS NOW BEING USED IN SCIENTIFIC IDENTIFICATION WORK. THIS METHOD MAKES POSSIBLE FINGER-PRINTING WITHOUT INK. THE USE OF A CHEMICAL SOLUTION PLACED UPON THE FINGERS WHICH ARE PRESSED AGAINST SENSITIZED WHITE PAPER, PROVIDES CLEAR IMPRESSIONS OF PRINTS.



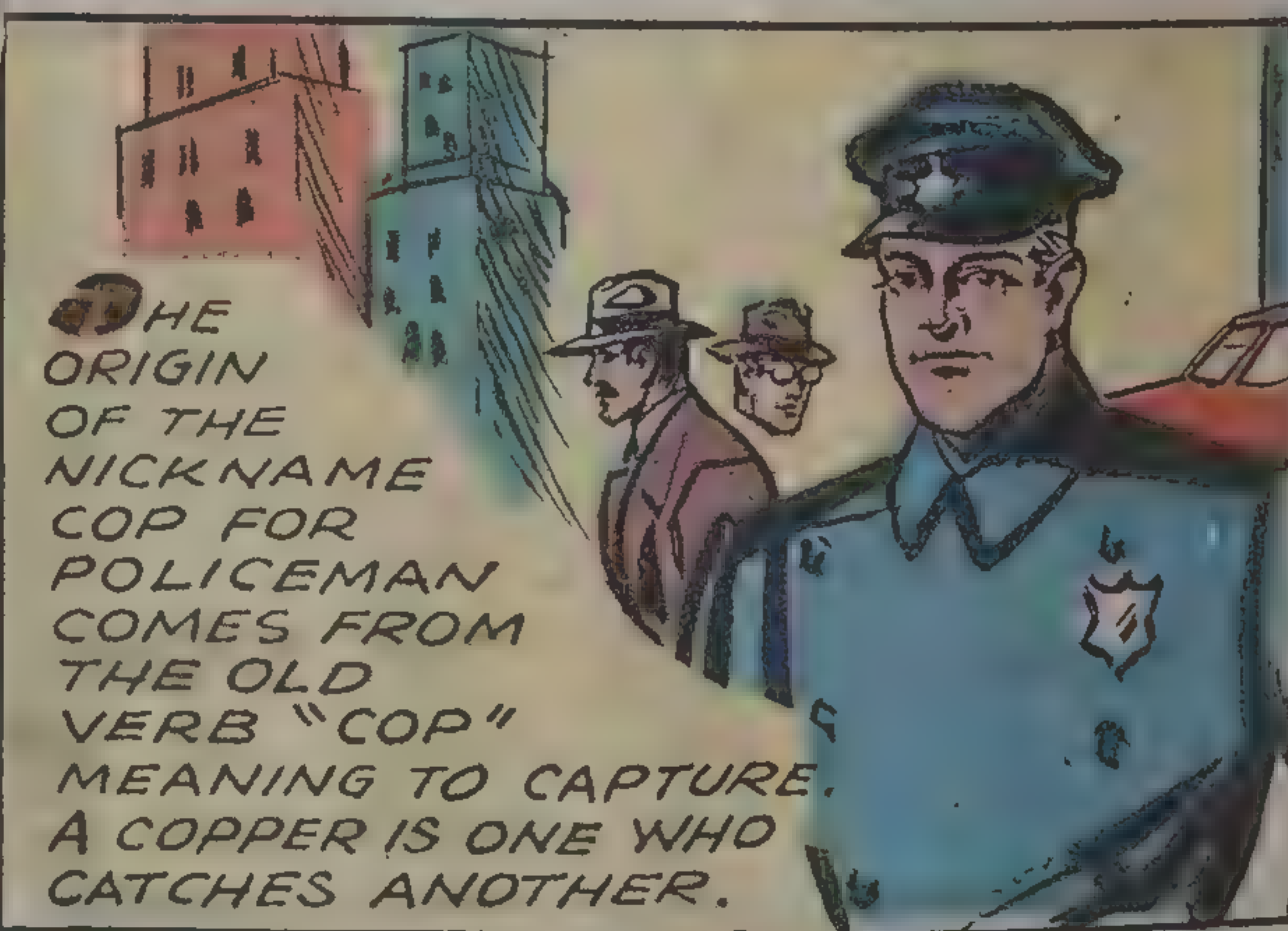
THE LONGEST TRAIL ON RECORD EVER FOLLOWED BY BLOODHOUNDS WAS AT ONEIDA, KANSAS IN THE EARLY 1900'S — OVER 135 MILES UNTIL THEY "GOT THEIR MAN".



The "LINE-UP"

A DAILY PROCEEDURE

IN MANY POLICE HEADQUARTERS — WHERE ARRESTED MEN ARE PARADED ON A SPECIAL PLATFORM SO THAT PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES CAN MEMORIZE THEIR LOOKS, WALK AND VOICE IS A MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION FIRST STARTED BY DR. ALPHONSE BERTILLION, INVENTOR OF THE SYSTEM OF BODY MEASUREMENTS.



THE ORIGIN OF THE NICKNAME COP FOR POLICEMAN COMES FROM THE OLD VERB "COP" MEANING TO CAPTURE. A COPPER IS ONE WHO CATCHES ANOTHER.

DETEC-TEST!

WHERE ARE THE THREE LARGEST FINGERPRINT LIBRARIES IN THE WORLD, EACH PERFORMING AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE?

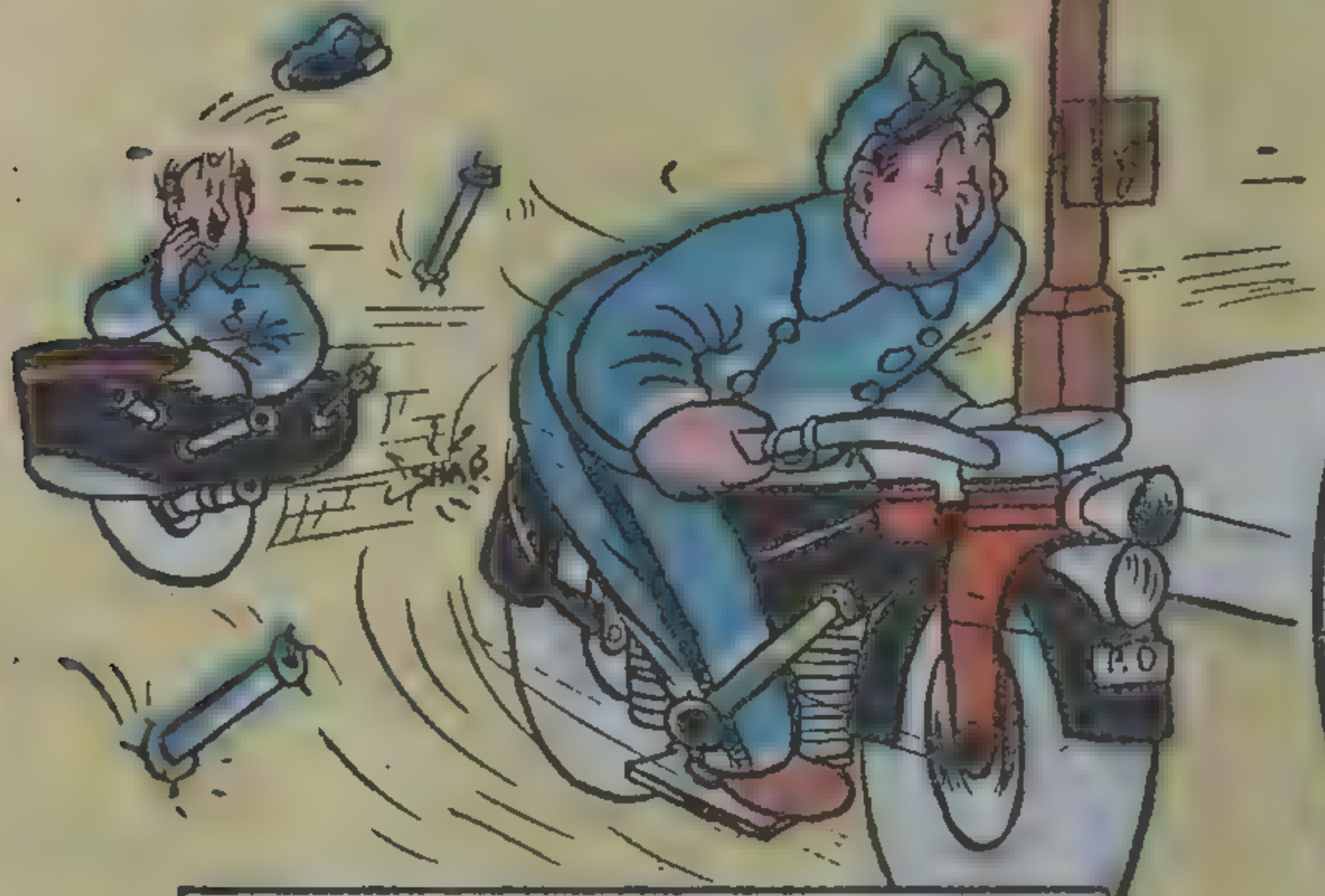
ANSWER — THE THREE LARGEST FINGERPRINT LIBRARIES IN THE WORLD EACH PERFORMING AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE, ARE ① PARIS SURETE; ② AMERICAN LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON; ③ SCOTLAND YARD.



"ROLLING JAIL" ON WHEELS MADE BY BUILDING A BREAK-PROOF CAGE ON THE REAR OF AN AUTO, WAS USED BY THE AUTHORITIES OF THE OKLAHOMA STATE PENITENTIARY TO BRING BACK A "PUBLIC ENEMY" FROM PITTSBURG, PA., TO MEALLESTER, OKLA.

POLICEMAN!

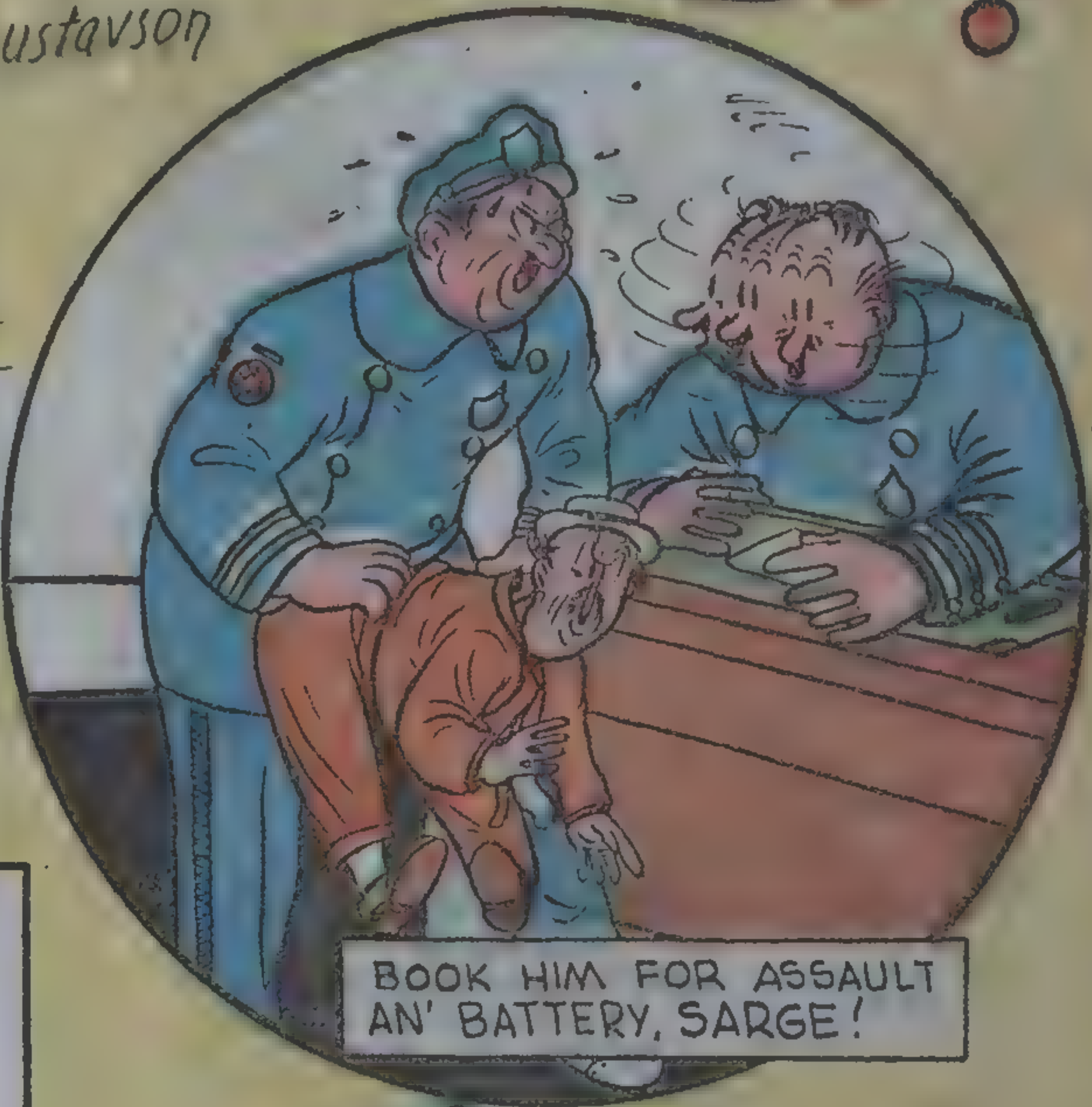
by
Gustavson



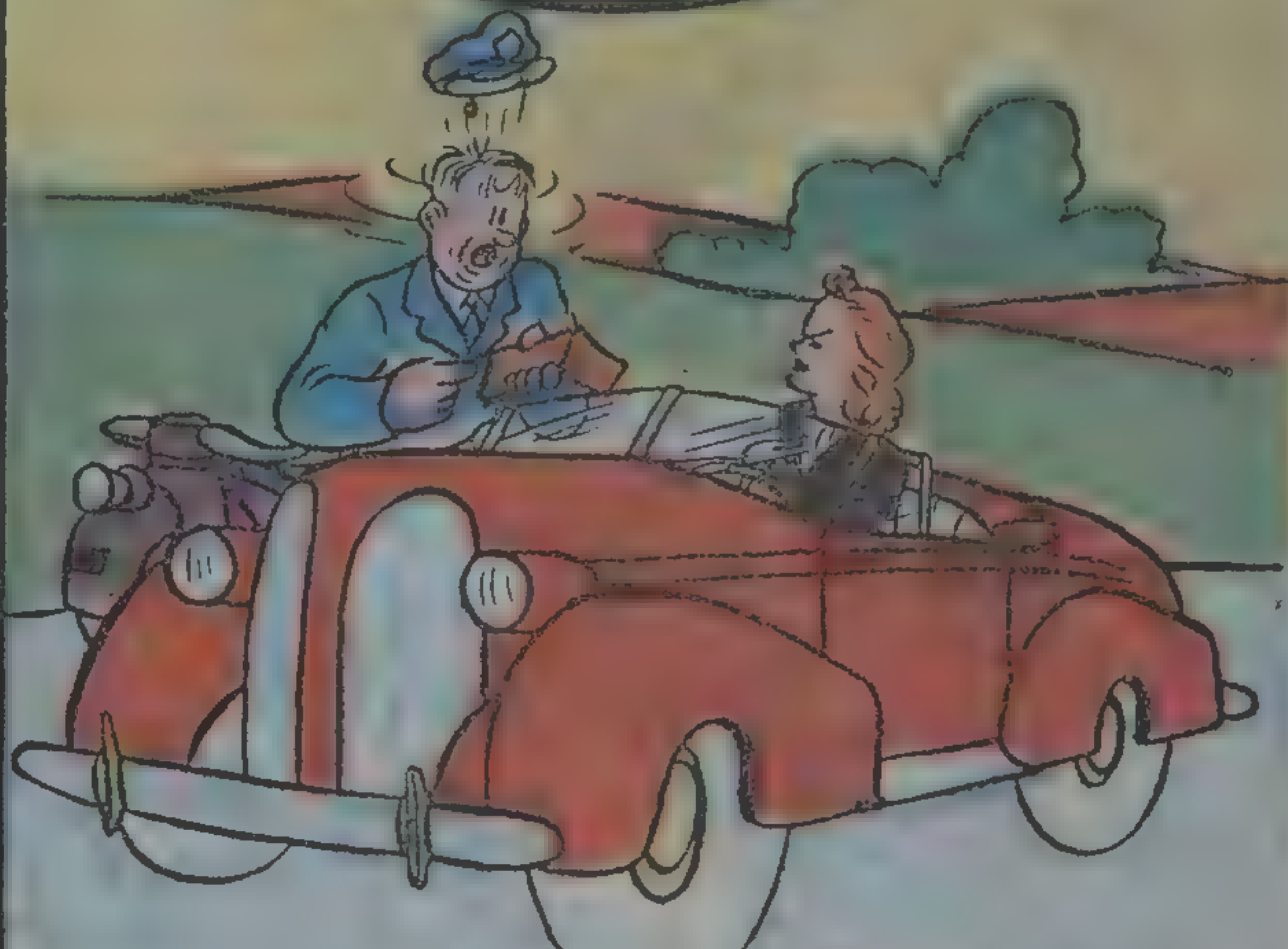
HEY, O'TOOLE - YOU'RE TAKIN' THE CORNERS TOO FAST AGAIN!



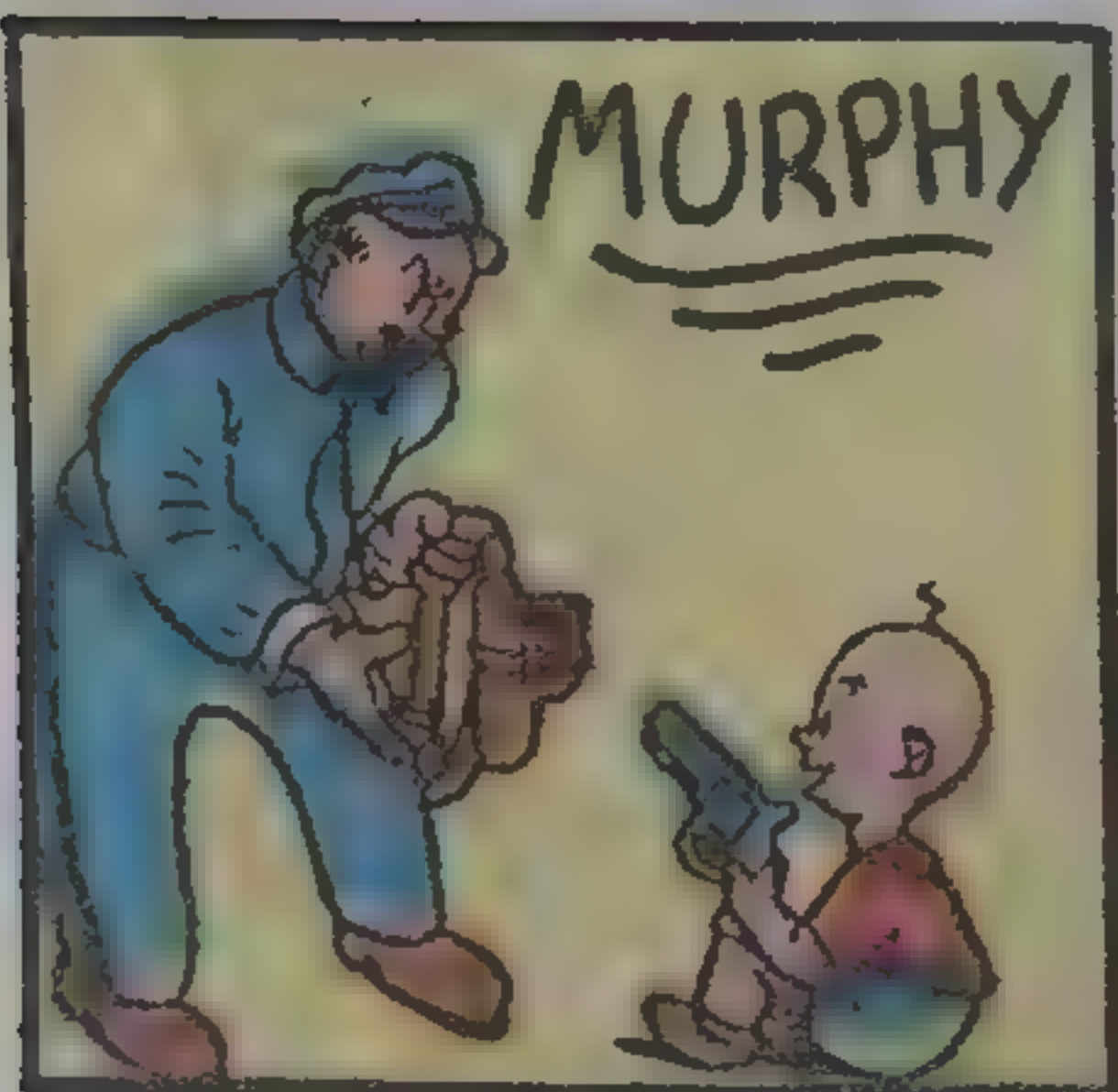
CAN I TAKE HIM IN AN' SHOW HIM TO THE BOYS - IT'S MY FIRST ONE?!



BOOK HIM FOR ASSAULT AN' BATTERY, SARGE!



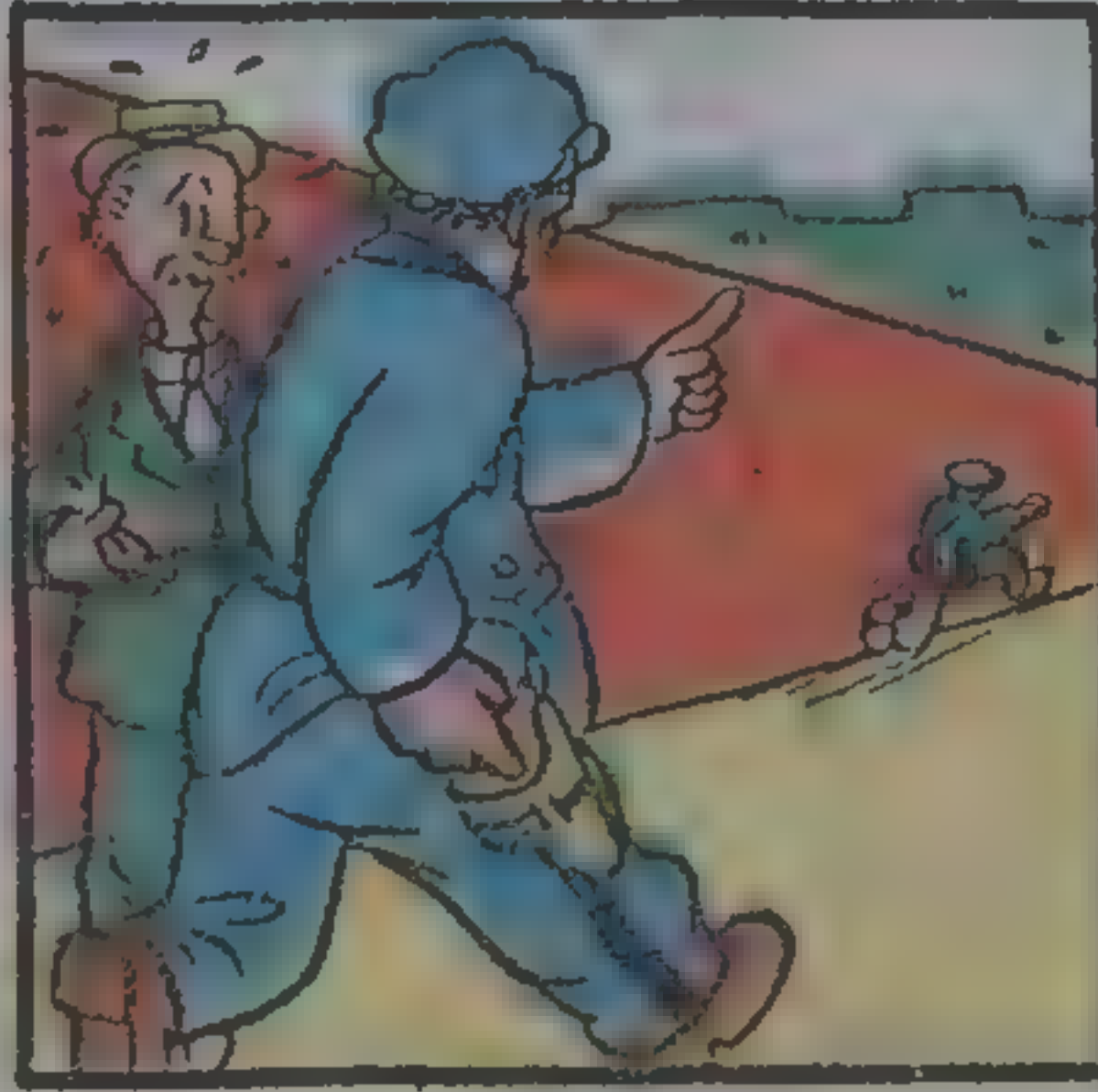
I DON'T GIVE MY NAME AND ADDRESS TO STRANGERS!



MURPHY



HELP!



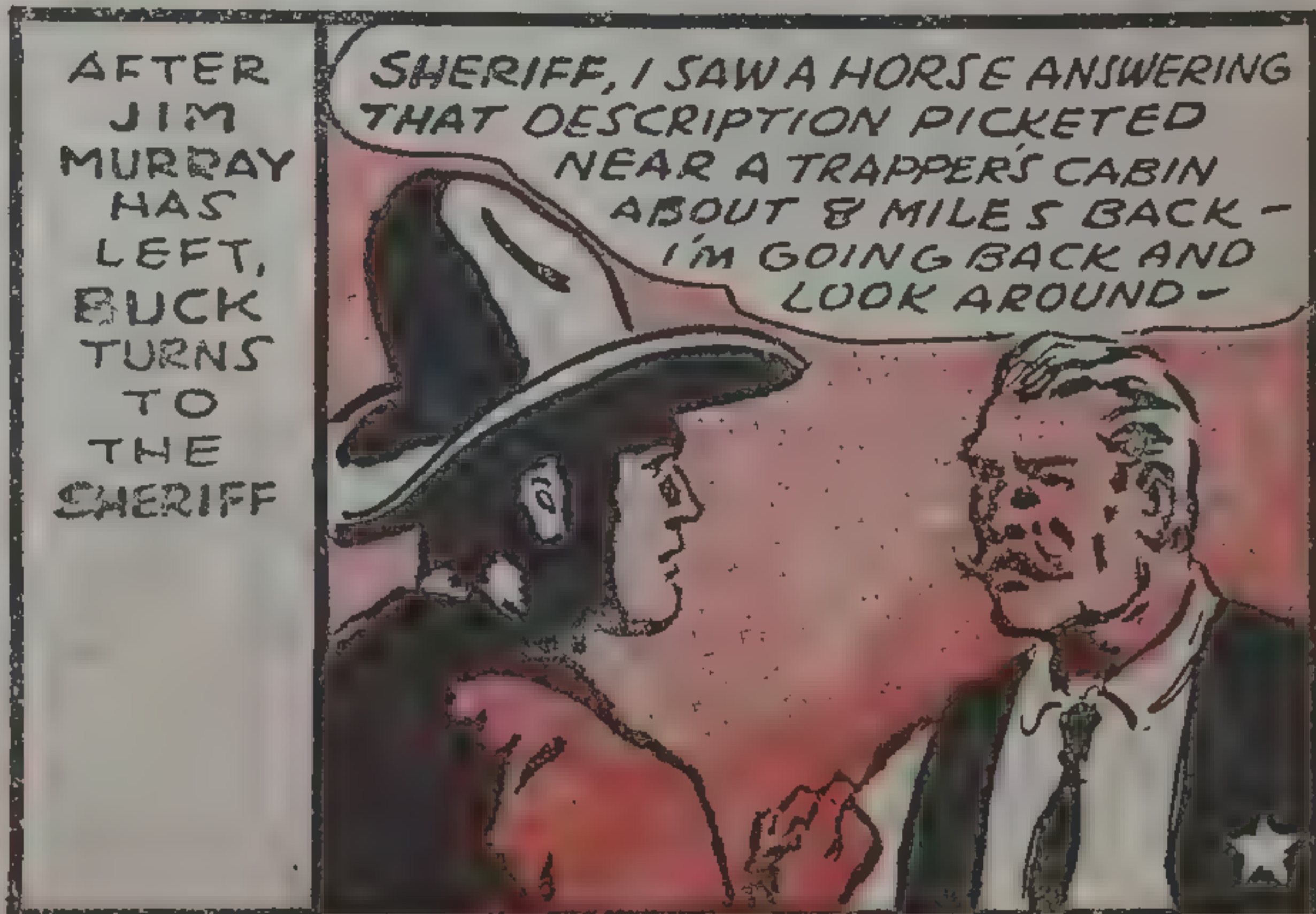
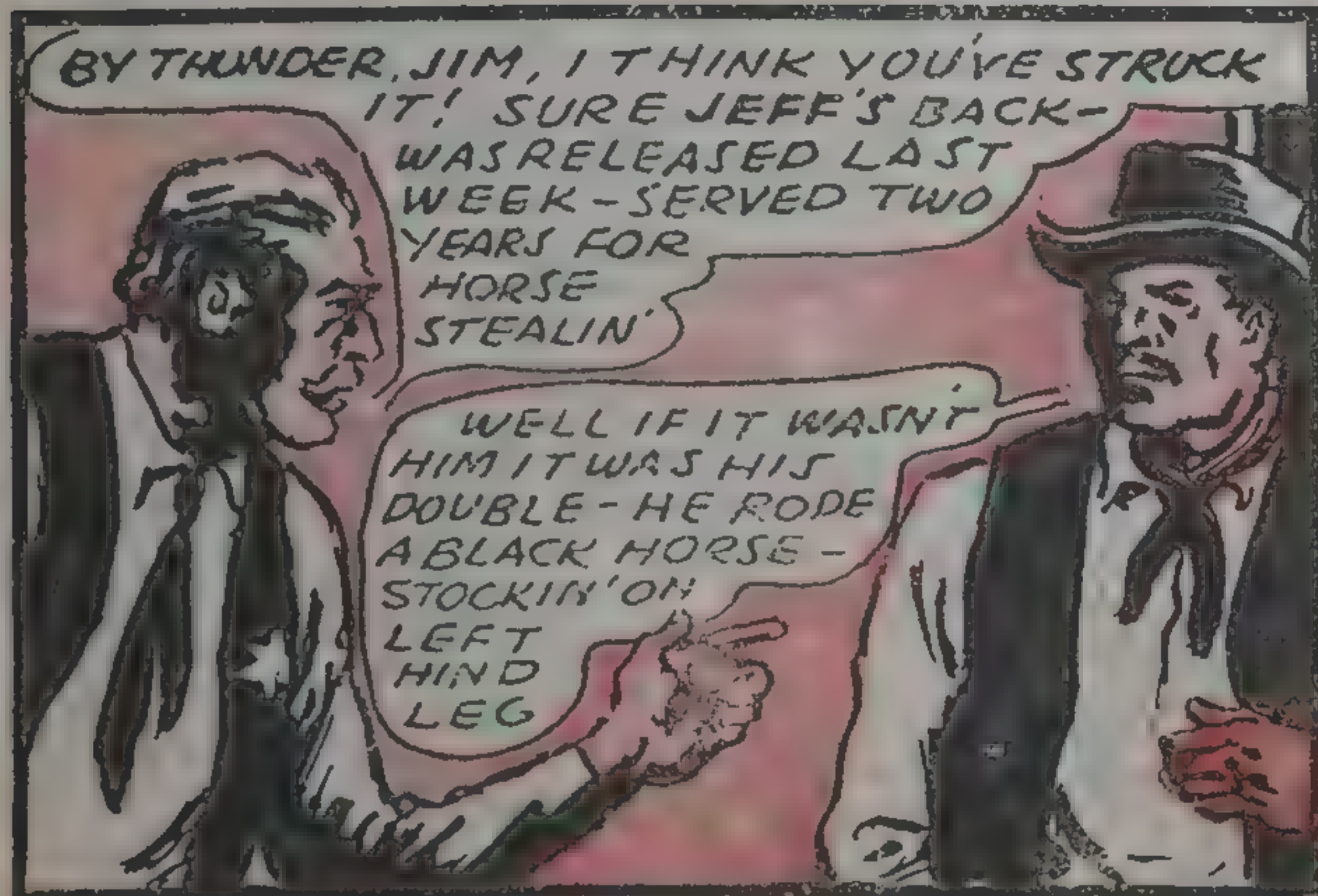
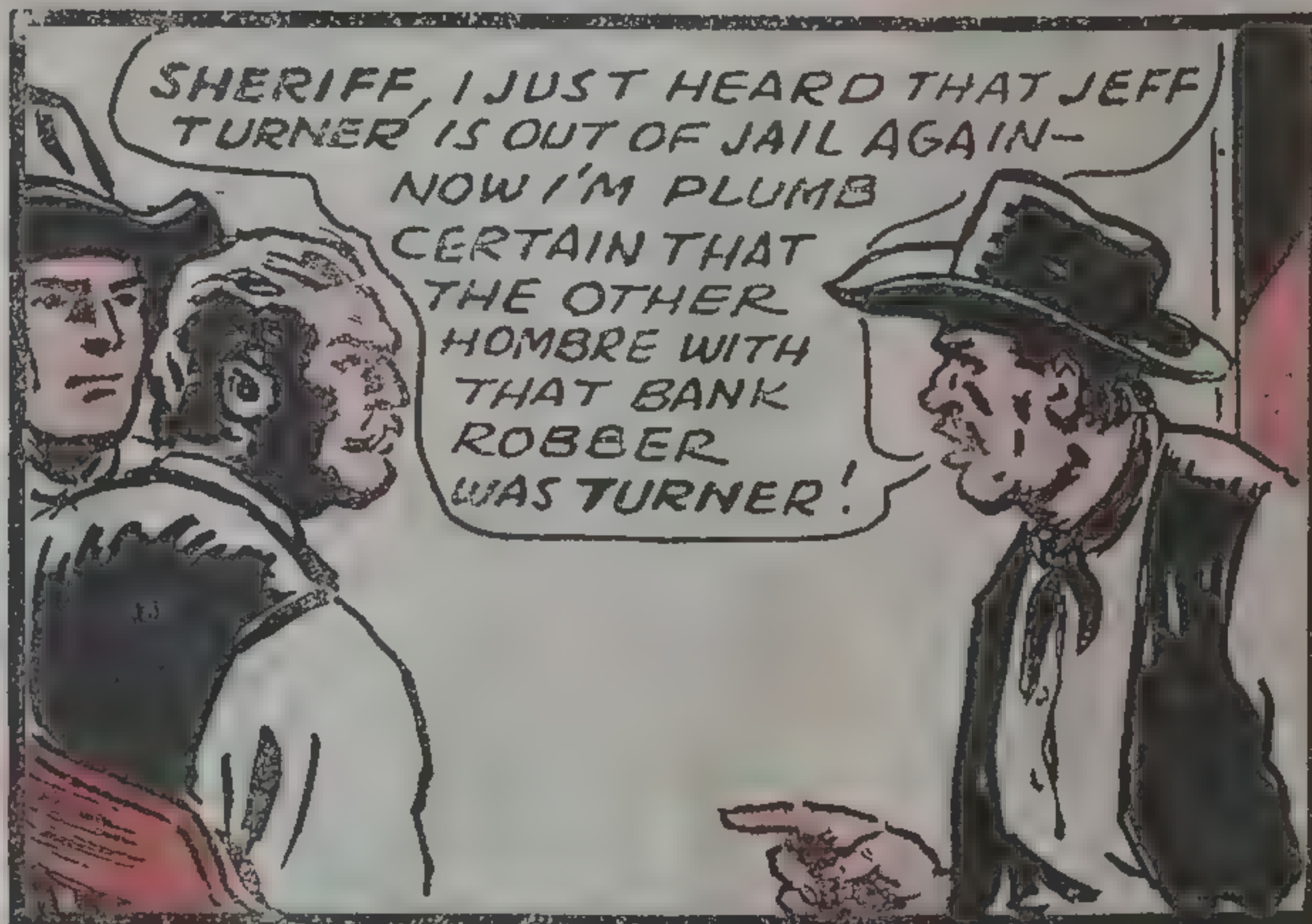
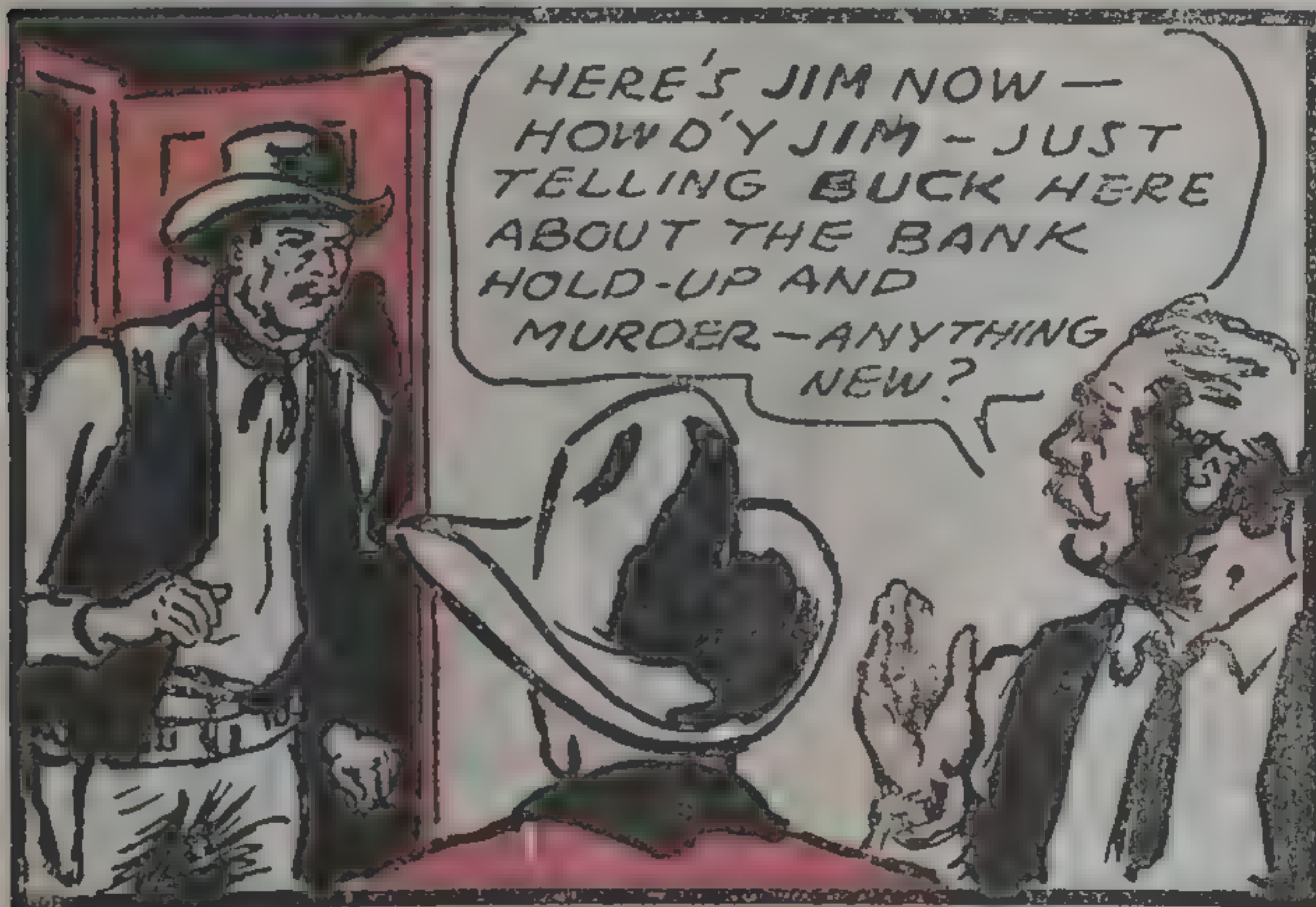
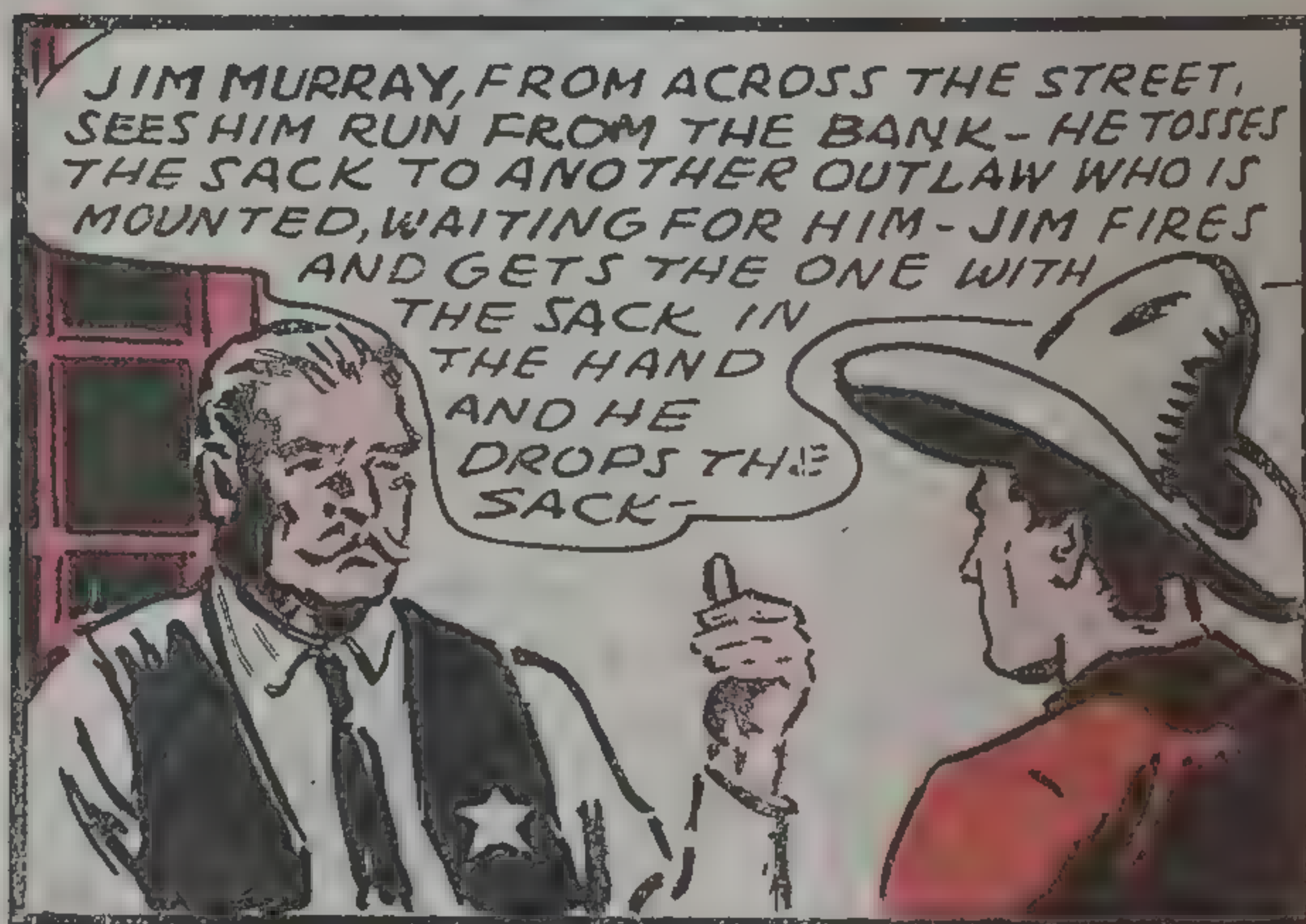
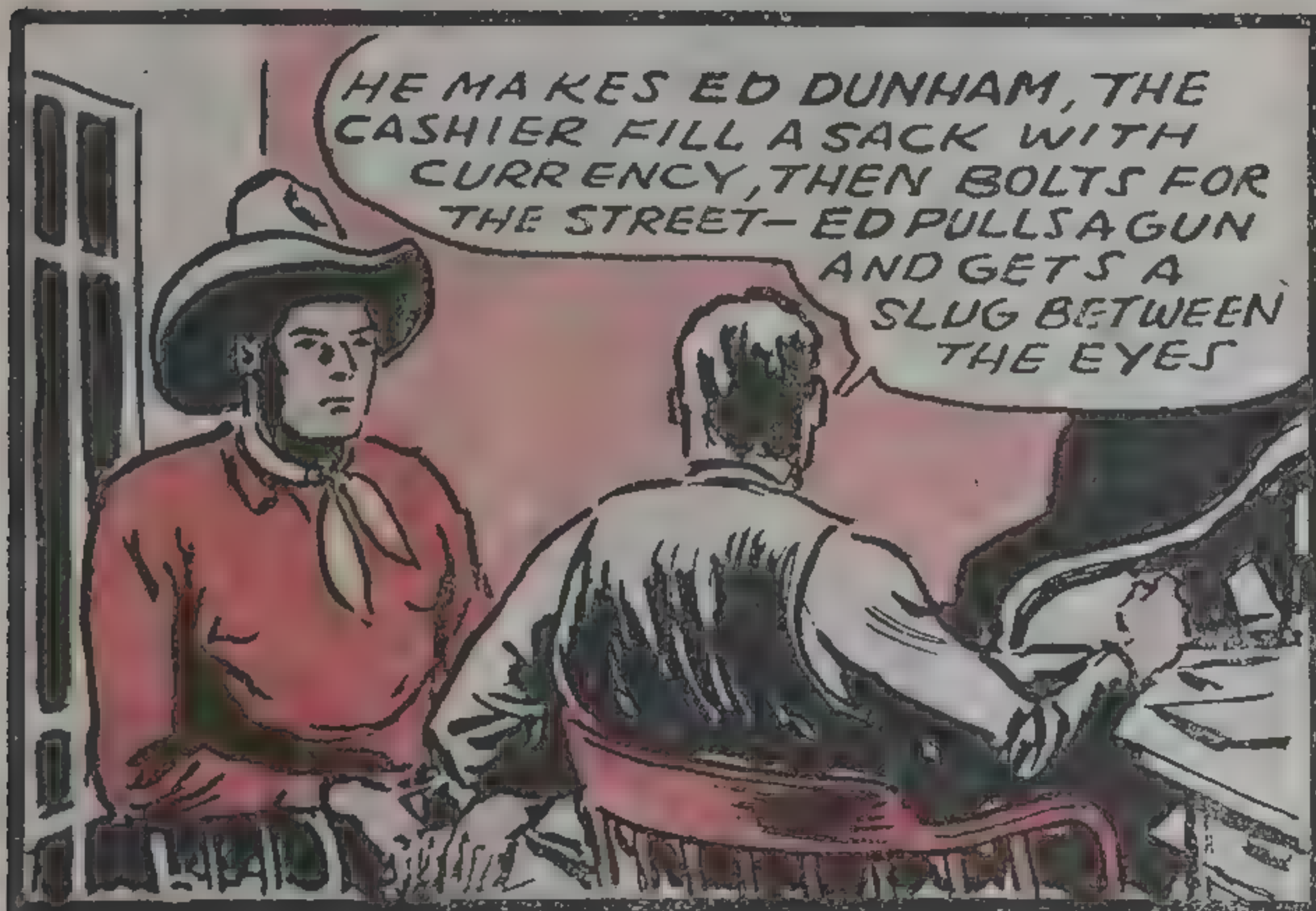
BUCK MARSHALL

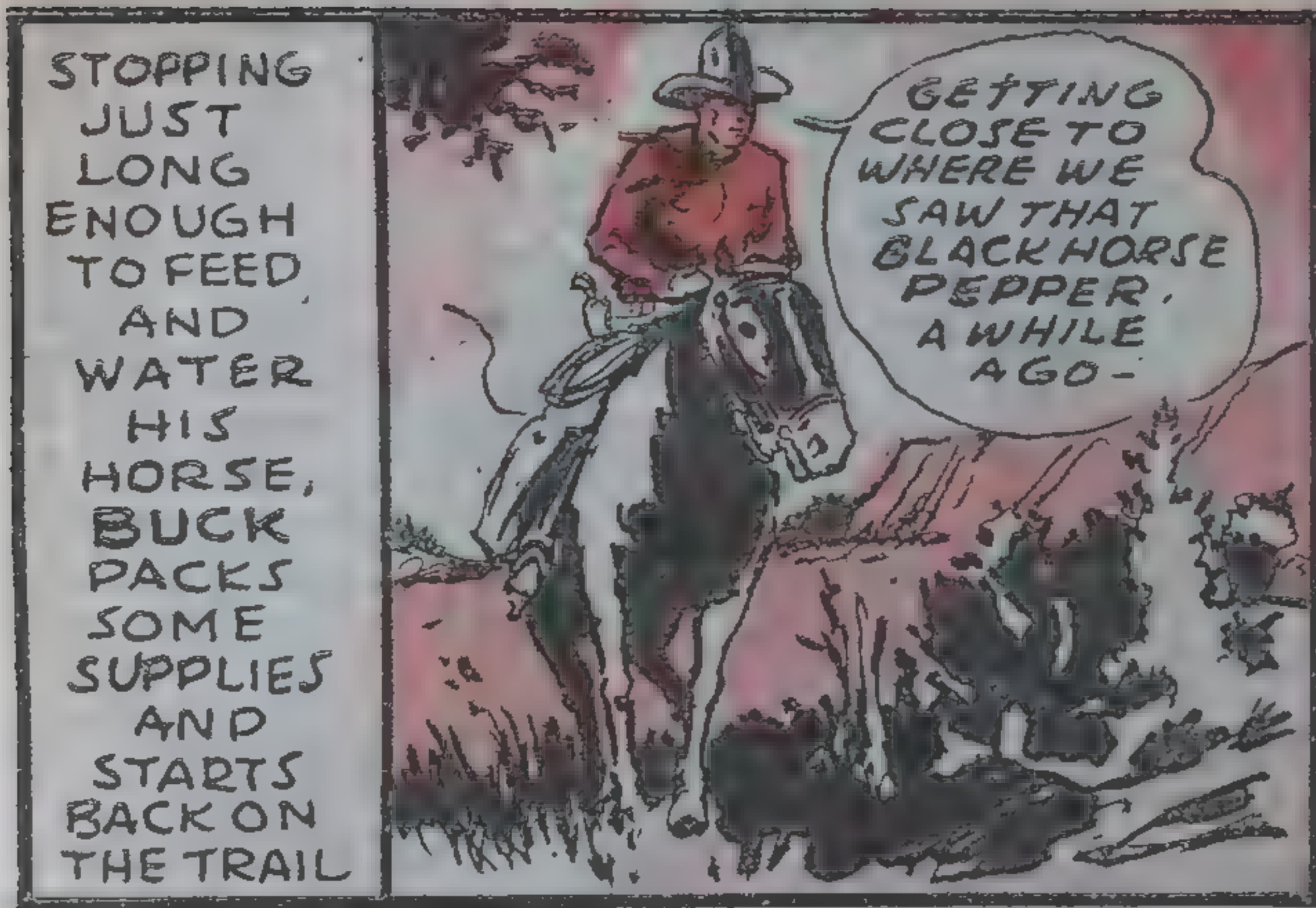
BY
H. FLEMING

RANGE DETECTIVE

KILLER'S BAIT

"HERE'S THE LAYOUT—THIS ONERY GUN-SLICK ENTERS THE CATTLEMEN'S BANK, JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME"—SITTING IN HIS OFFICE, THE SHERIFF IS TALKING TO BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE—



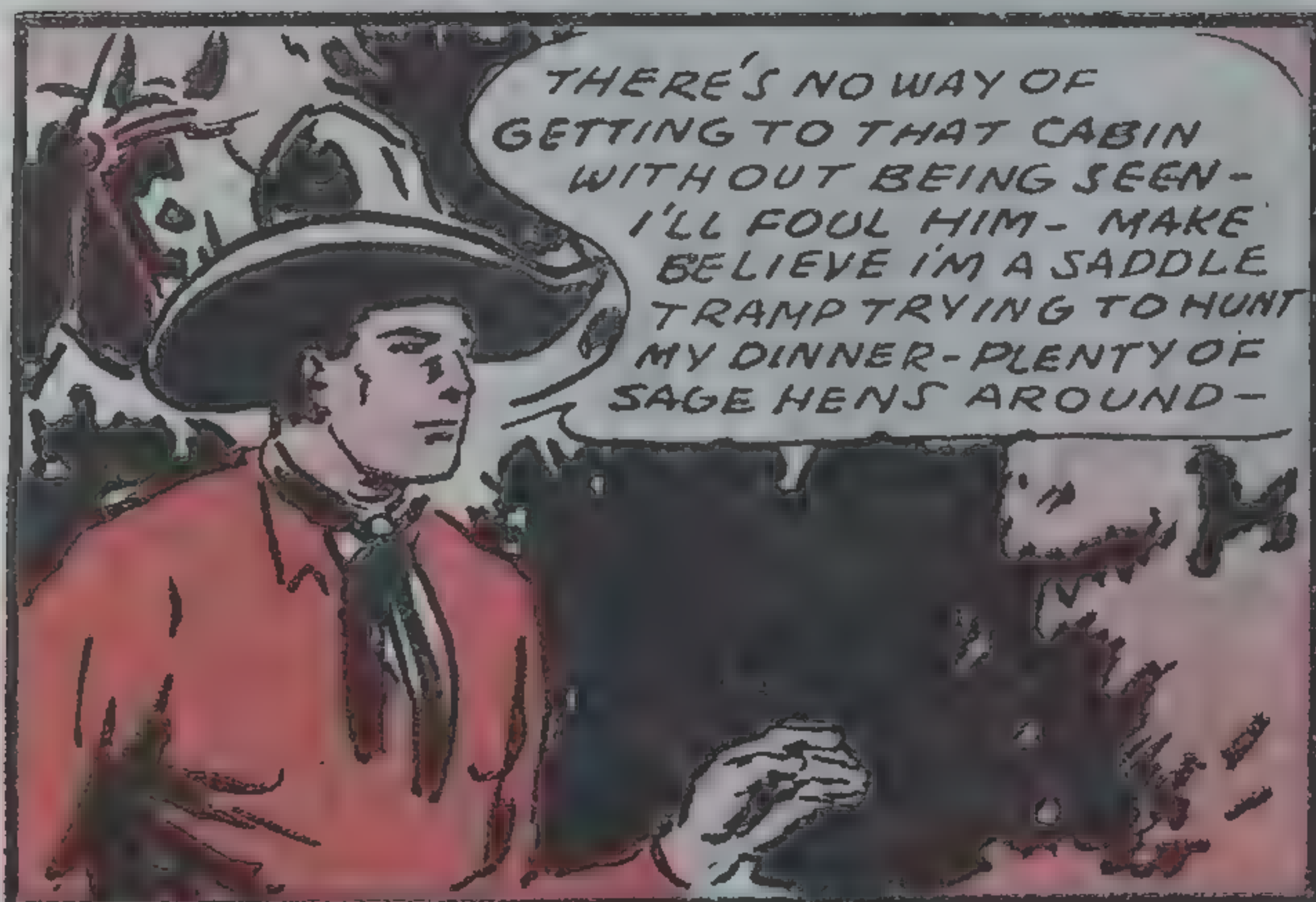


STOPPING
JUST
LONG
ENOUGH
TO FEED
AND
WATER
HIS
HORSE,
BUCK
PACKS
SOME
SUPPLIES
AND
STARTS
BACK ON
THE TRAIL

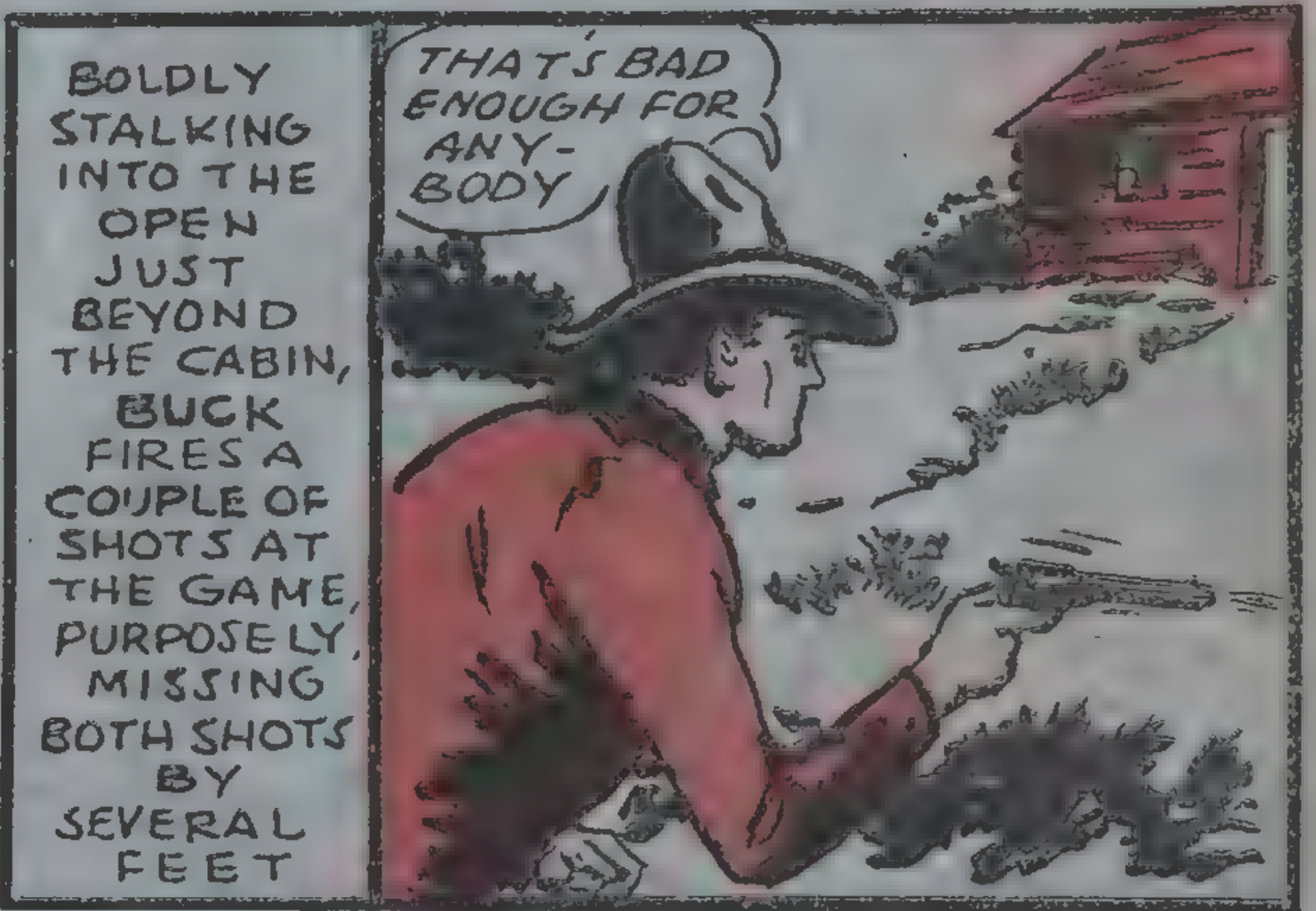
GETTING
CLOSE TO
WHERE WE
SAW THAT
BLACK HORSE
PEPPER,
A WHILE
AGO-



THERE'S
THE CABIN-
THE HORSE
IS STILL THERE-
NOW, TO FIND OUT
IF TURNER IS
IN THAT CABIN

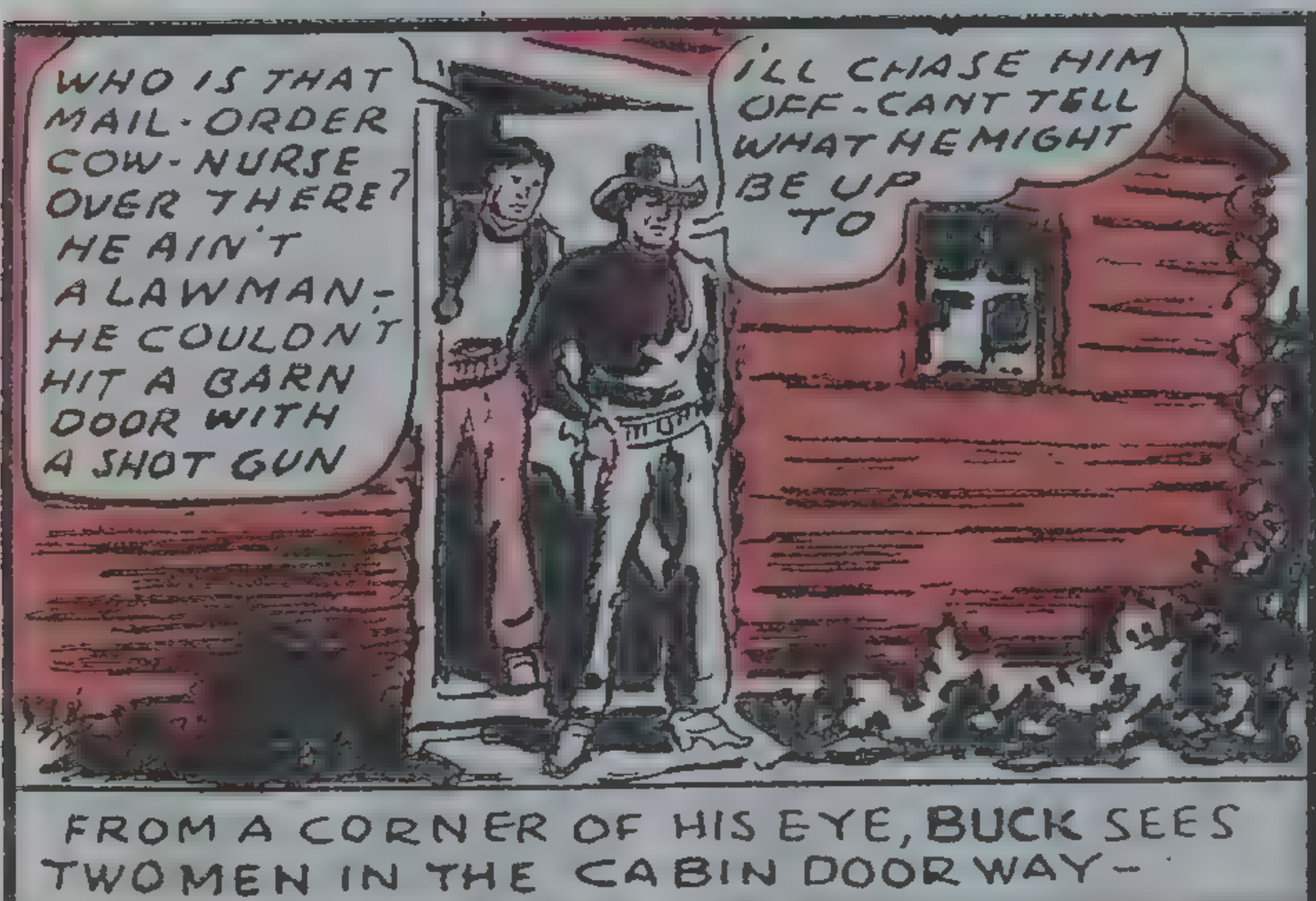


THERE'S NO WAY OF
GETTING TO THAT CABIN
WITHOUT BEING SEEN-
I'LL FOUL HIM- MAKE
BELIEVE I'M A SADDLE
TRAMP TRYING TO HUNT
MY DINNER- PLENTY OF
SAGE HENS AROUND-



BOLDLY
STALKING
INTO THE
OPEN
JUST
BEYOND
THE CABIN,
BUCK
FIRES A
COUPLE OF
SHOTS AT
THE GAME,
PURPOSELY,
MISSING
BOTH SHOTS
BY
SEVERAL
FEET

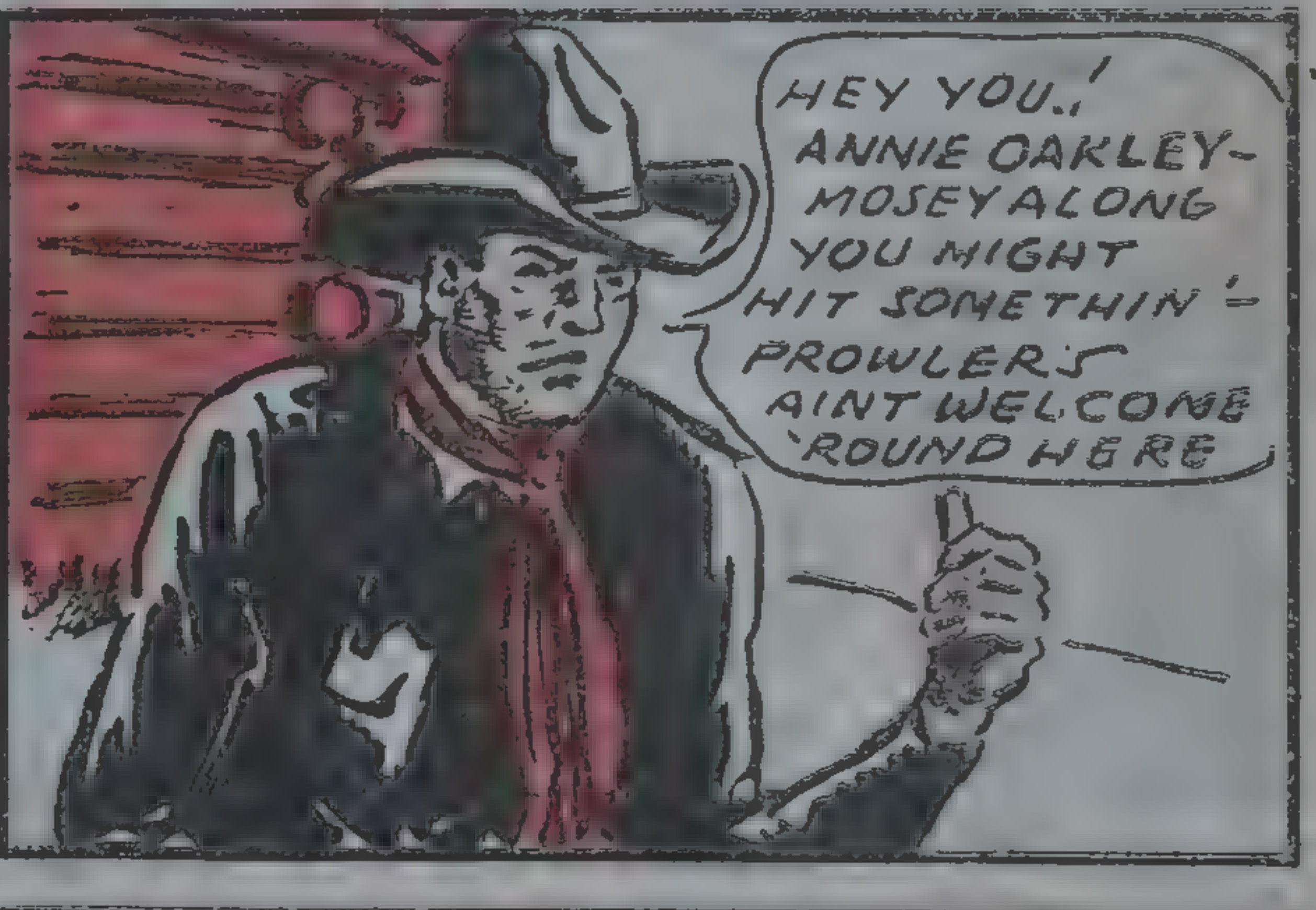
THAT'S BAD
ENOUGH FOR
ANY-
BODY



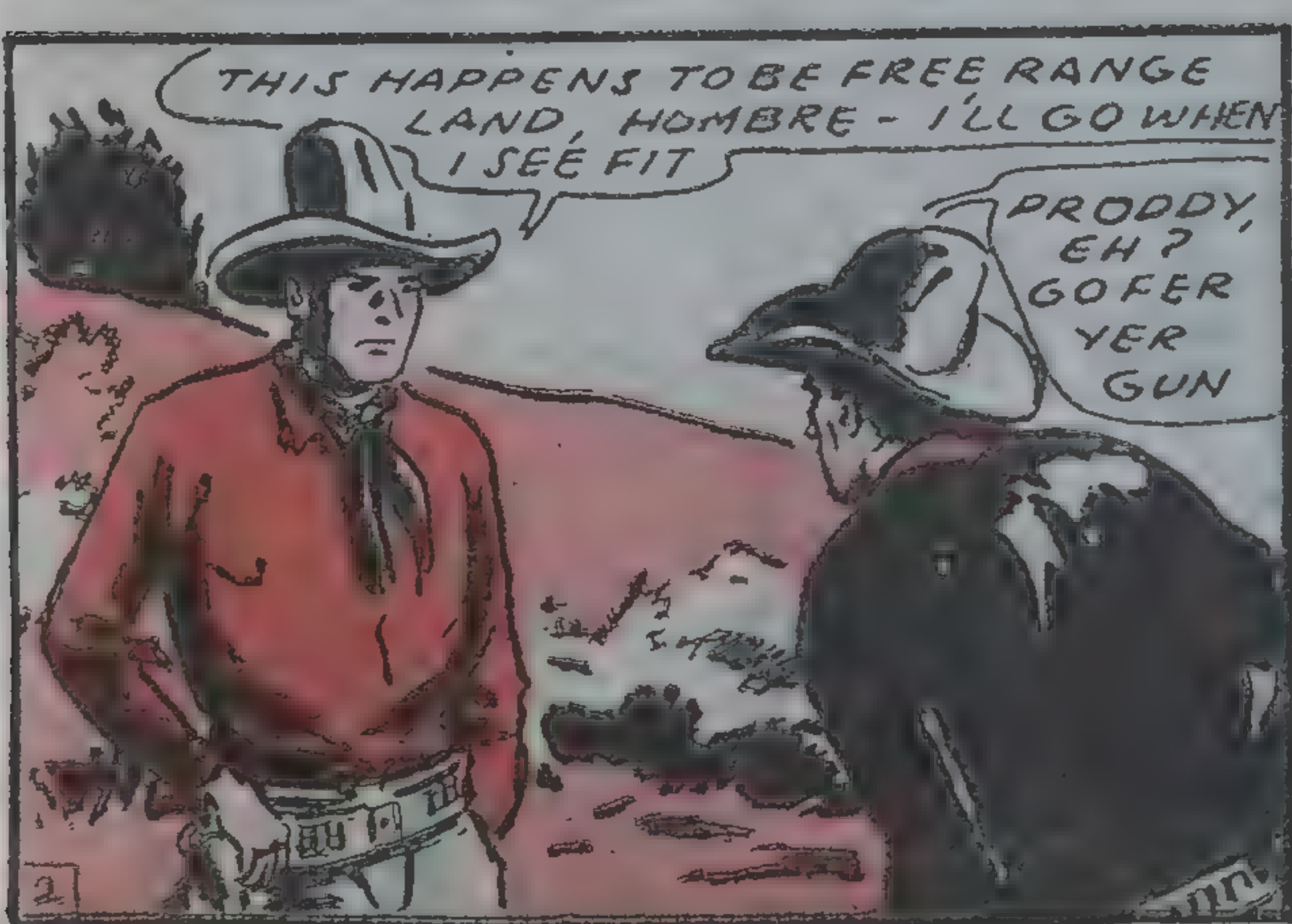
WHO IS THAT
MAIL-ORDER
COW-NURSE
OVER THERE?
HE AIN'T
A LAWMAN-
HE COULDN'T
HIT A BARN
DOOR WITH
A SHOT GUN

I'LL CHASE HIM
OFF- CANT TELL
WHAT HE MIGHT
BE UP
TO

FROM A CORNER OF HIS EYE, BUCK SEES
TWO WOMEN IN THE CABIN DOORWAY-



HEY YOU-!
ANNIE OAKLEY-
MOSEY ALONG
YOU MIGHT
HIT SOMETHIN'-
PROWLERS
AINT WELCOME
ROUND HERE

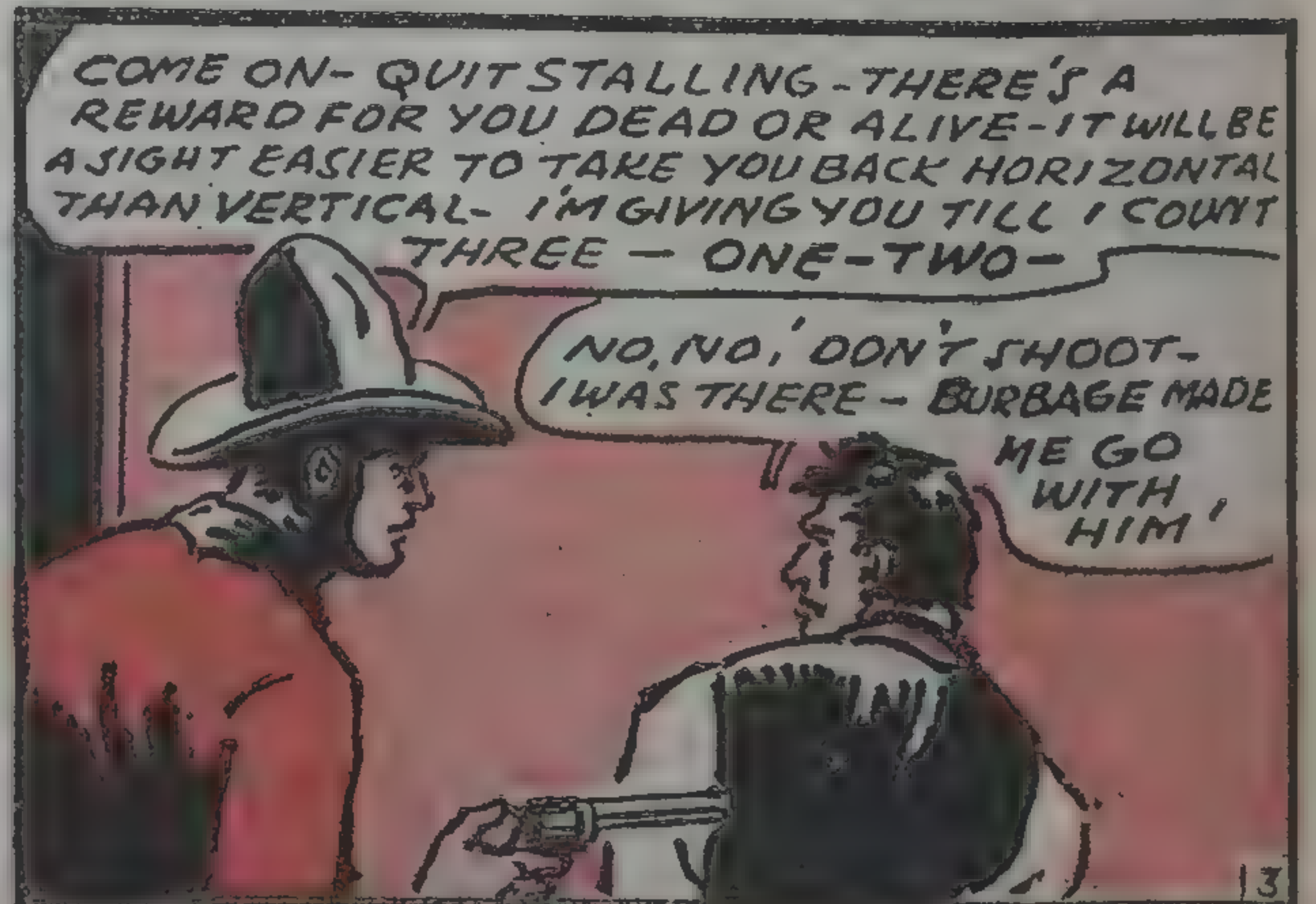
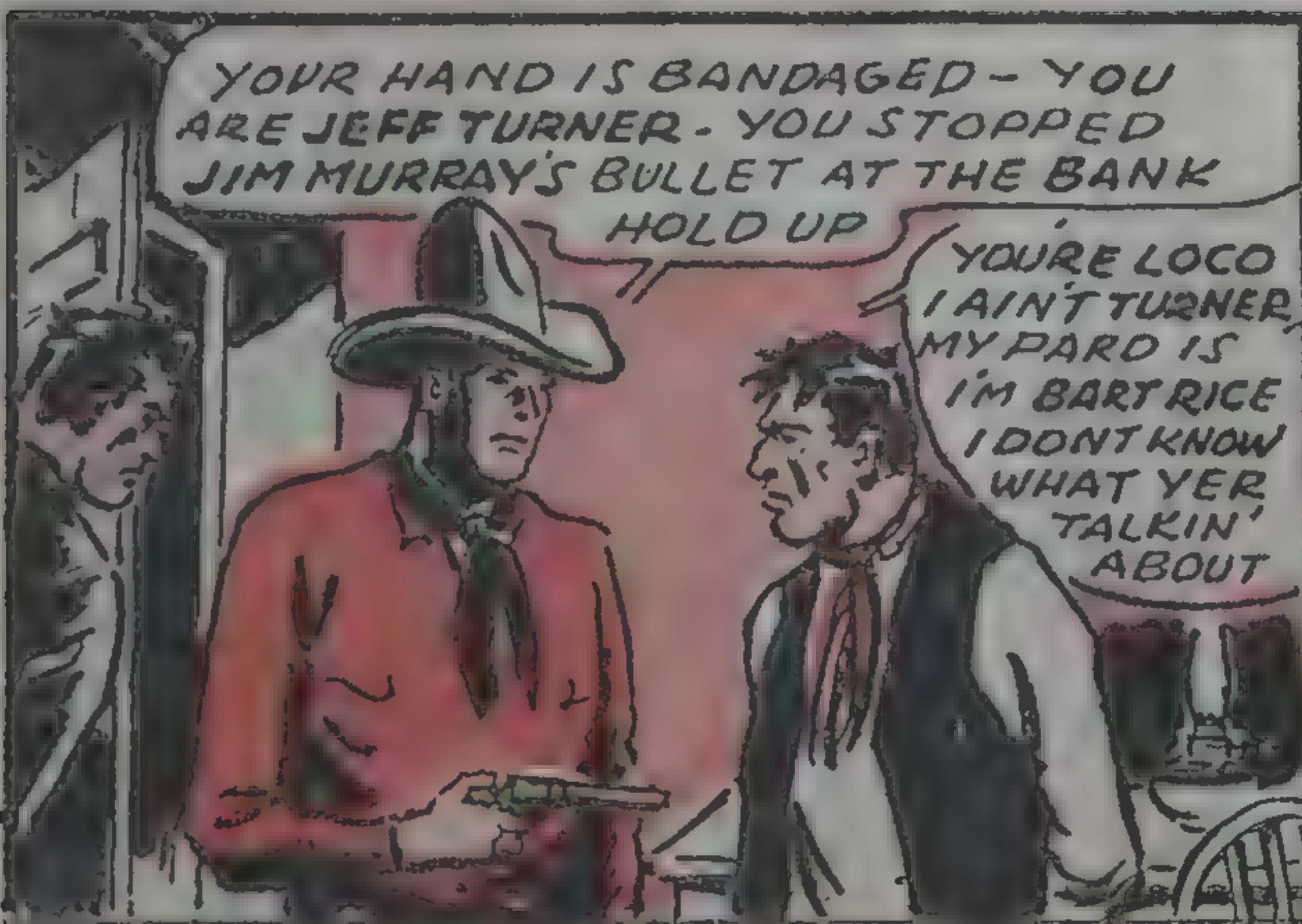
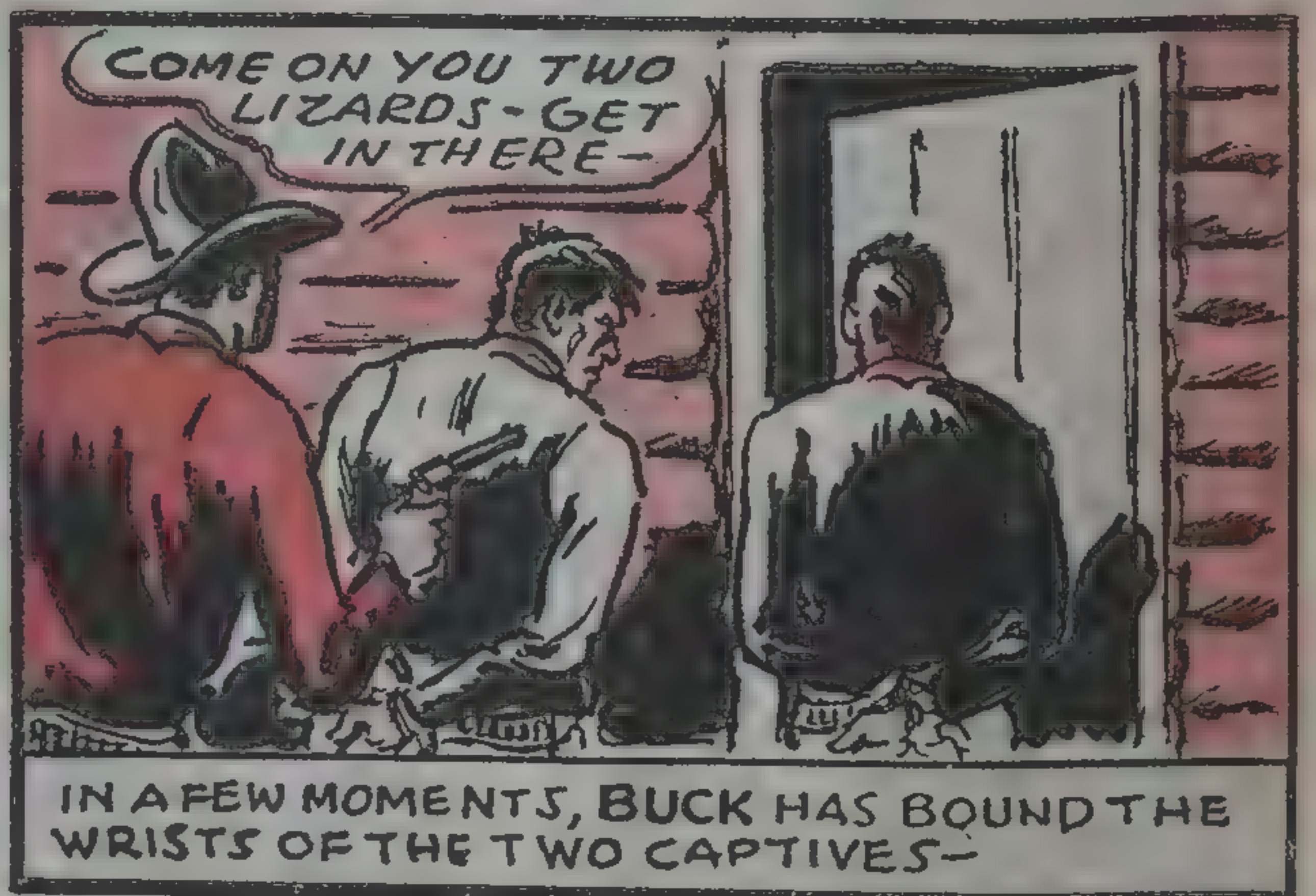
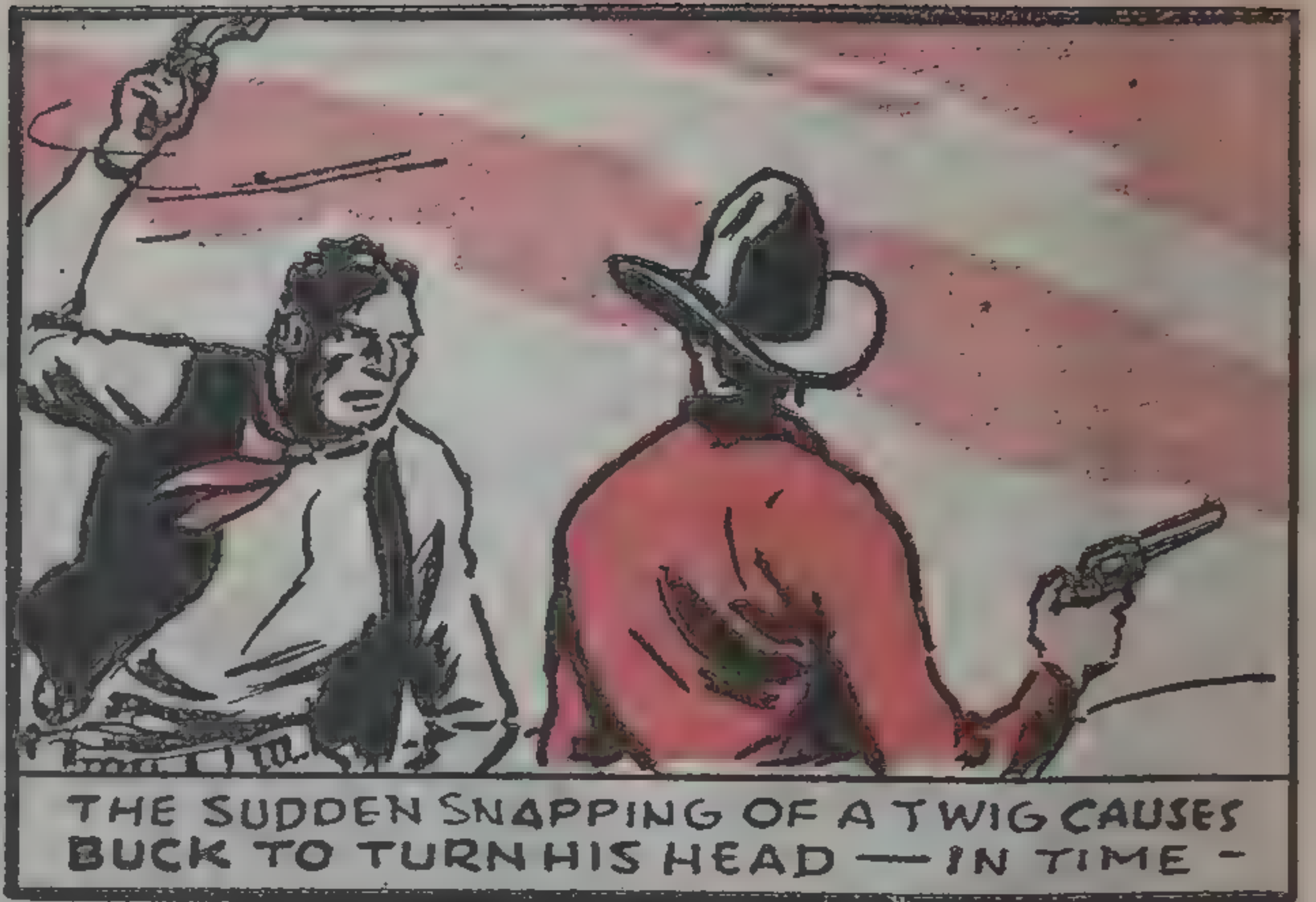


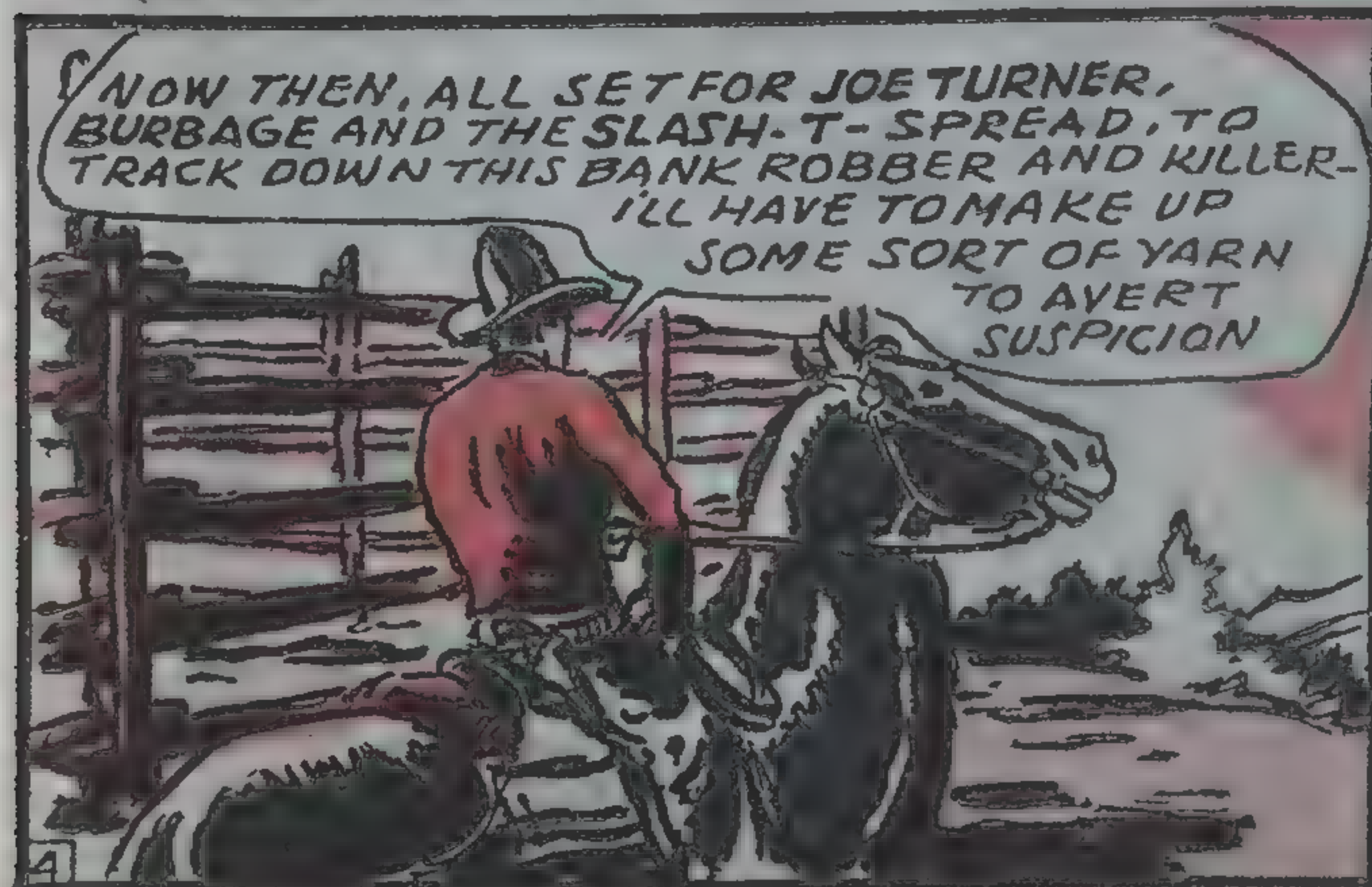
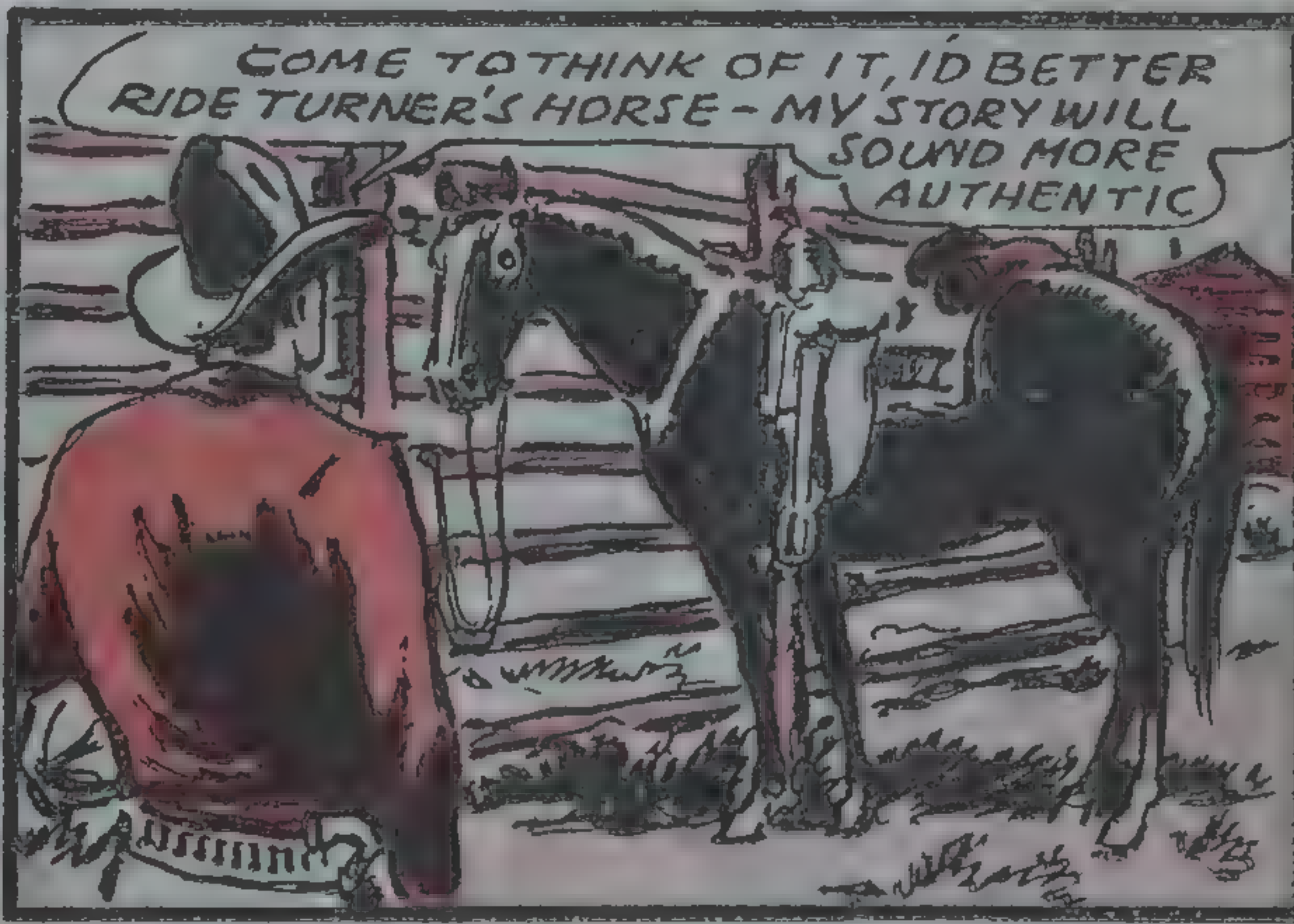
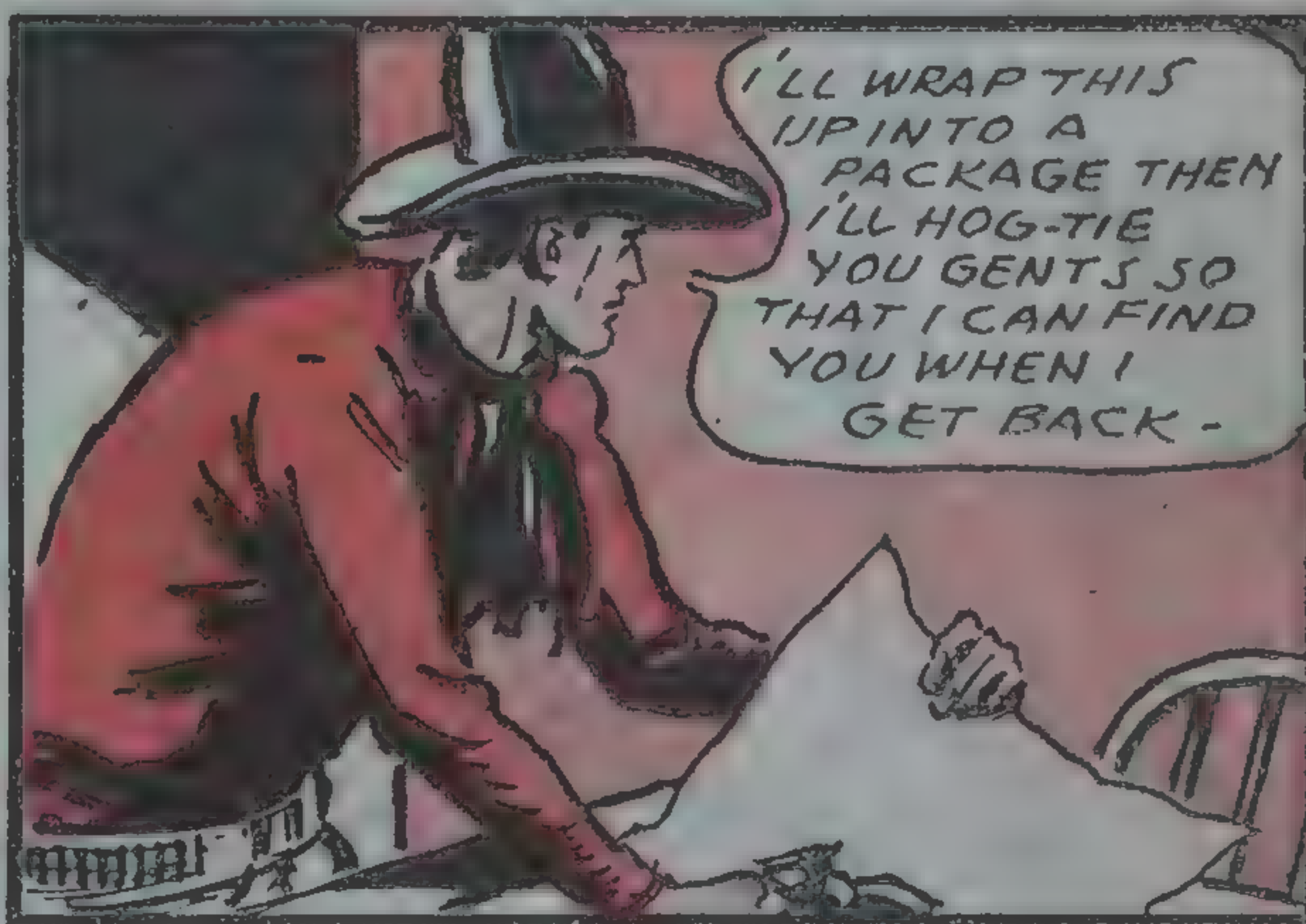
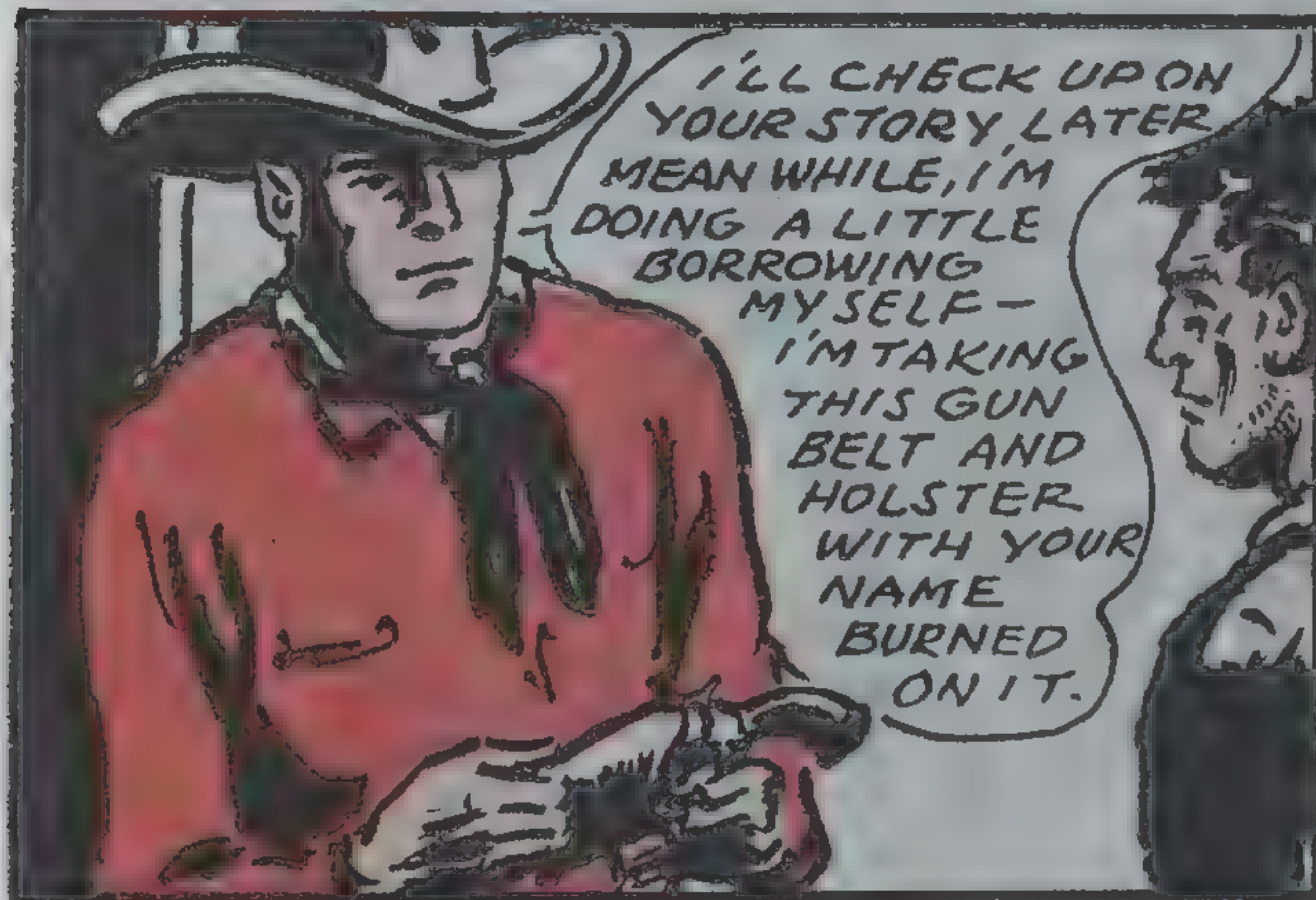
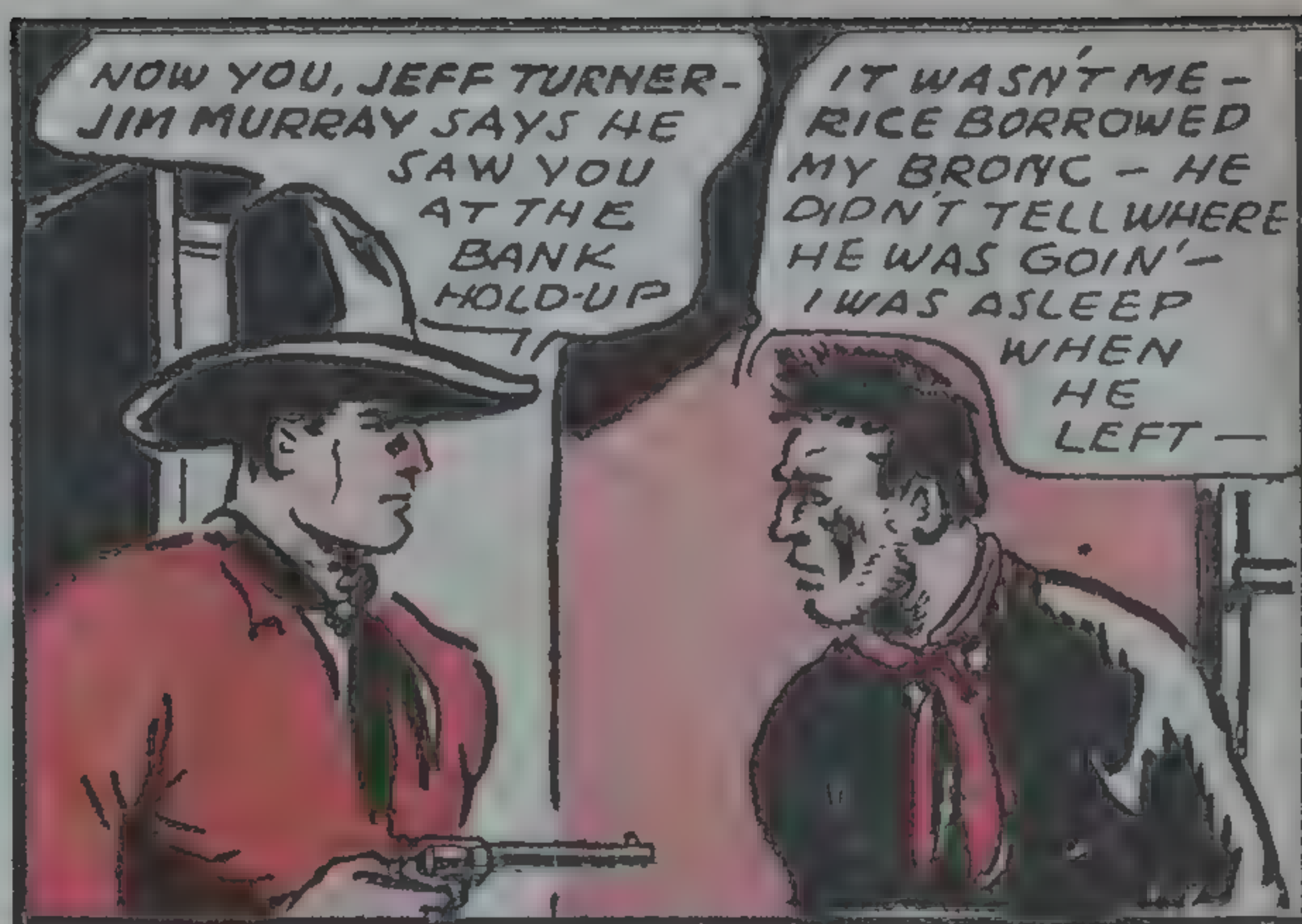
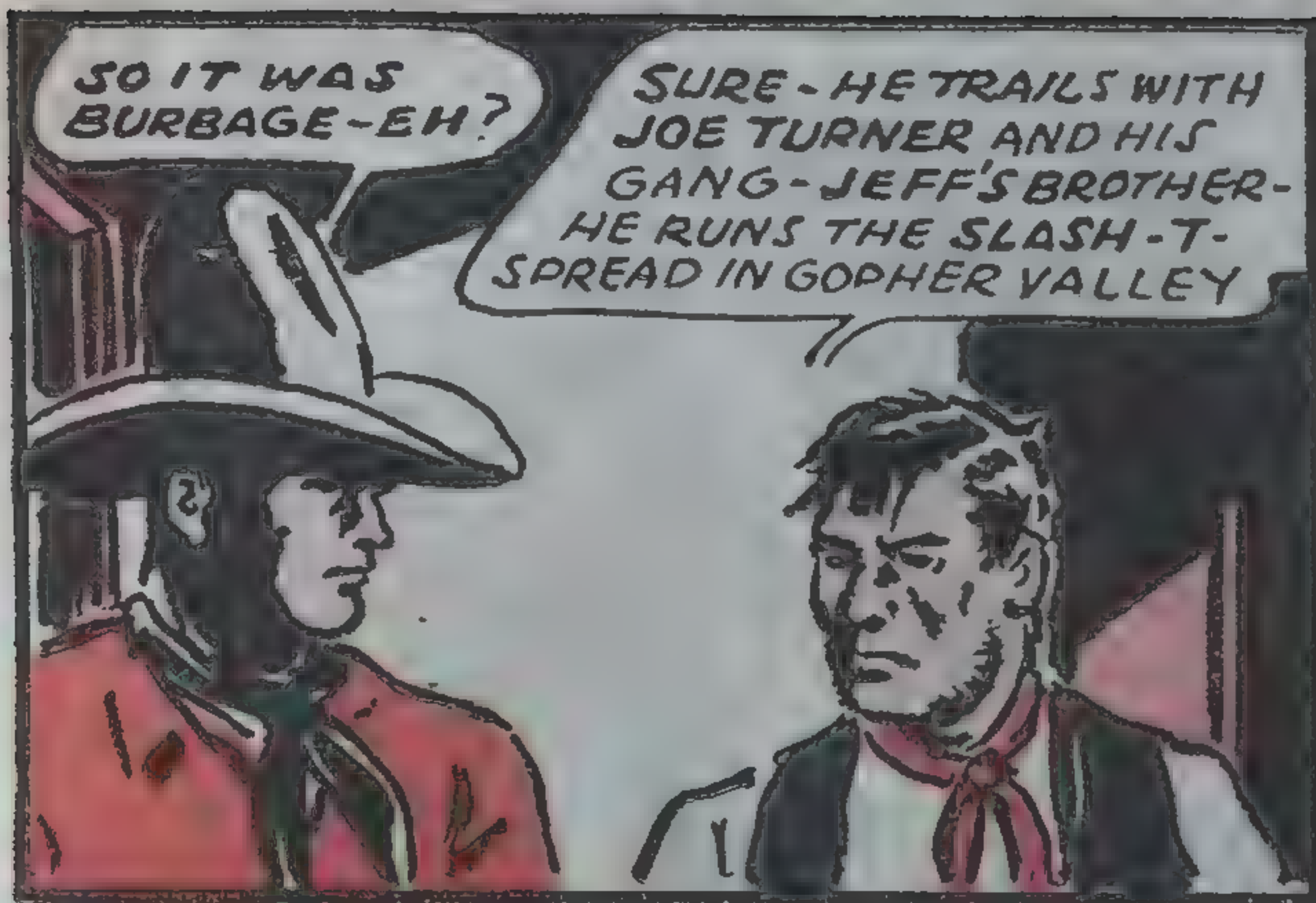
THIS HAPPENS TO BE FREE RANGE
LAND, HOMBRE - I'LL GO WHEN
I SEE FIT

PRODDY,
EH?
GOFER
YER
GUN

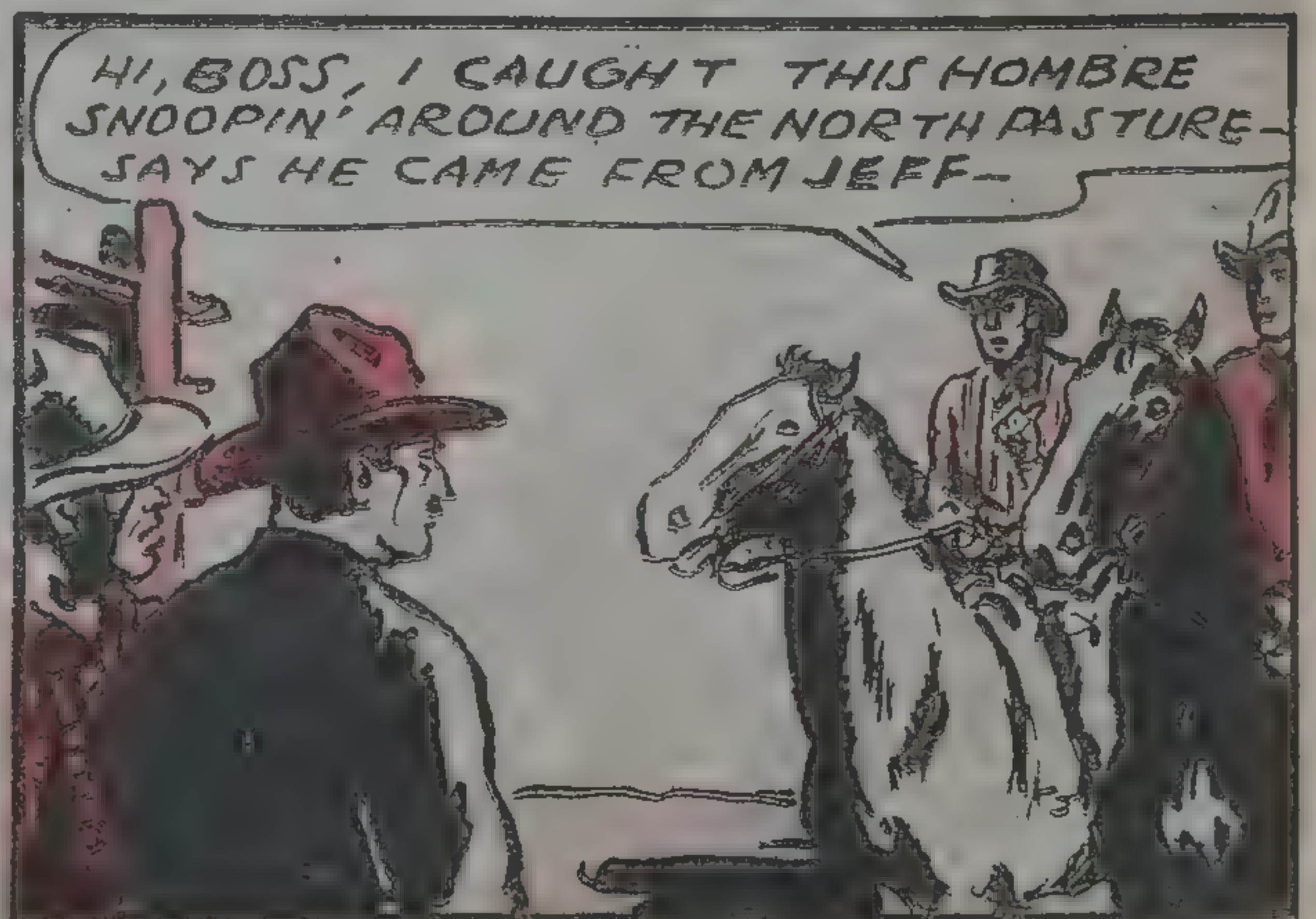
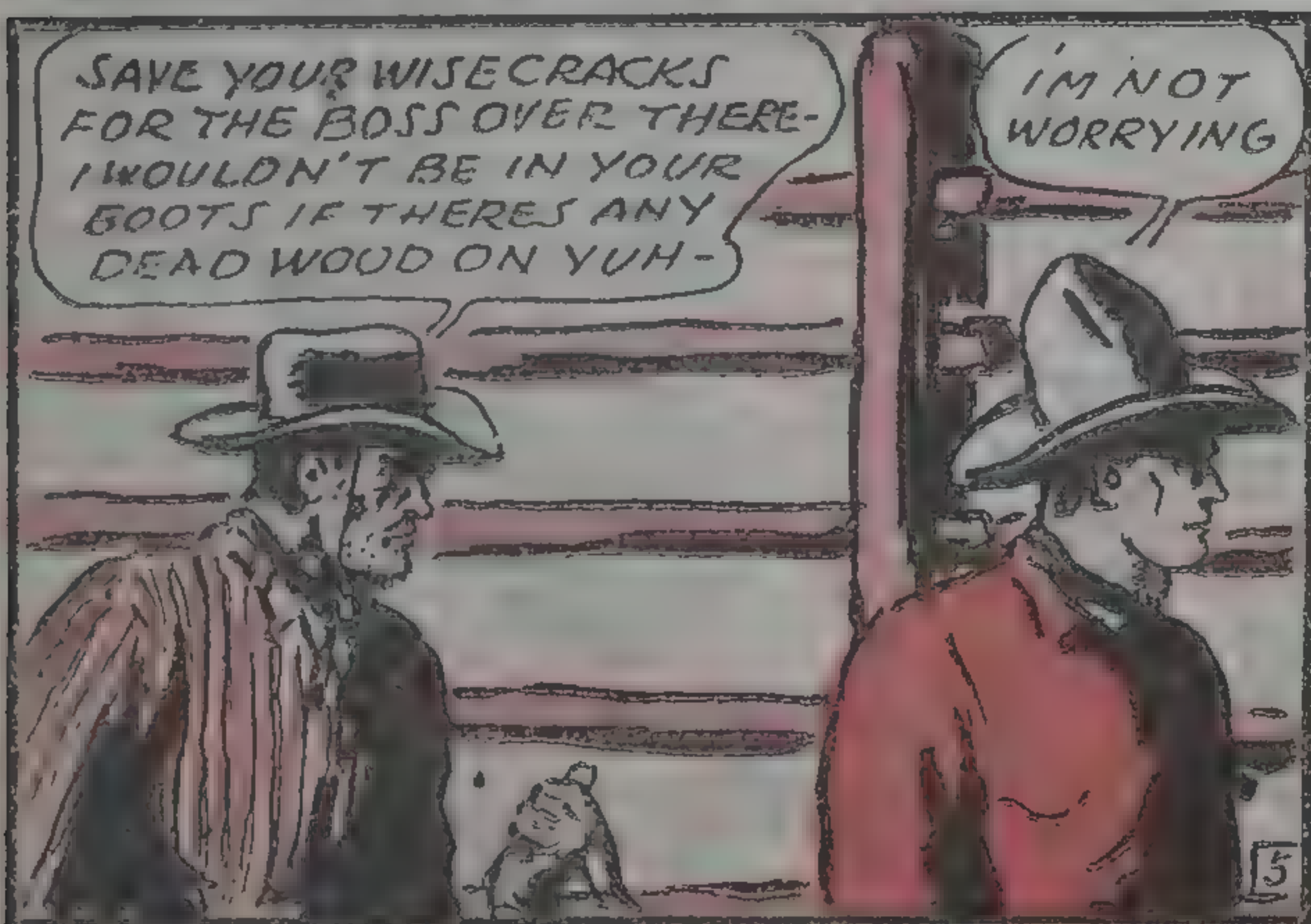
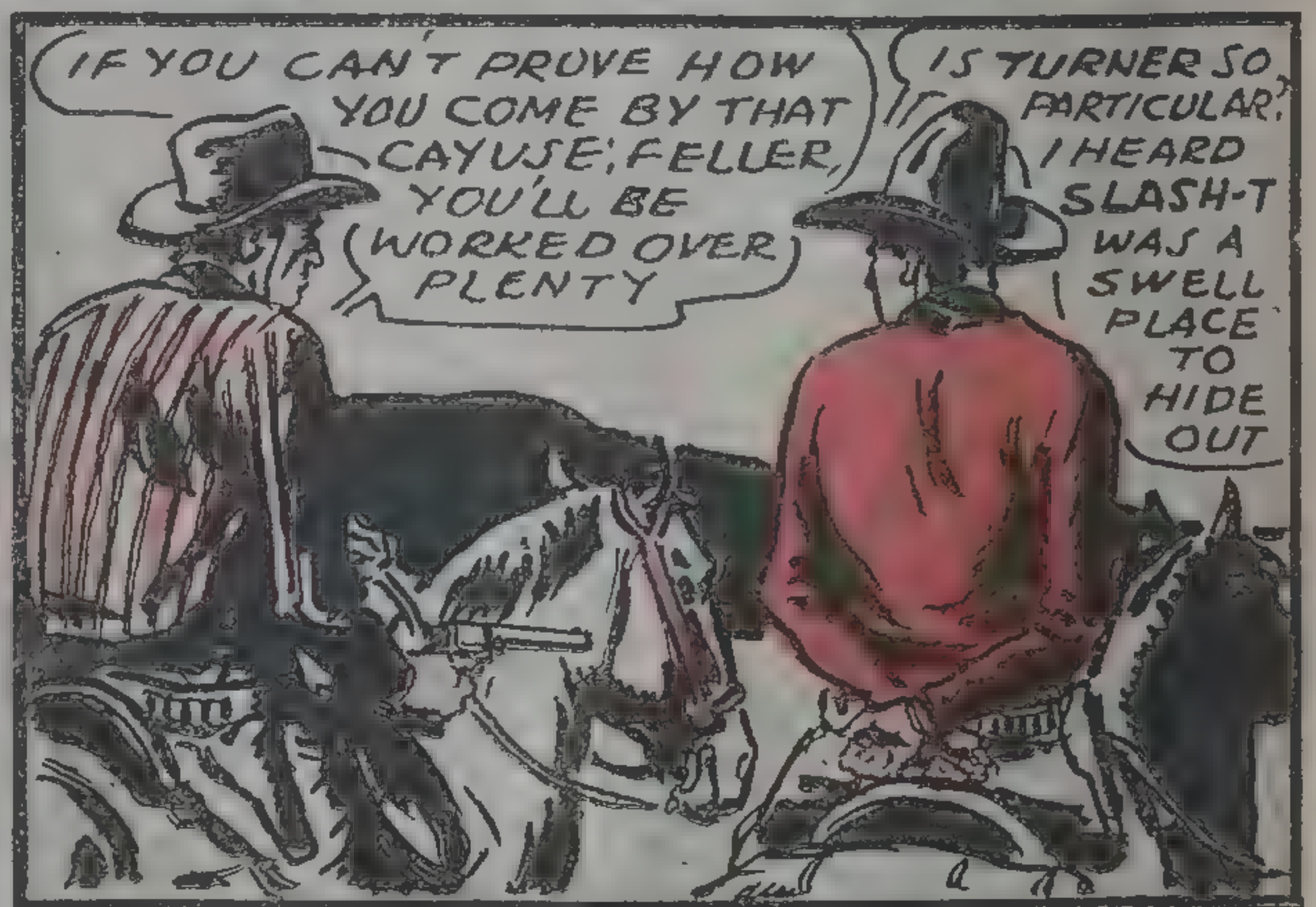
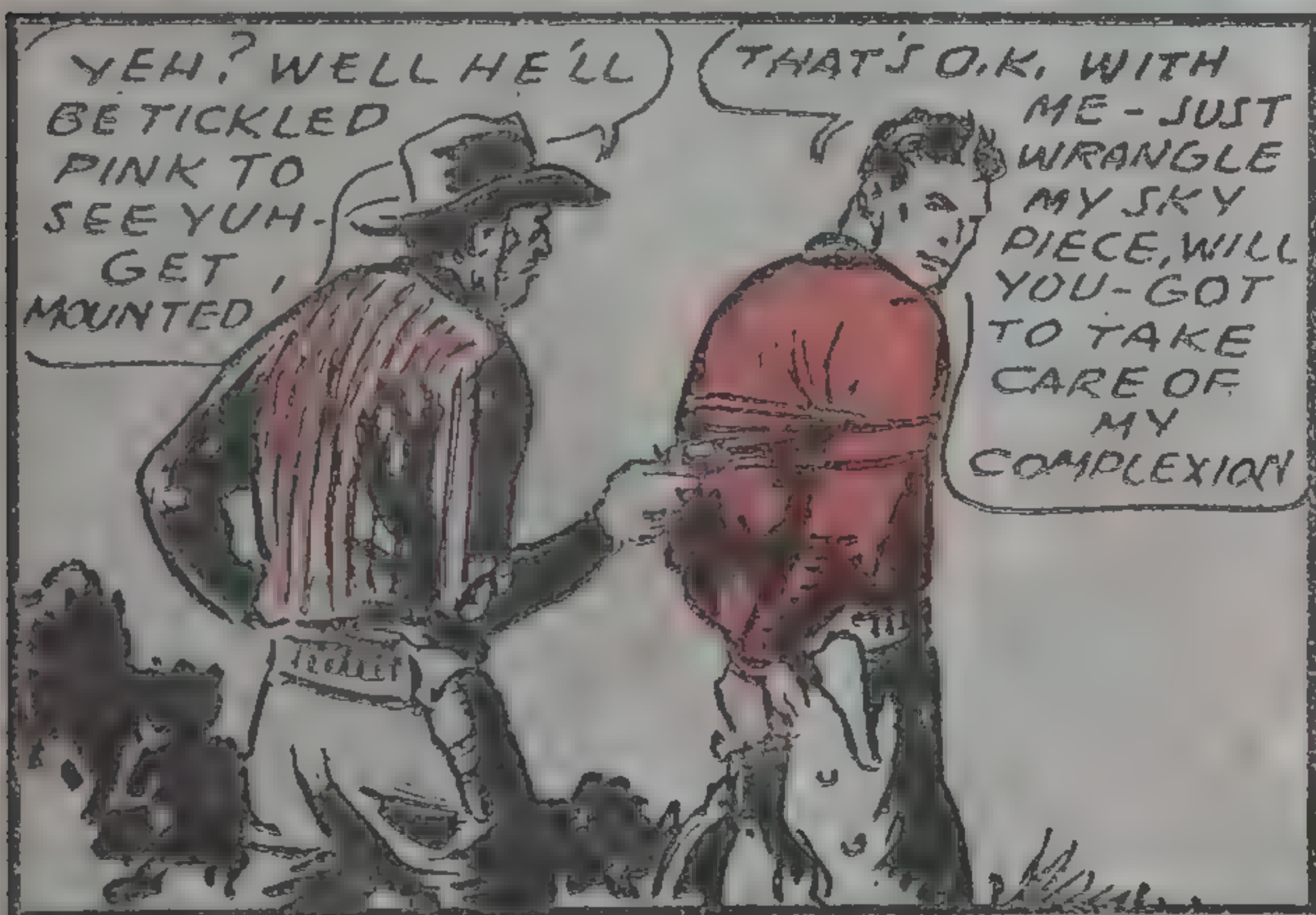
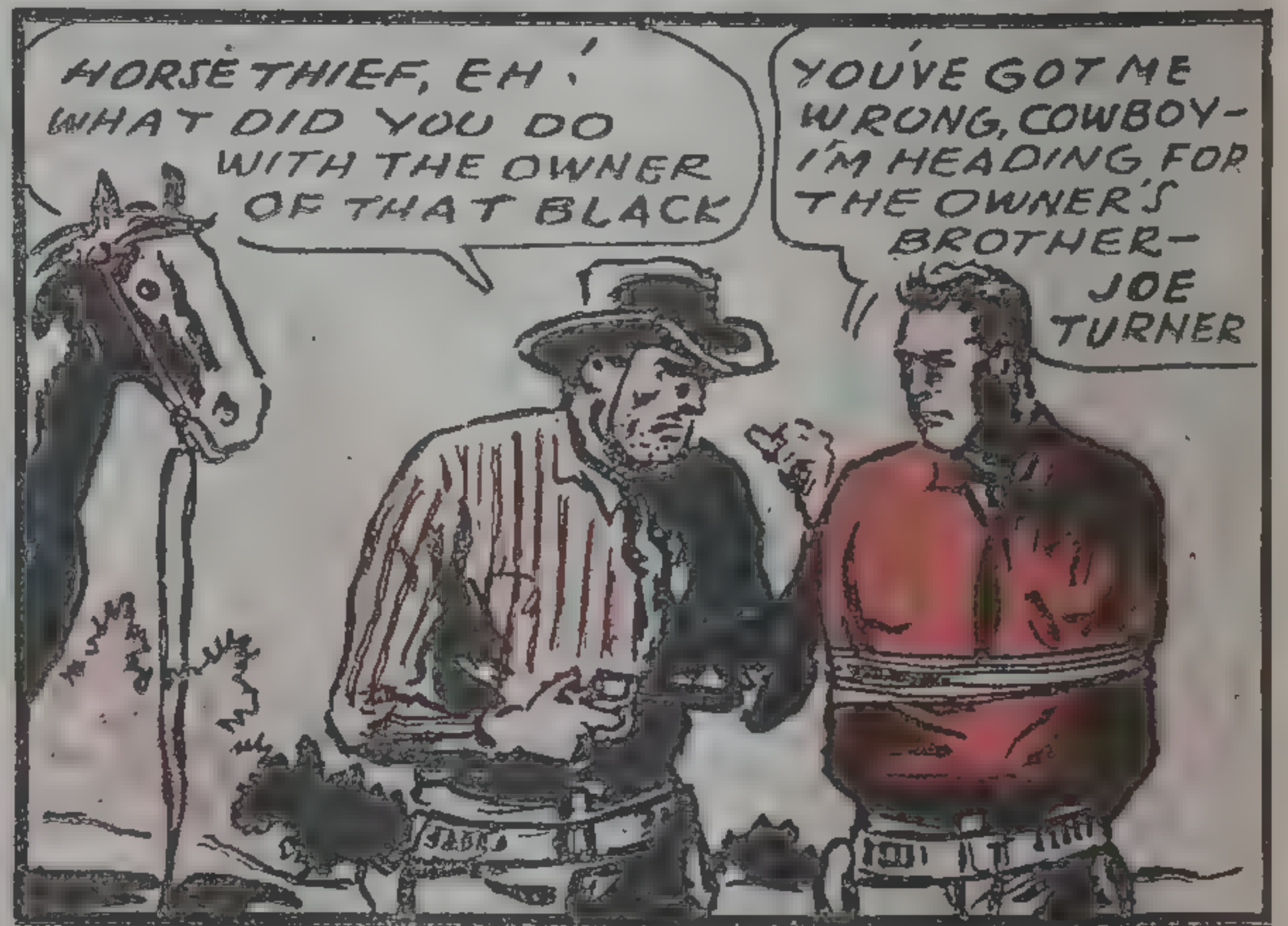
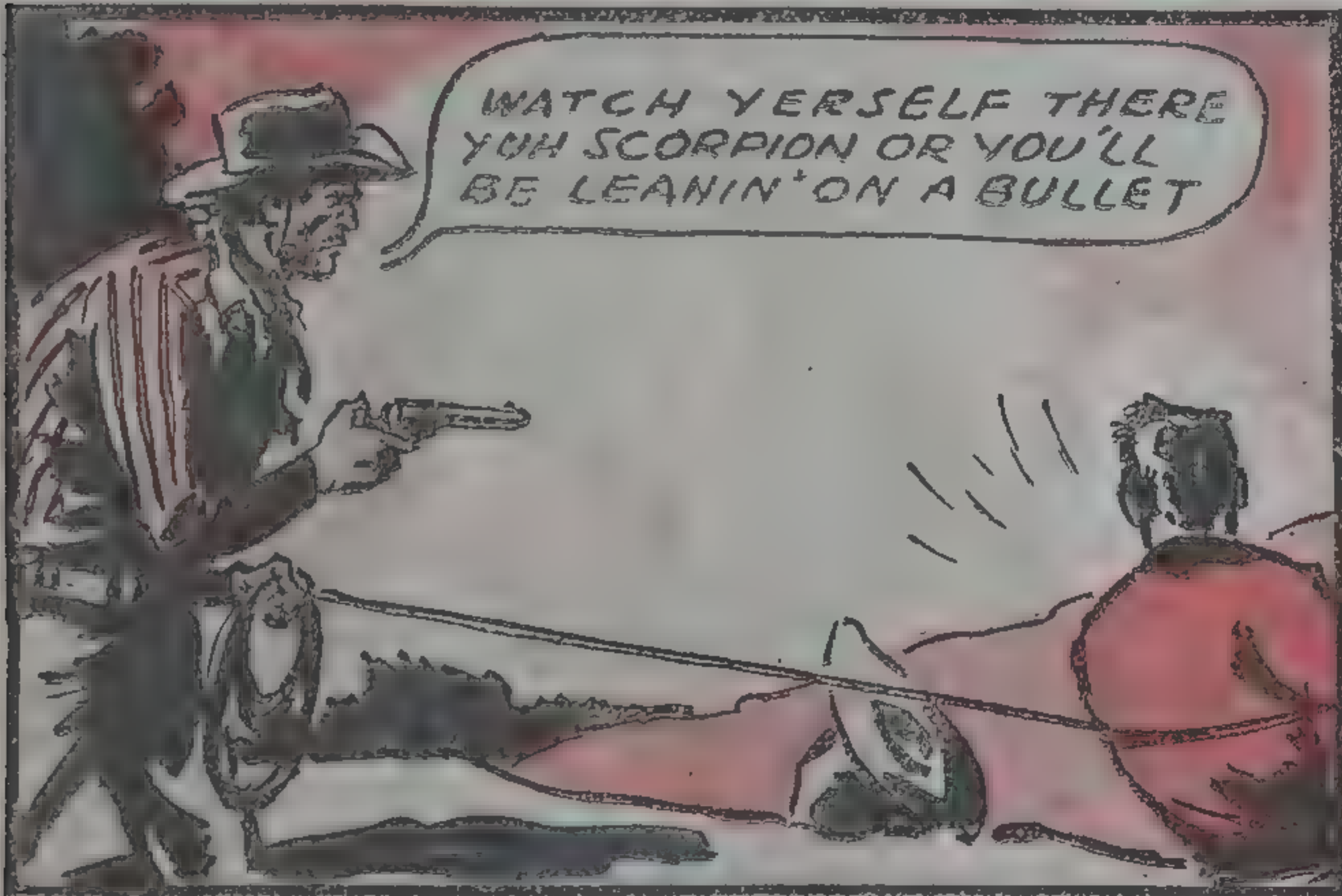
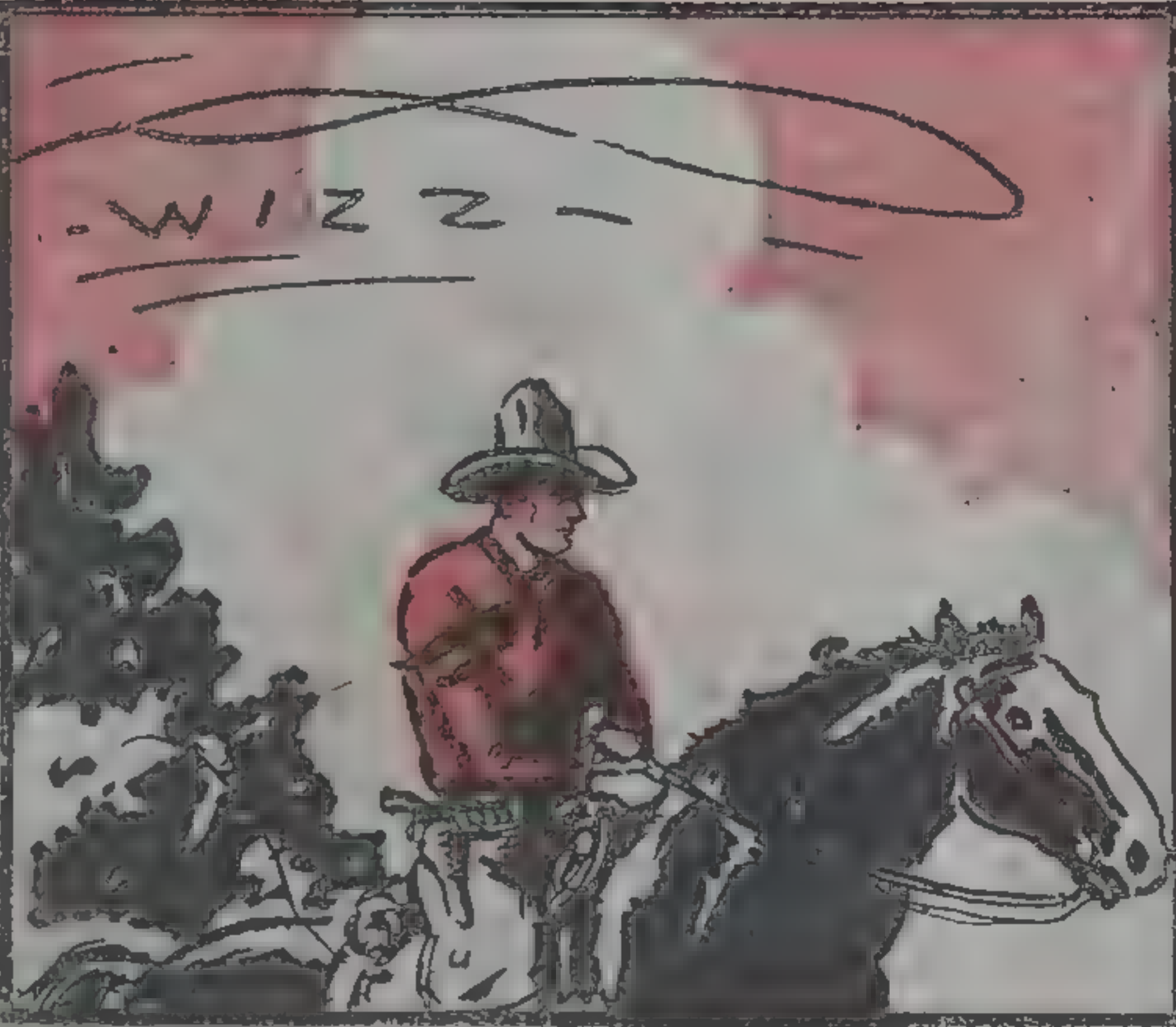


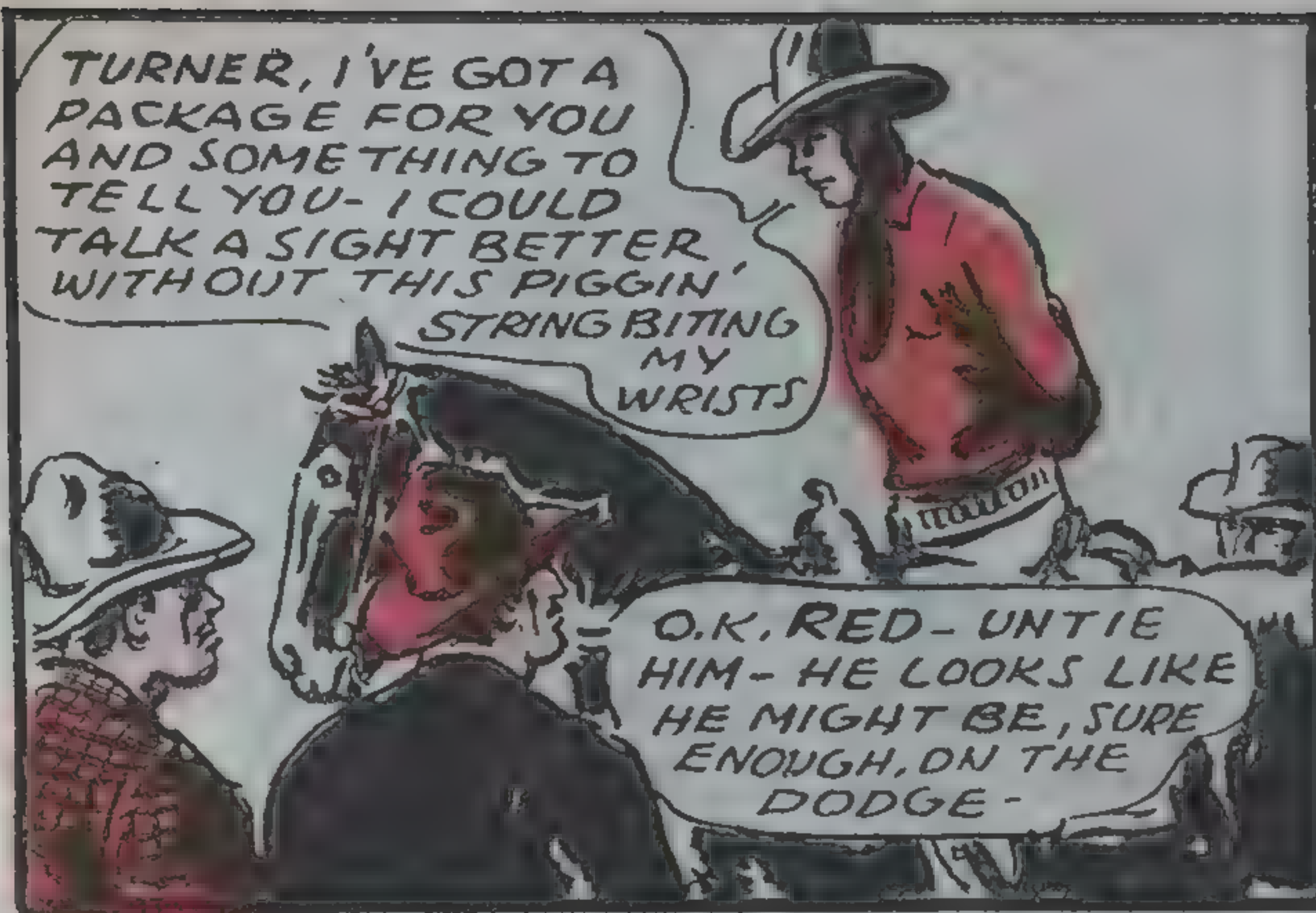
WAAM





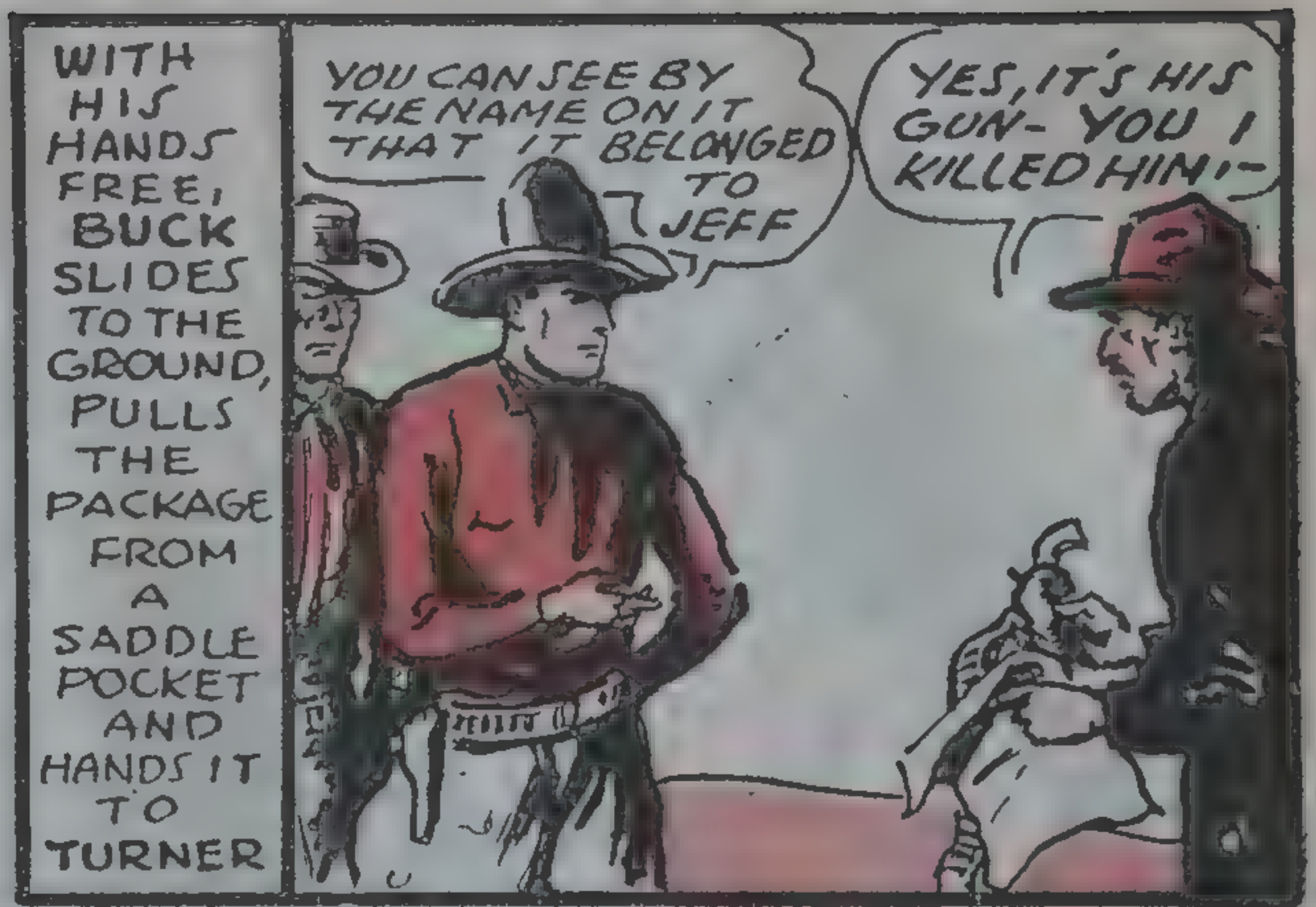
AS BUCK
PASSES
A
DENSE
CLUMP
OF
ROCKS
AND
BUSHES,
SUDDENLY
A
LASSO
WHISTLES
THROUGH
THE
AIR.





TURNER, I'VE GOT A PACKAGE FOR YOU AND SOMETHING TO TELL YOU- I COULD TALK A SIGHT BETTER WITHOUT THIS PIGGIN' STRING BITING MY WRISTS

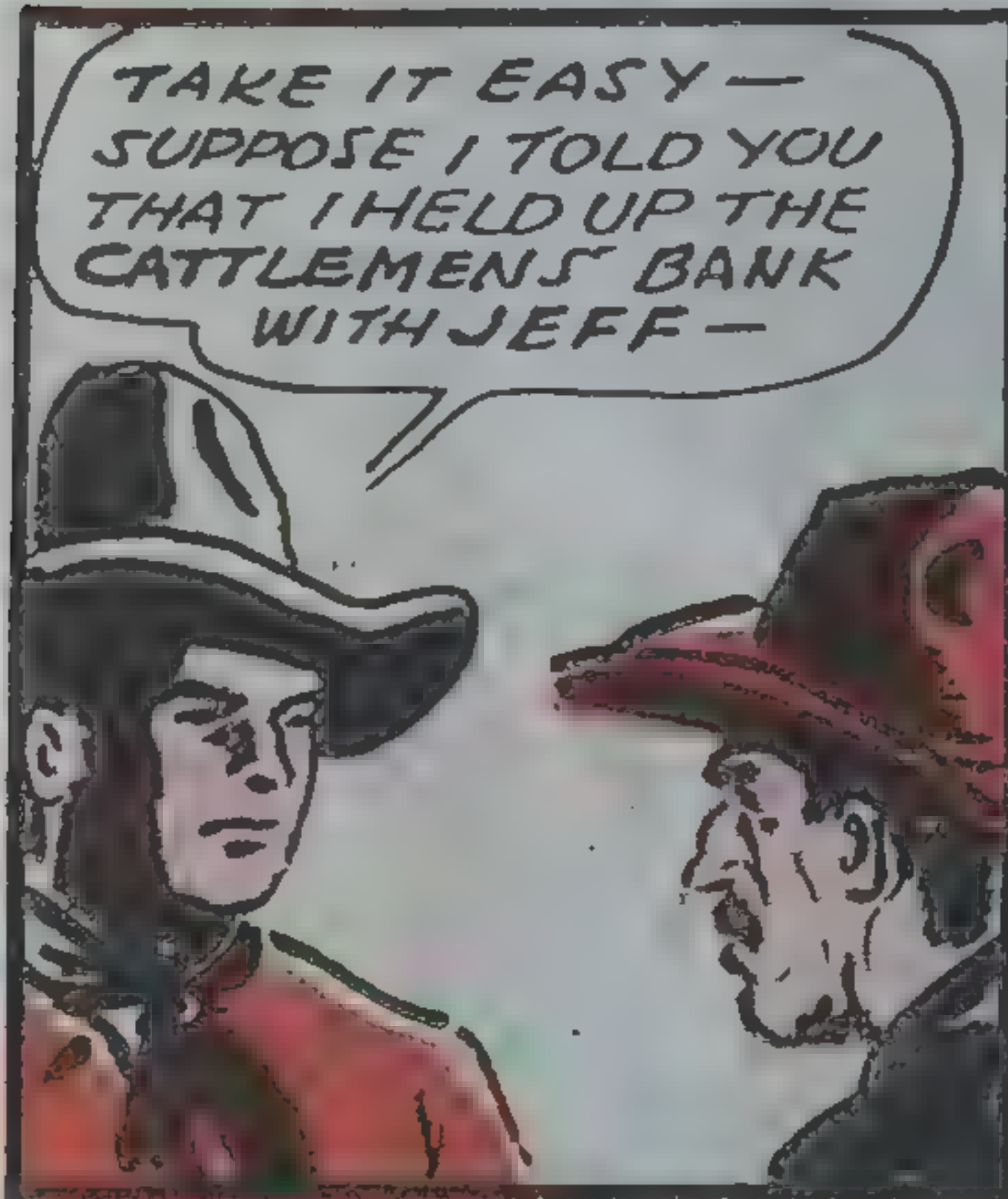
O.K. RED- UNTIE HIM- HE LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT BE, SURE ENOUGH, ON THE DODGE-



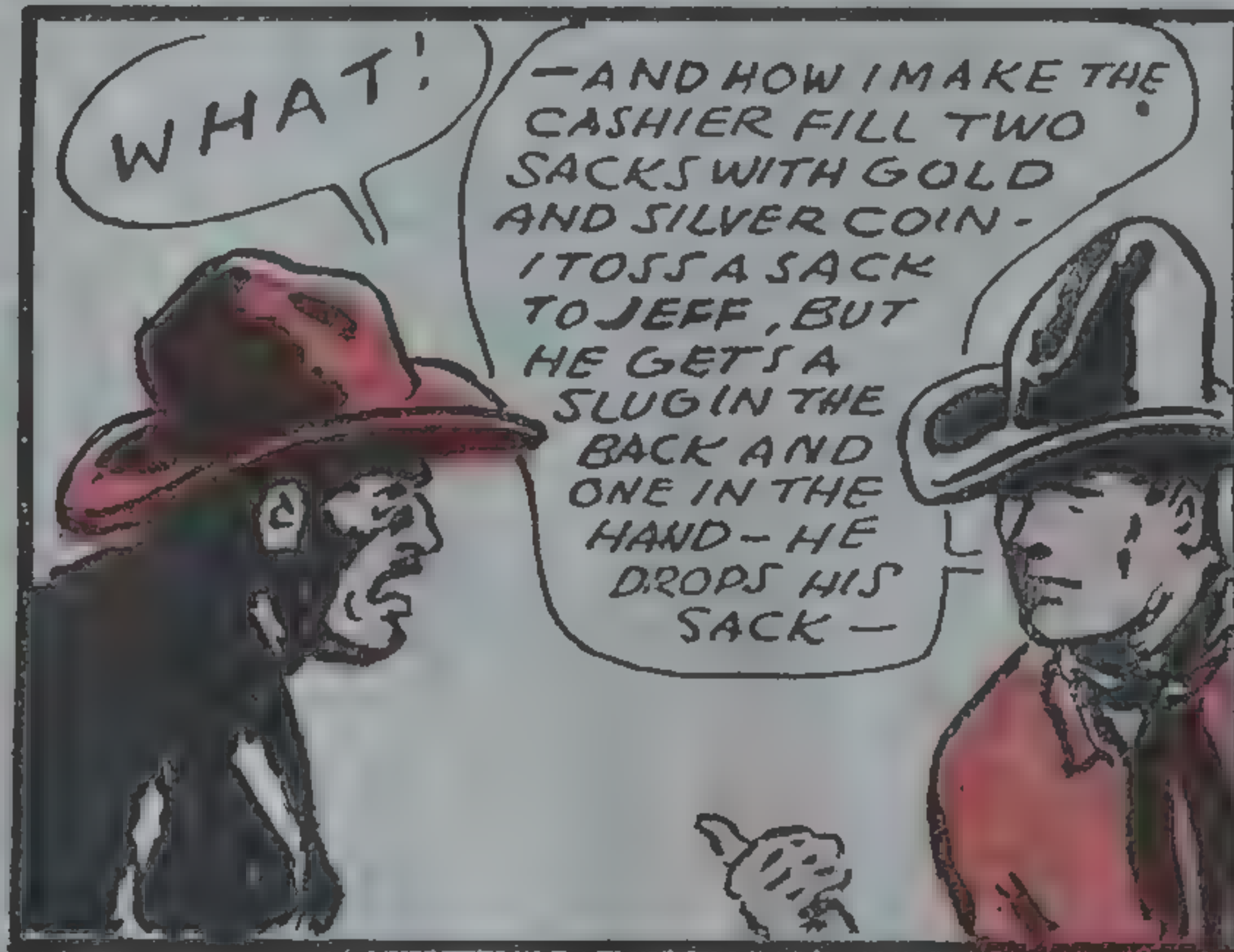
WITH HIS HANDS FREE, BUCK SLIDES TO THE GROUND, PULLS THE PACKAGE FROM A SADDLE POCKET AND HANDS IT TO TURNER

YOU CAN SEE BY THE NAME ON IT THAT IT BELONGED TO JEFF

YES, IT'S HIS GUN- YOU I KILLED HIM-

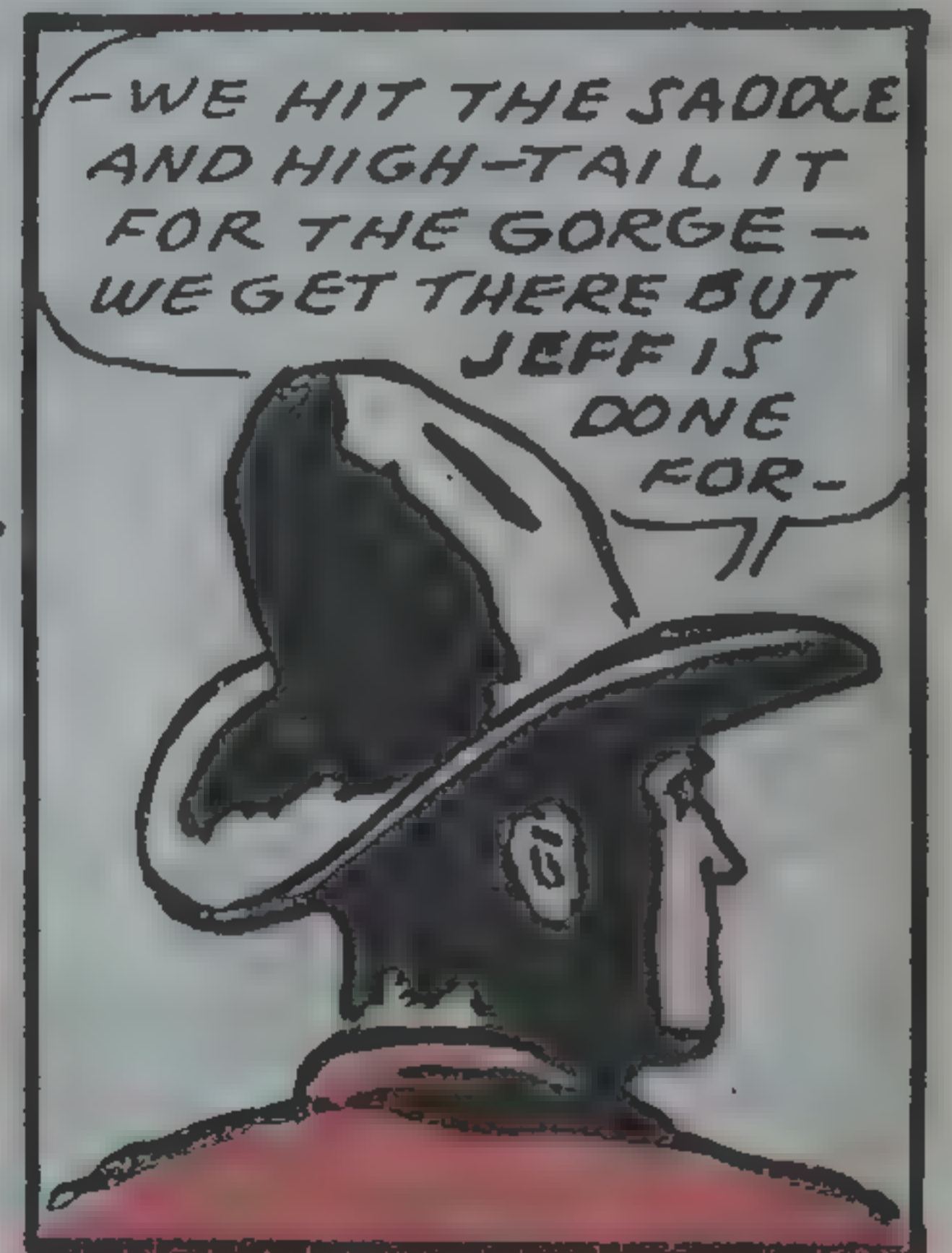


TAKE IT EASY- SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THAT I HELD UP THE CATTLEMEN'S BANK WITH JEFF-

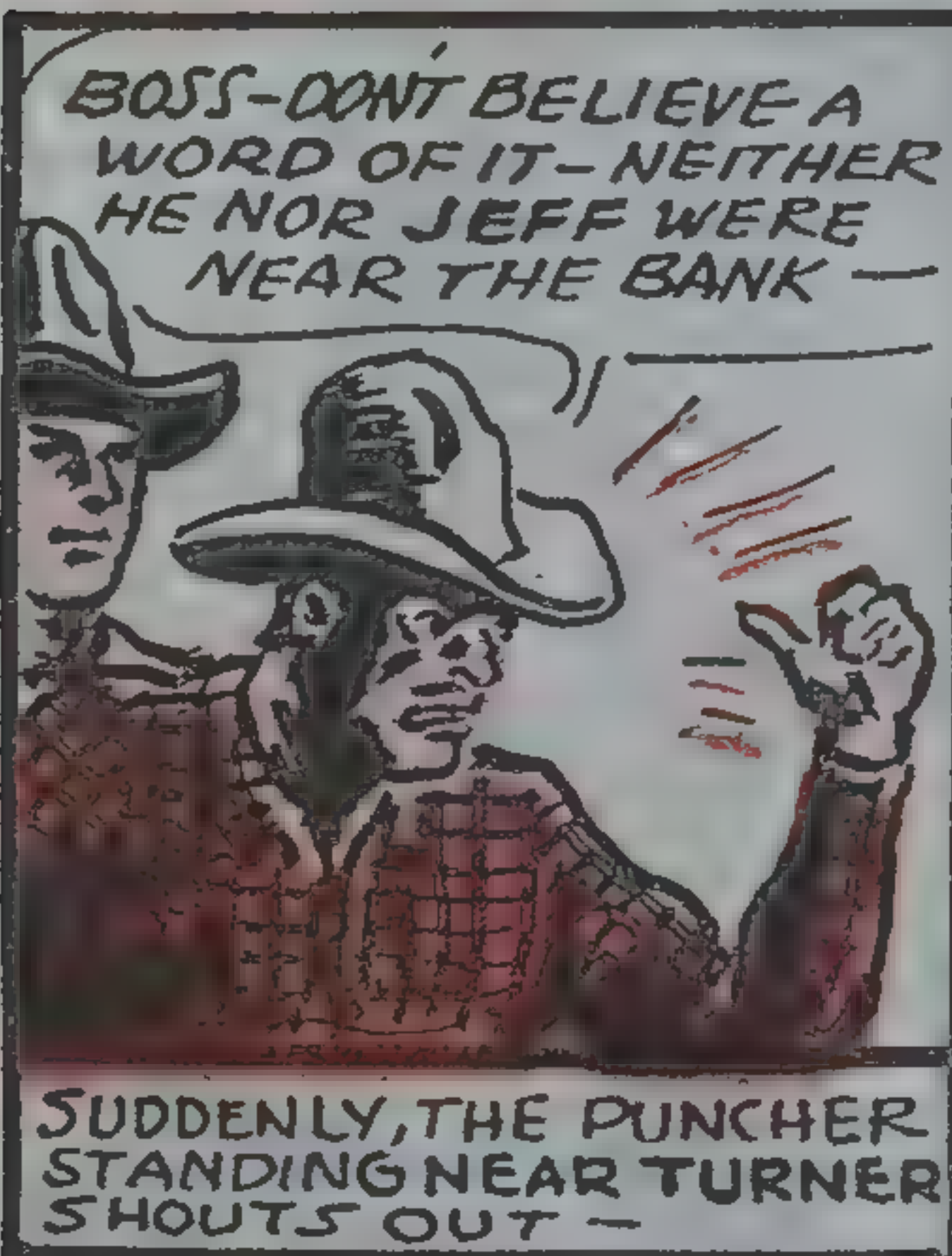


WHAT!

-AND HOW I MAKE THE CASHIER FILL TWO SACKS WITH GOLD AND SILVER COIN- I TOSS A SACK TO JEFF, BUT HE GETS A SLUG IN THE BACK AND ONE IN THE HAND- HE DROPS HIS SACK-



-WE HIT THE SADDLE AND HIGH-TAIL IT FOR THE GORGE- WE GET THERE BUT JEFF IS DONE FOR-



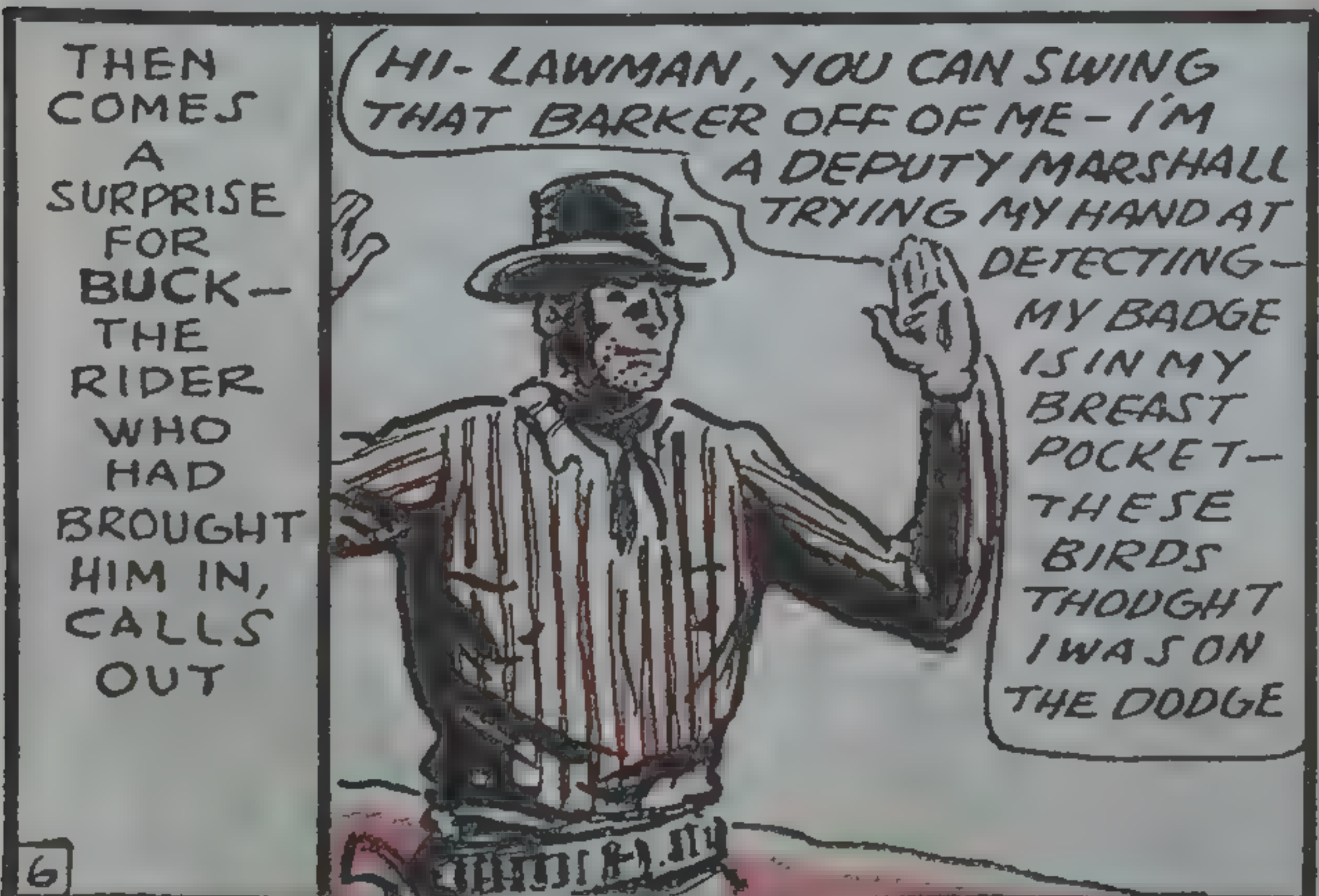
BOSS-DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT- NEITHER HE NOR JEFF WERE NEAR THE BANK-

SUDDENLY, THE PUNCHER STANDING NEAR TURNER SHOUTS OUT-



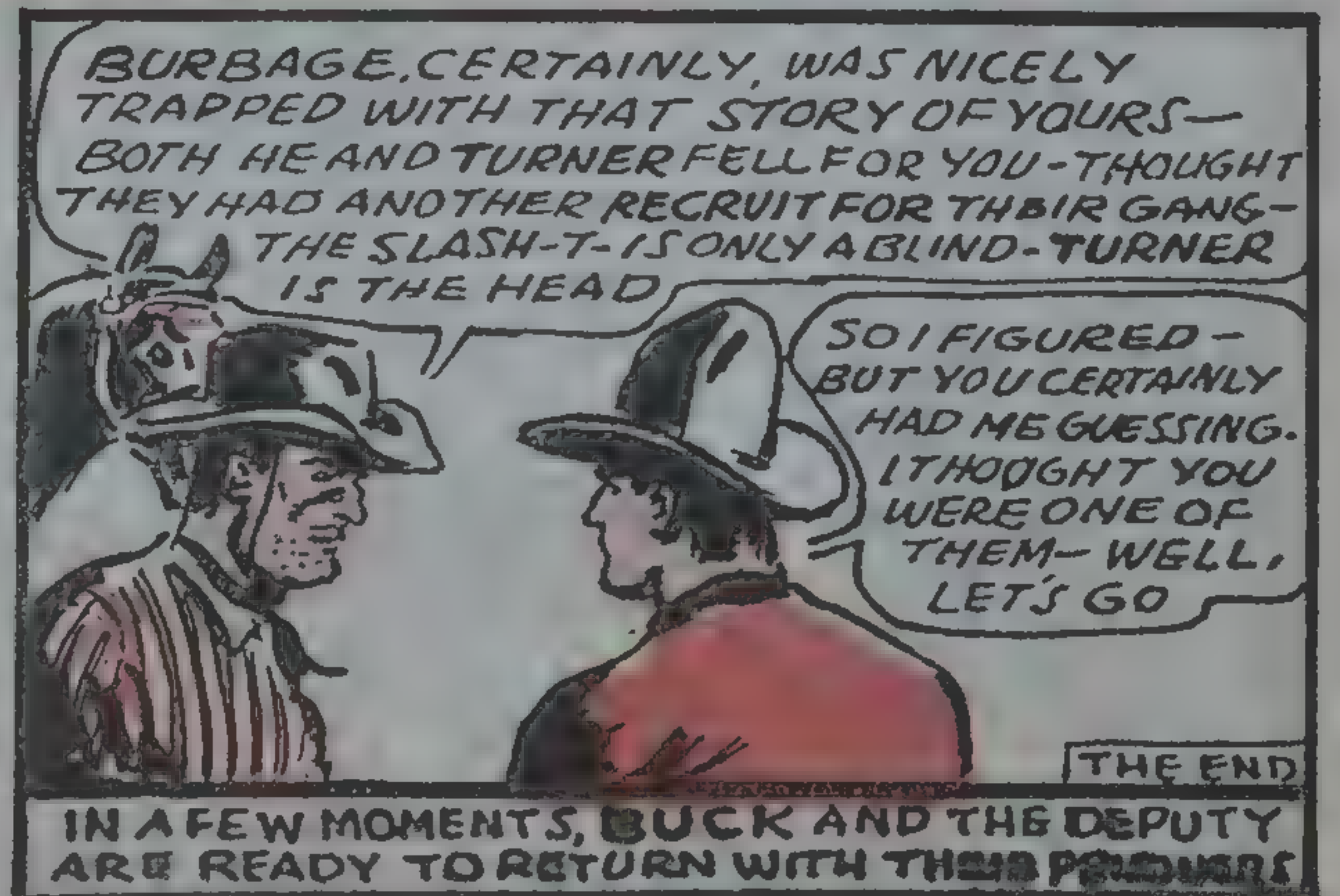
BUCK'S HAND DARTS LIKE A FLASH TO THE FELLOW'S HOLSTER AND YANKS OUT HIS GUN

UP WITH THEM, BURBAGE, BANK ROBBER AND KILLER- KEEP THEM HIGH, ALLOF YOU-



THEN COMES A SURPRISE FOR BUCK- THE RIDER WHO HAD BROUGHT HIM IN, CALLS OUT

HI- LAWMAN, YOU CAN SWING THAT BARKER OFF OF ME- I'M A DEPUTY MARSHALL TRYING MY HAND AT DETECTING- MY BADGE IS IN MY BREAST POCKET- THESE BIRDS THOUGHT I WAS ON THE DODGE



BURBAGE, CERTAINLY, WAS NICELY TRAPPED WITH THAT STORY OF YOURS- BOTH HE AND TURNER FELL FOR YOU- THOUGHT THEY HAD ANOTHER RECRUIT FOR THEIR GANG- THE SLASH-T- IS ONLY A BLIND- TURNER IS THE HEAD

SO I FIGURED- BUT YOU CERTAINLY HAD ME GUESSING. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM- WELL, LET'S GO

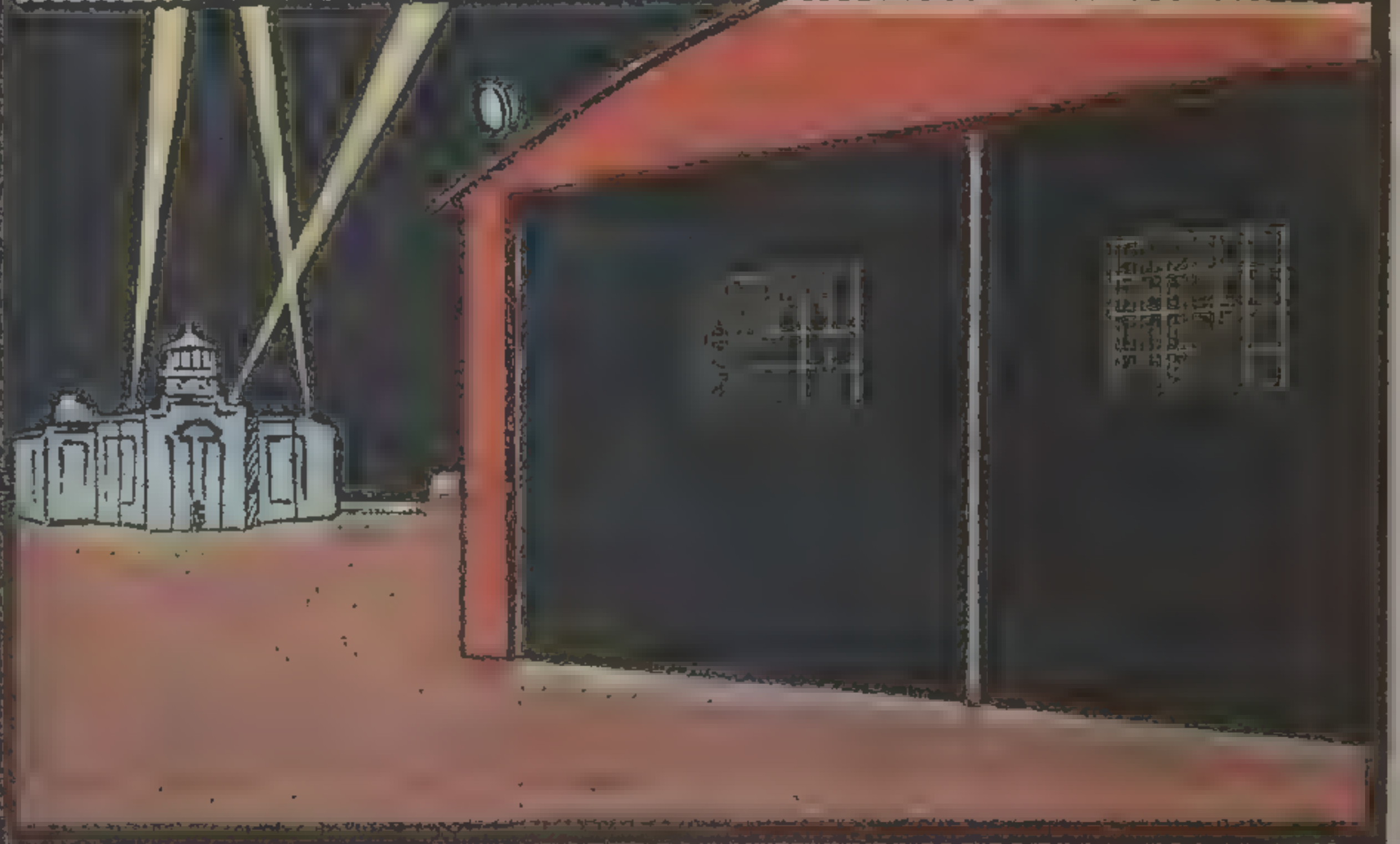
IN A FEW MOMENTS, BUCK AND THE DEPUTY ARE READY TO RETURN WITH THEIR PRISONERS

THE END

SPY

by JERRY SIEGEL
and
MART BAILEY

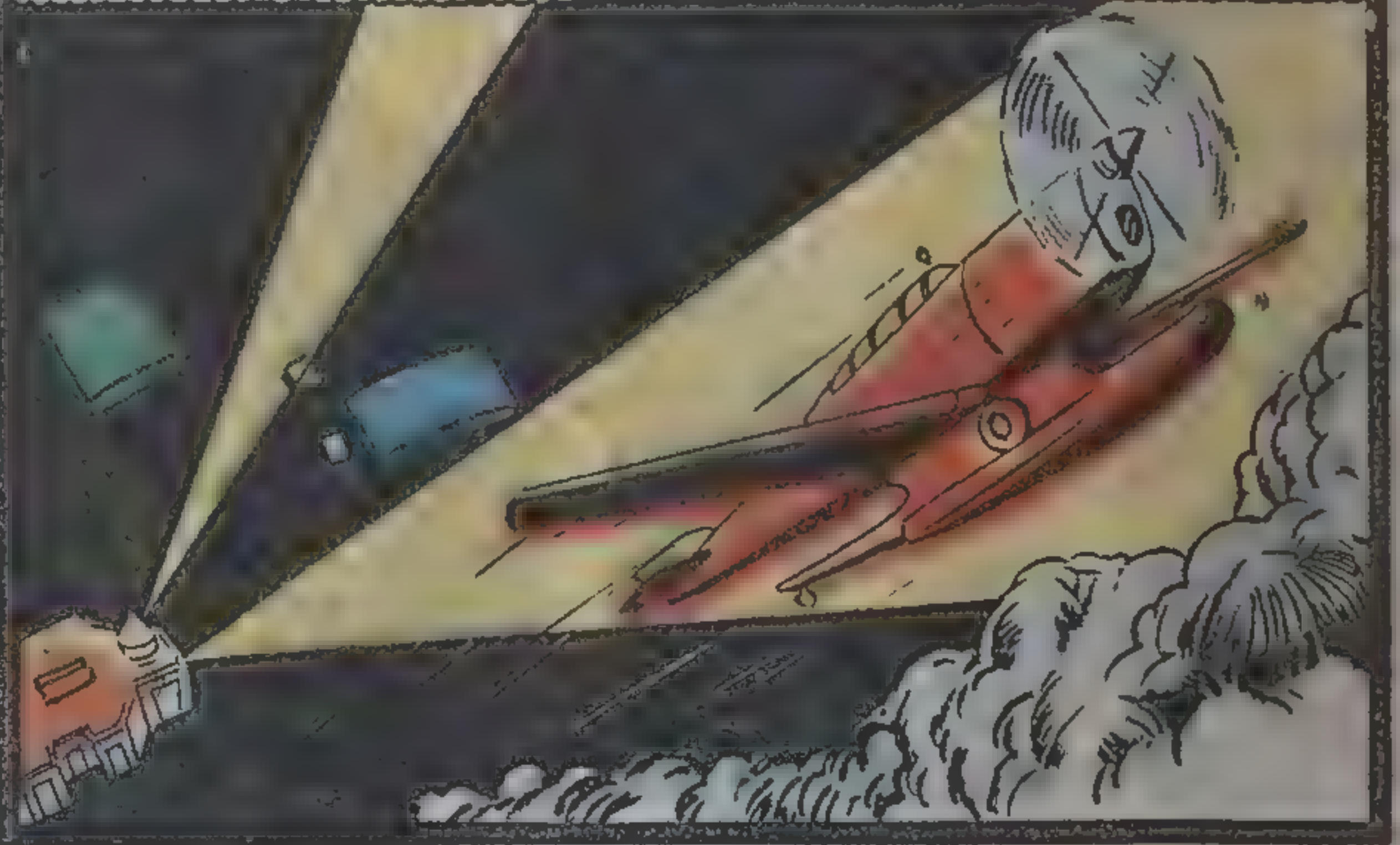
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS IS GUARDED THE NAVY'S SENSATION-AL NEW "MYSTERY PLANE"...



MIDNIGHT—THE HANGAR DOOR SWINGS OPEN—FURTIVE FIGURES SWIFTLY WHEEL OUT THE AIRPLANE OF RADICAL DESIGN....



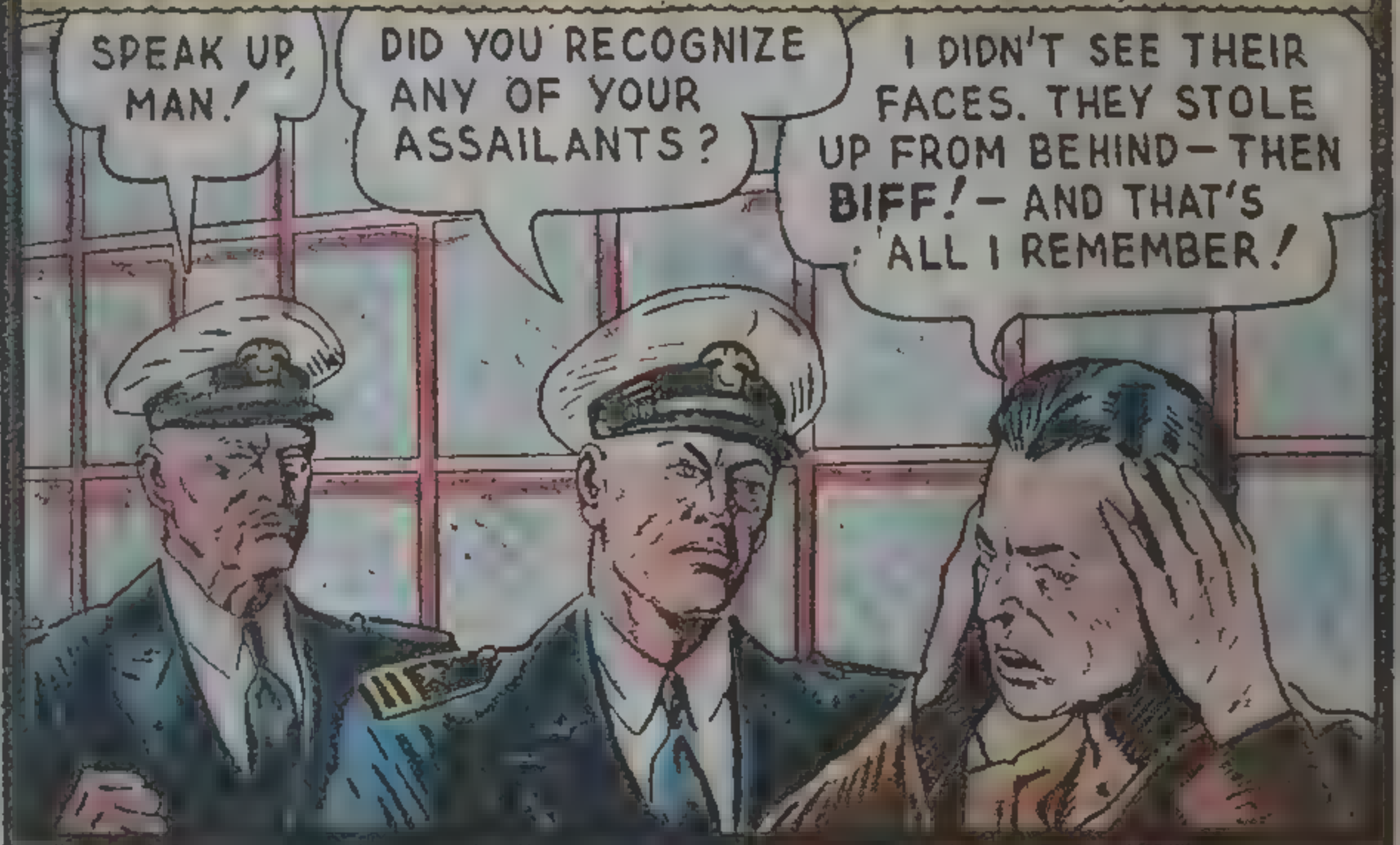
SHORTLY LATER... DOWN THE FIELD RACES THE PLANE— THEN UP IT SOARS, UP... AND OUT OF VIEW....



WITHIN THE HANGAR...



WHEN HIS SUPERIORS ARRIVE, THE MISERABLE GUARD IS SUBJECTED TO A WITHERING CROSSFIRE OF QUESTIONS....



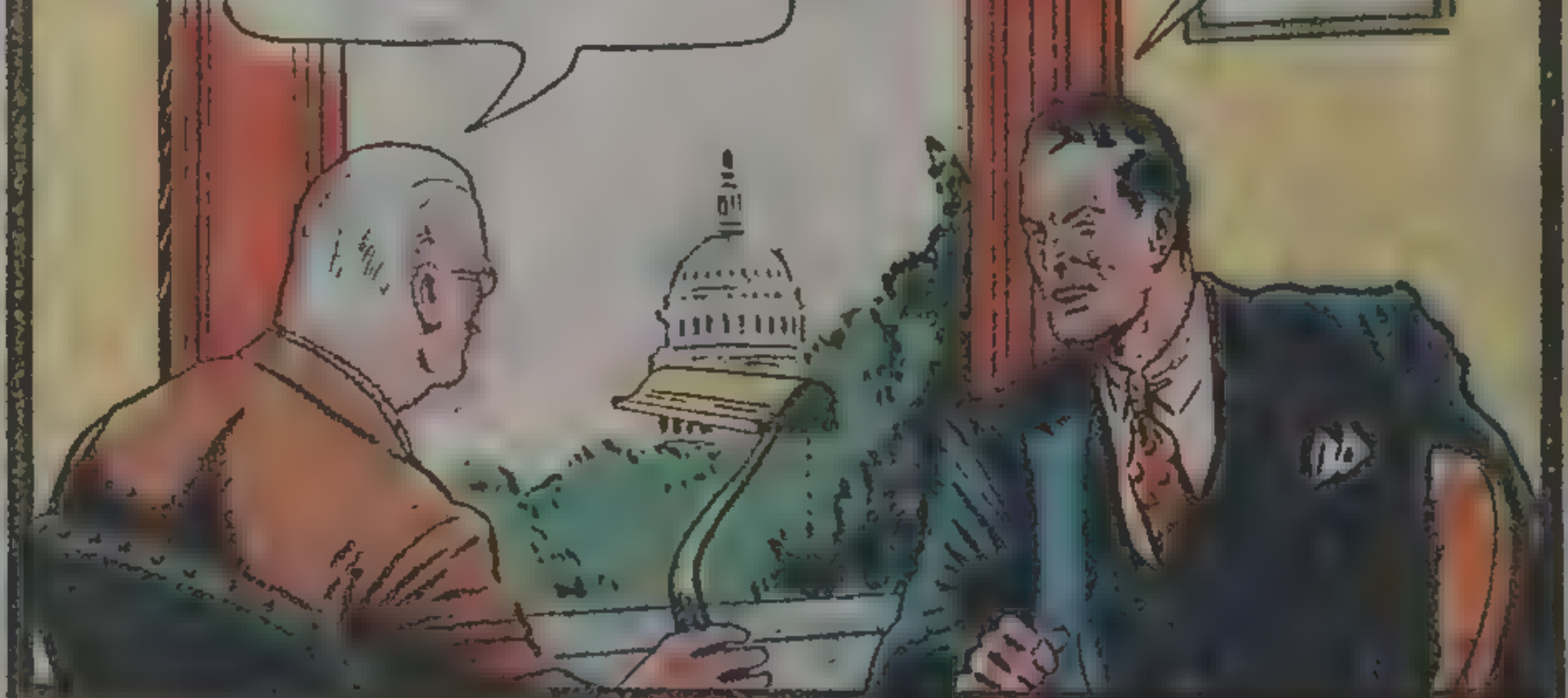
MYSTERY PLANE STOLEN



WASHINGTON, D.C. ... U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS....

I'VE AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, BART, THAT'S RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY! — YOU'RE TO TRACK DOWN THE STOLEN PLANE, AND RECOVER IT!

IT'S A LARGE ORDER, CHIEF — BUT THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE 'EM!



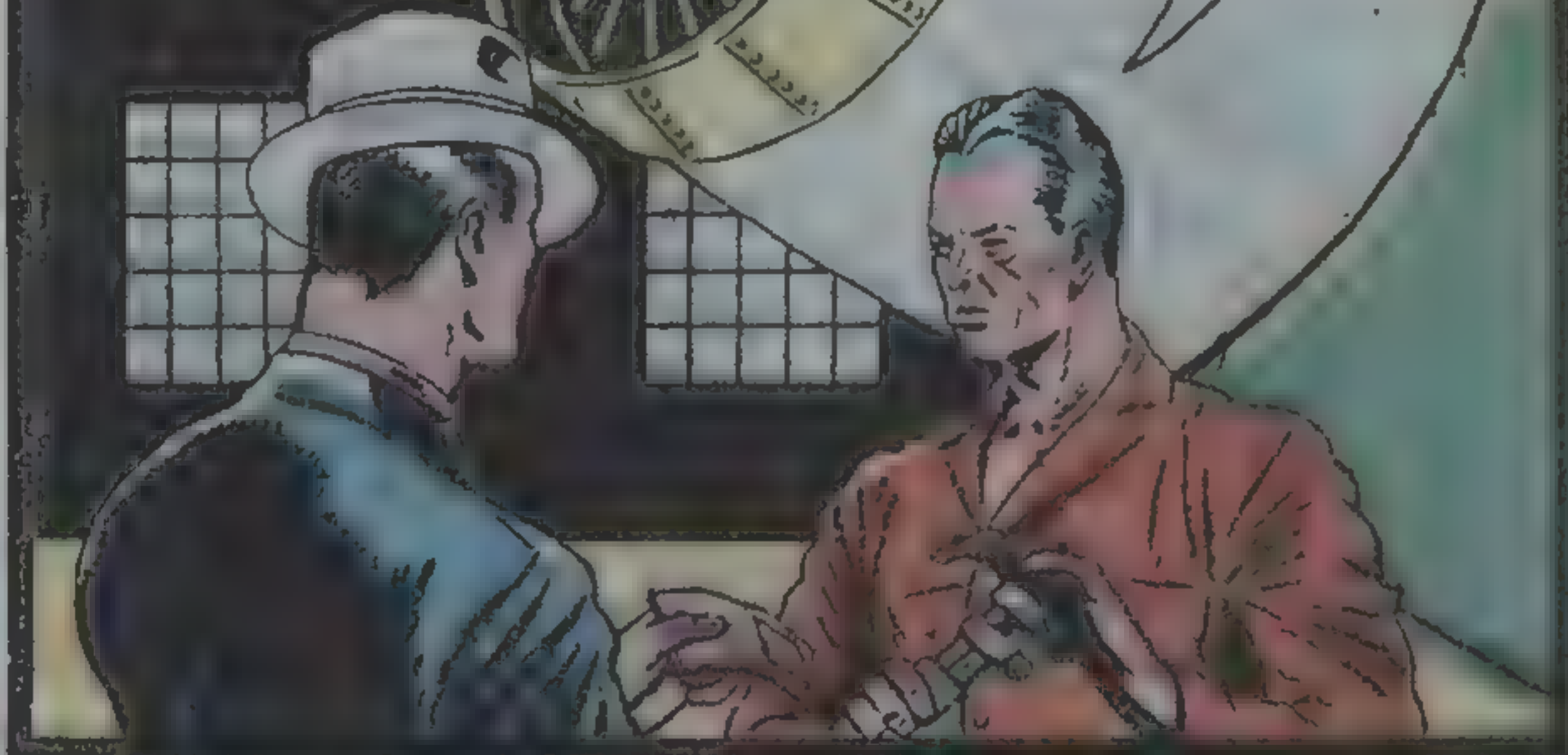
AS BART DRIVES TO THE GOVERNMENT AIRPORT . . .

IT'S A CINCH THAT WHOEVER SNATCHED THE PLANE IS NO IGNORAMUS. IT'LL TAKE PLENTY OF WORK — AND LUCK — ON MY PART, TO CRACK THIS CASE!



YOU'LL FIND MY CREDENTIALS ARE IN ORDER.

SO YOU'RE FROM THE SECRET SERVICE, EH? I SUPPOSE, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, YOU'RE CRAMMED FULL OF QUESTIONS. WELL, SHOOT!

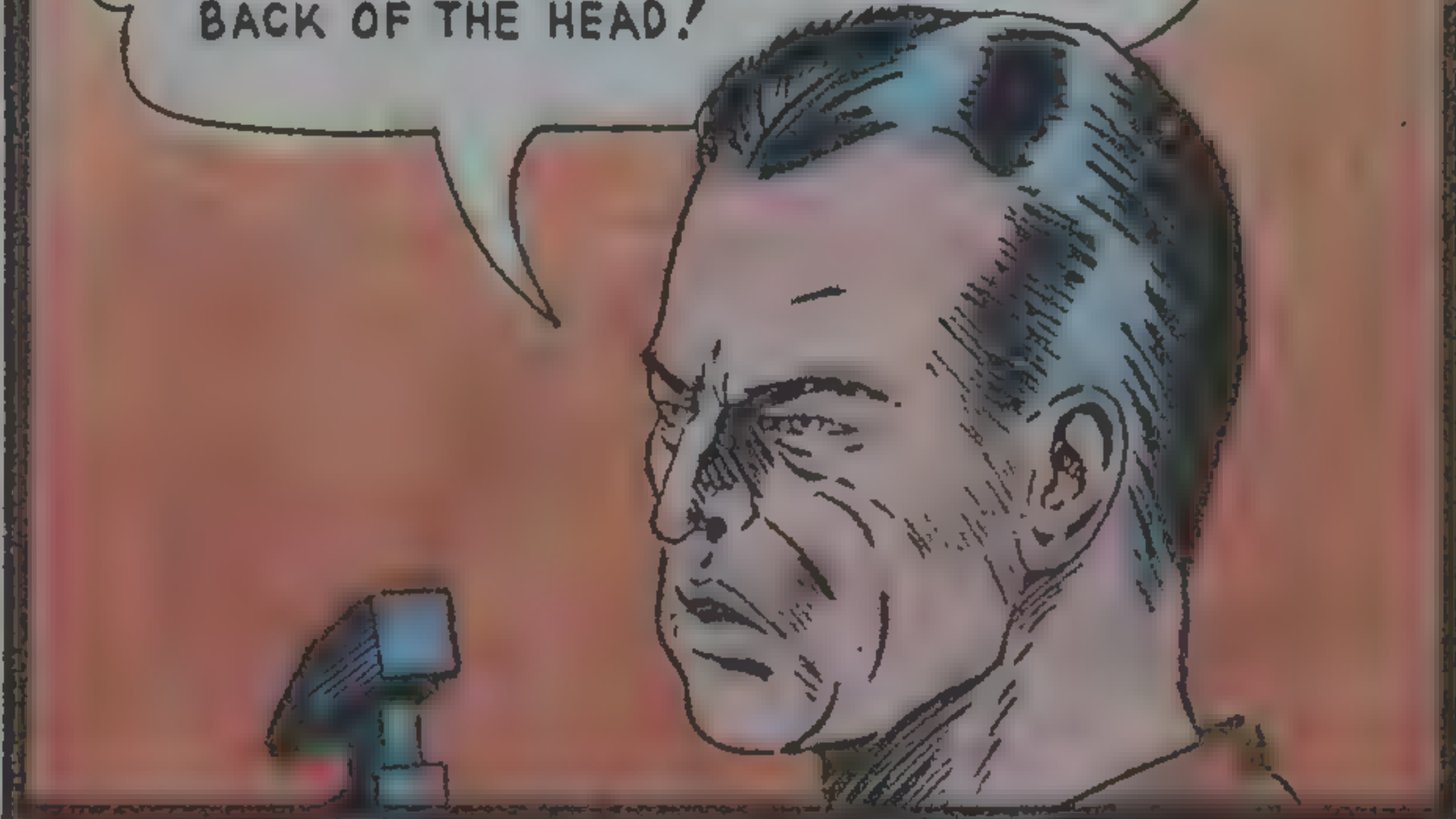


WERE YOU EVER APPROACHED BY WOULD-BE CORRUPTERS — SHADOWED — OR ANYTHING OF THAT SORT?

NO. SORRY TO ADMIT IT — BUT I WASN'T!



BUT I WISH THOSE FELLOWS WOULD COME WITHIN ARMS' REACH AGAIN! I'D PAY 'EM BACK FOR THAT NASTY CRACK ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!



ABRUPTLY, THREE MEN LEAP FROM HIDING . . .

GET 'EM!

WHO — ?

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR WISH!



A STRUGGLE ENSUES IN WHICH BART AND HIS COMPANION ARE DEFINITELY EMERGING VICTORIOUS . . .



DRIVEN BACK BY THE FORCE OF RELENTLESS FISTS, THE COWARDLY THUGS LEAP WITHIN A NEARBY AUTO . . .

LET'S CLEAR OUTTA HERE!

WHAT'S THE HURRY? WE'VE ONLY BEGUN!

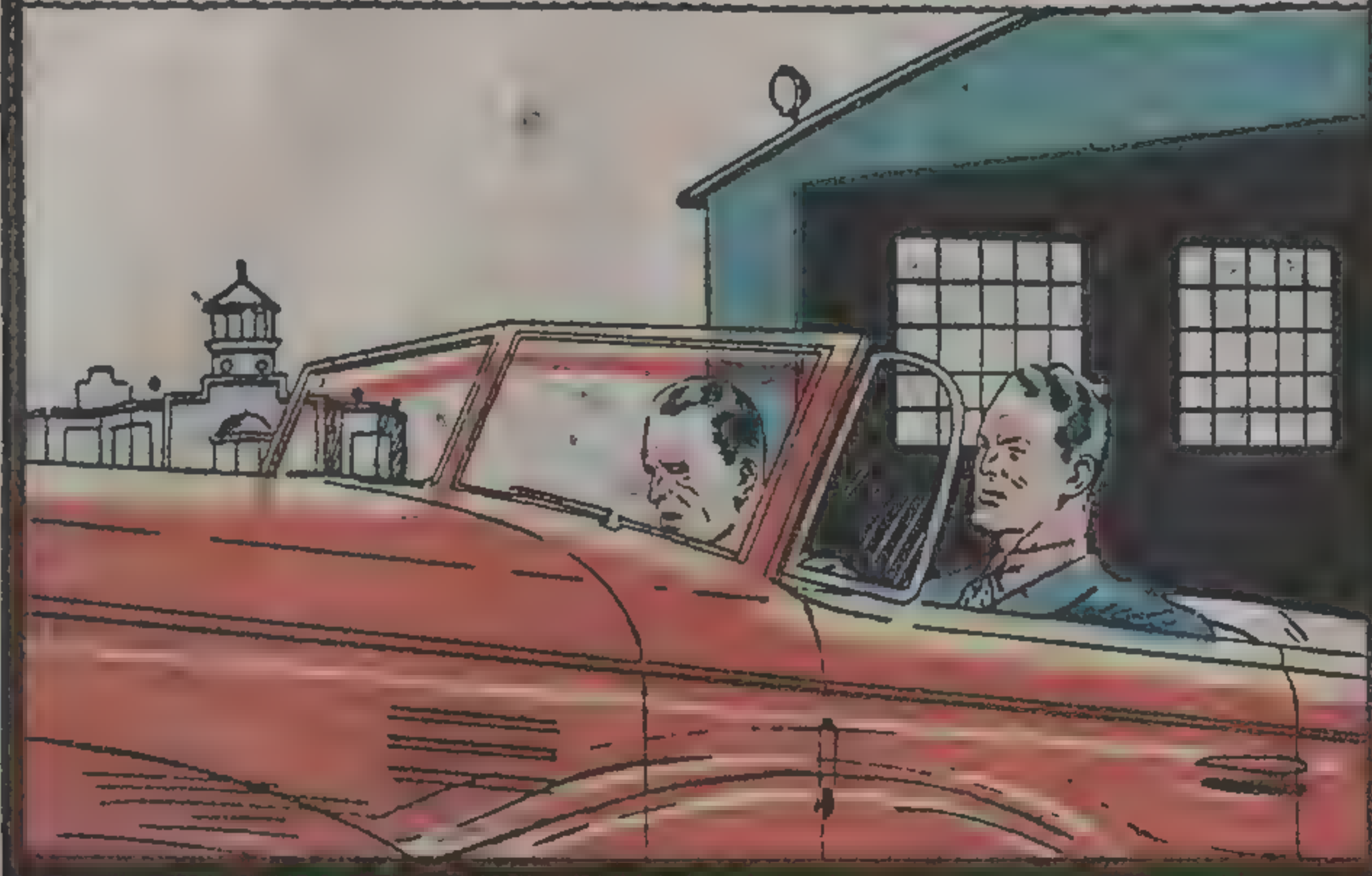


THEY GOT AWAY!

NO THEY HAVEN'T! C'MON! INTO MY CAR!

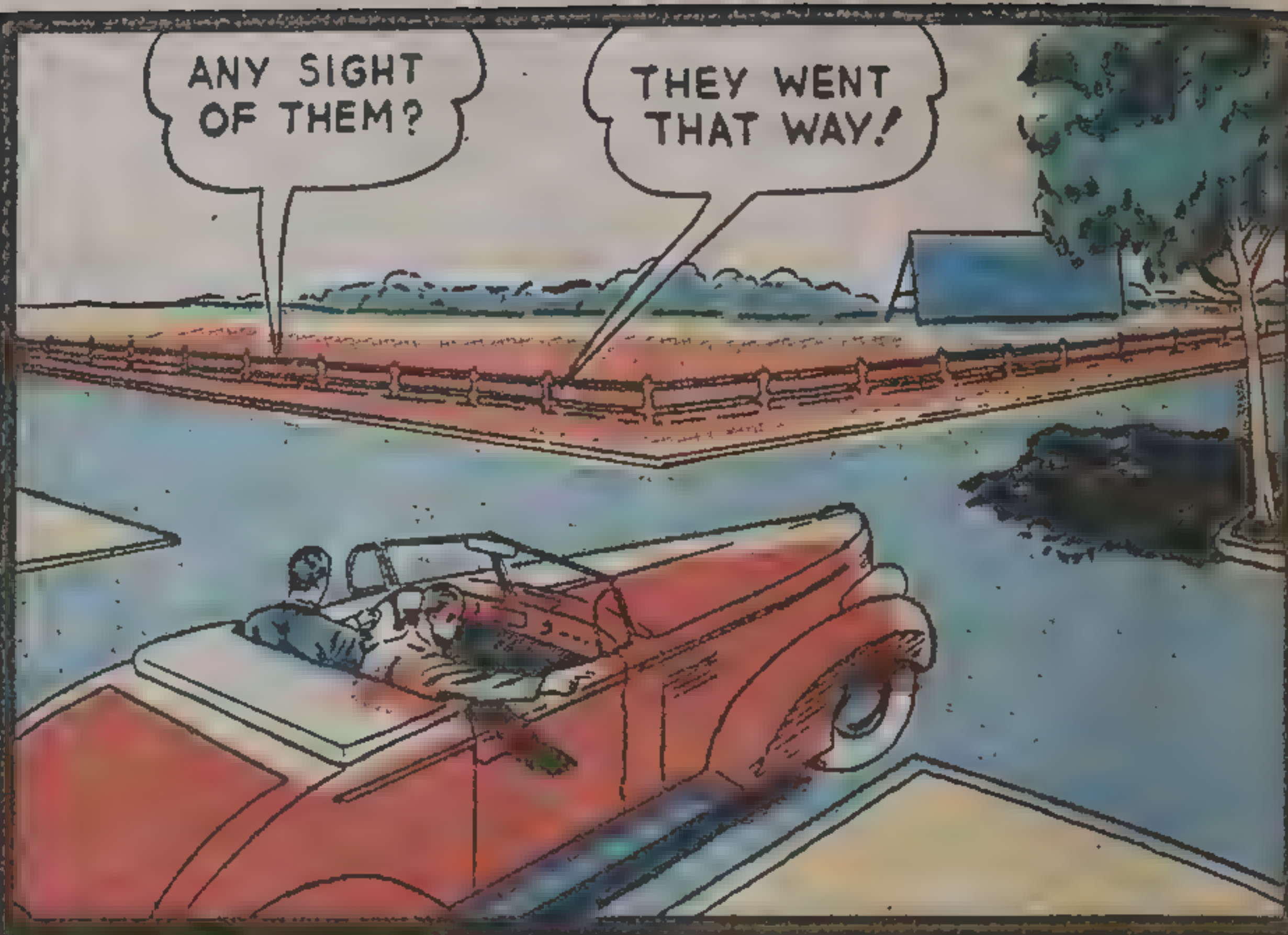


BART'S CAR RACES IN SWIFT PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING AUTO



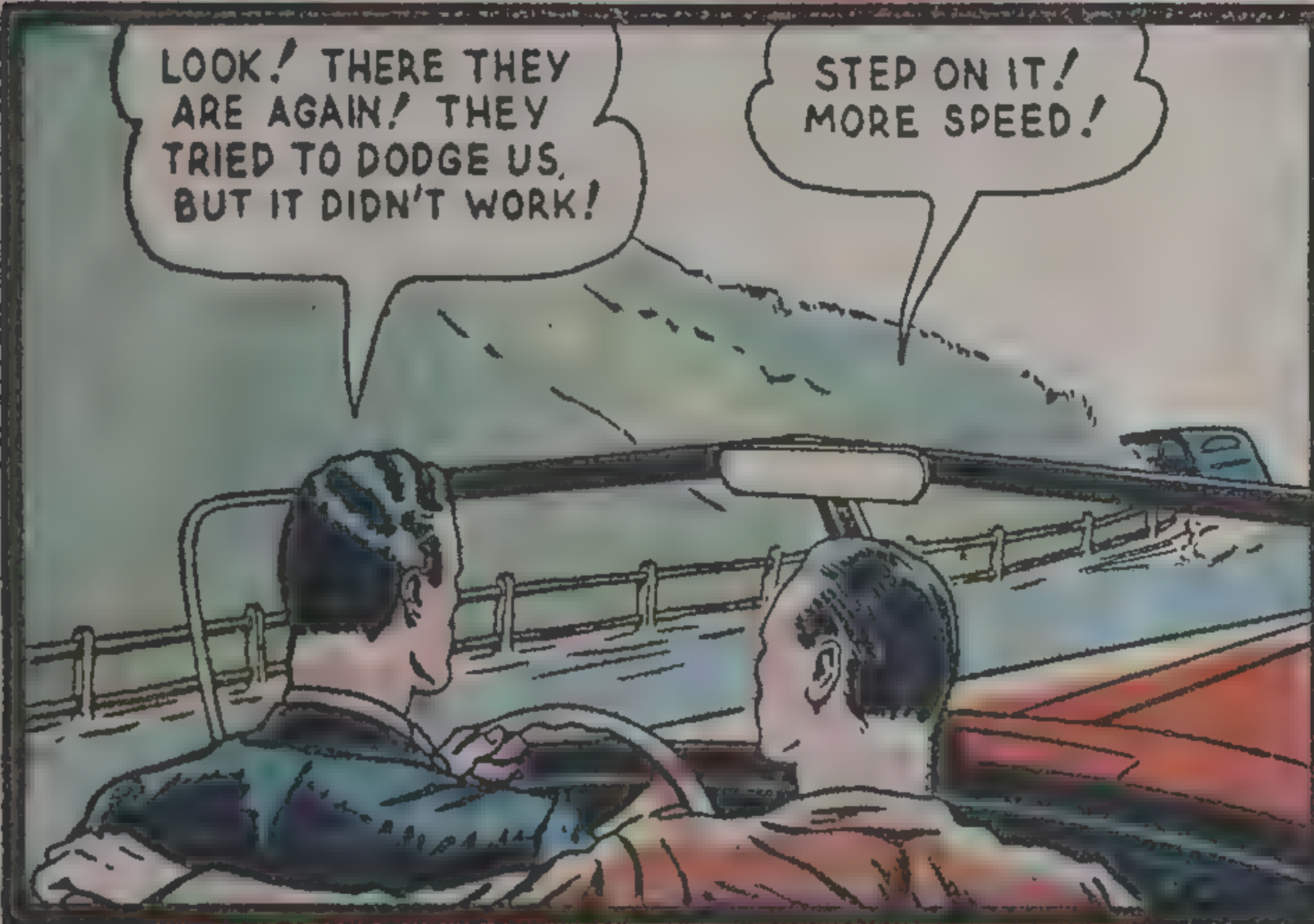
ANY SIGHT
OF THEM?

THEY WENT
THAT WAY!

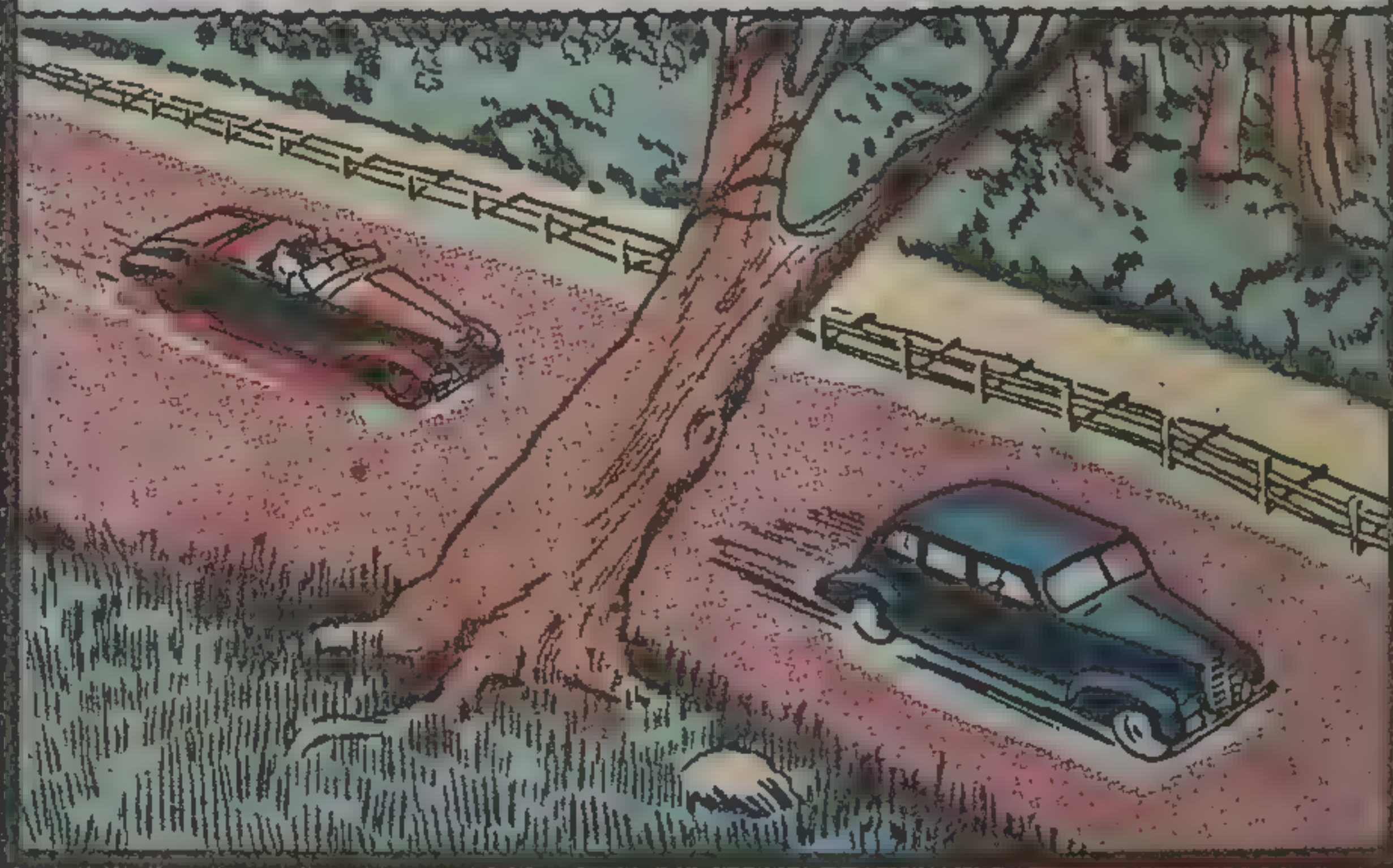


LOOK! THERE THEY
ARE AGAIN! THEY
TRIED TO DODGE US,
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!

STEP ON IT!
MORE SPEED!



SMALLER GROWS THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO HURLING
AUTOMOBILES...

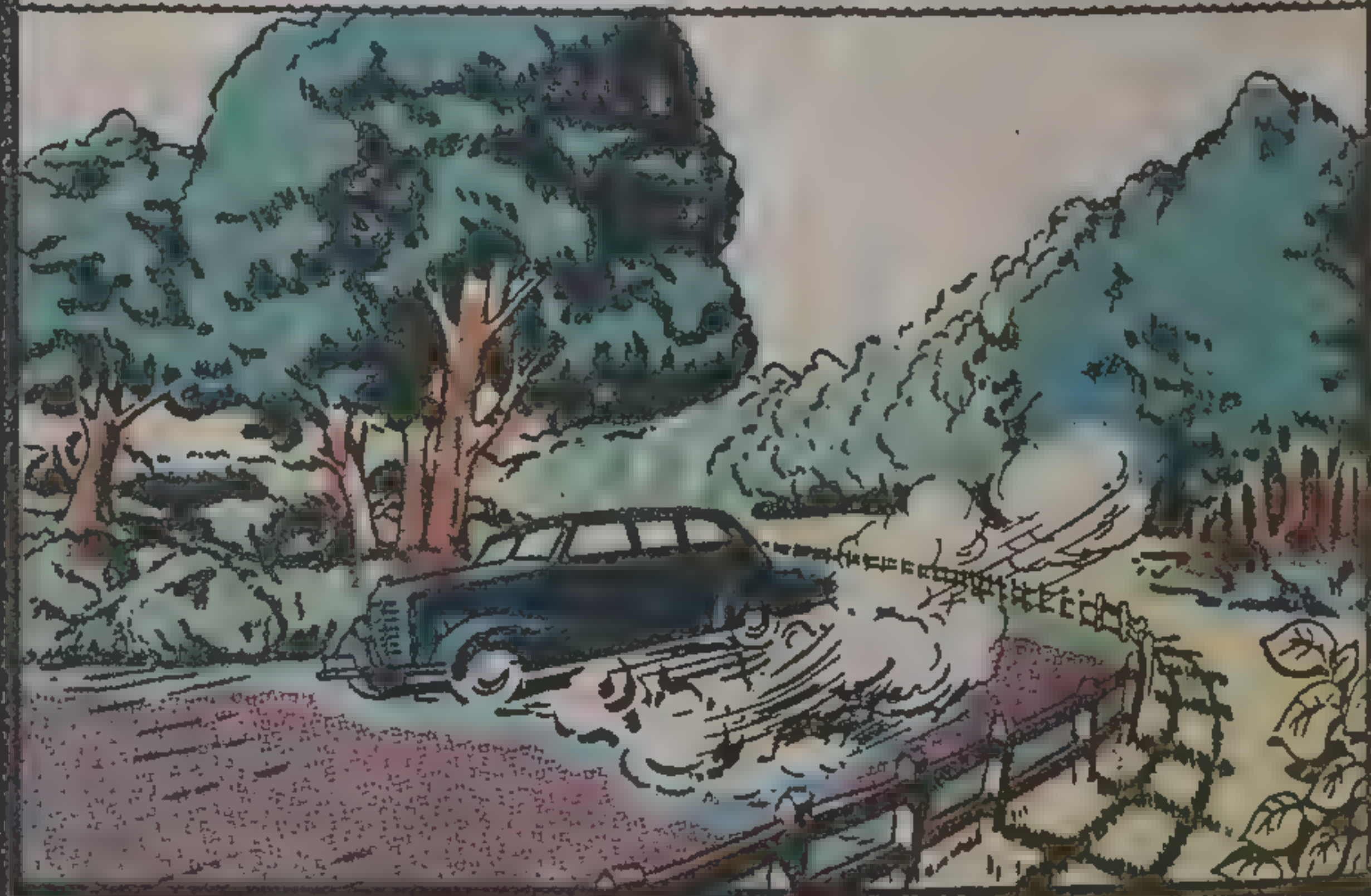


THAT'S STRANGE!
NO EFFECT!

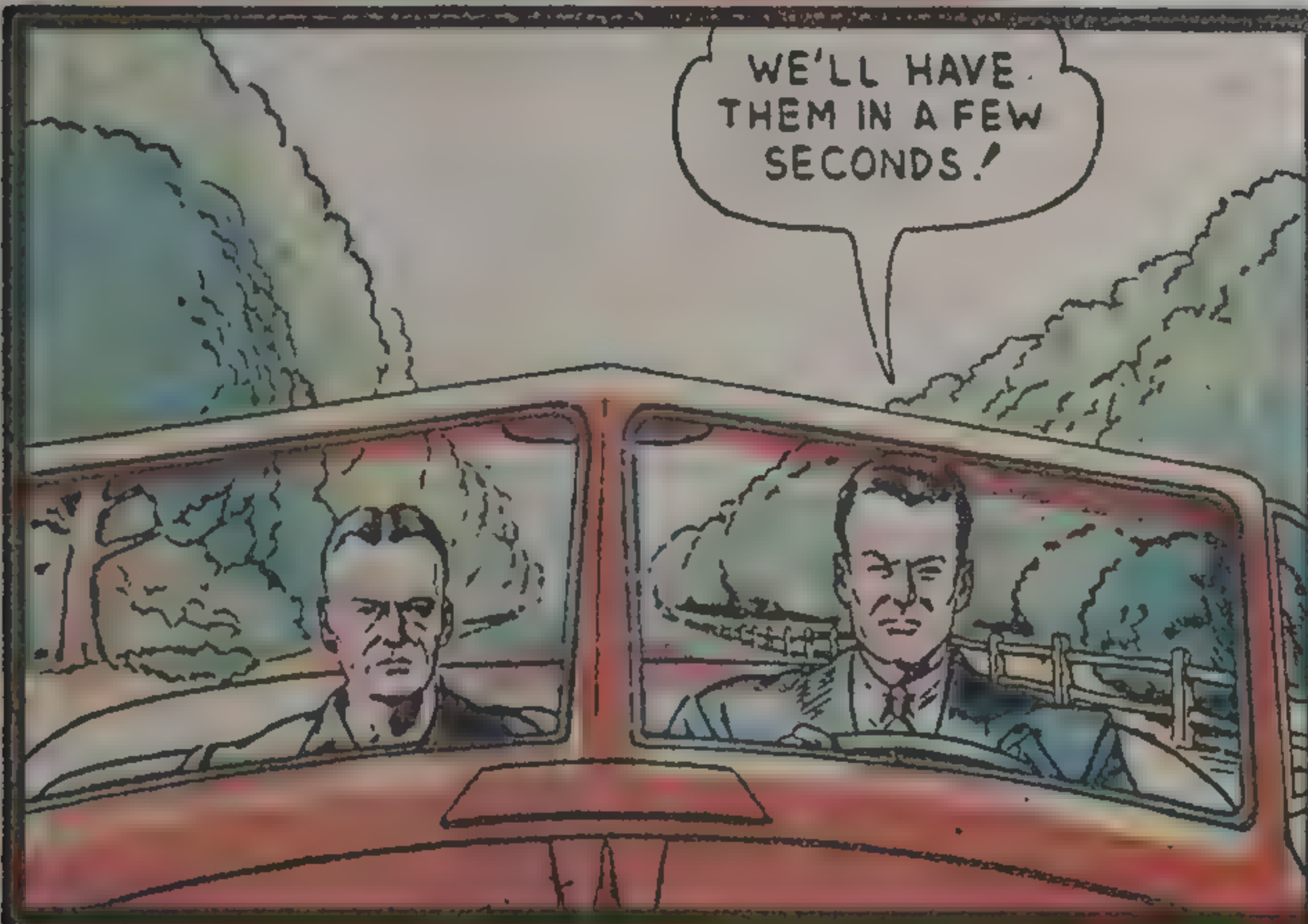
IT MUST BE A
BULLET-PROOF
CAR!



AROUND A CURVE IN THE ROAD SPEEDS THE CAR IN THE LEAD...



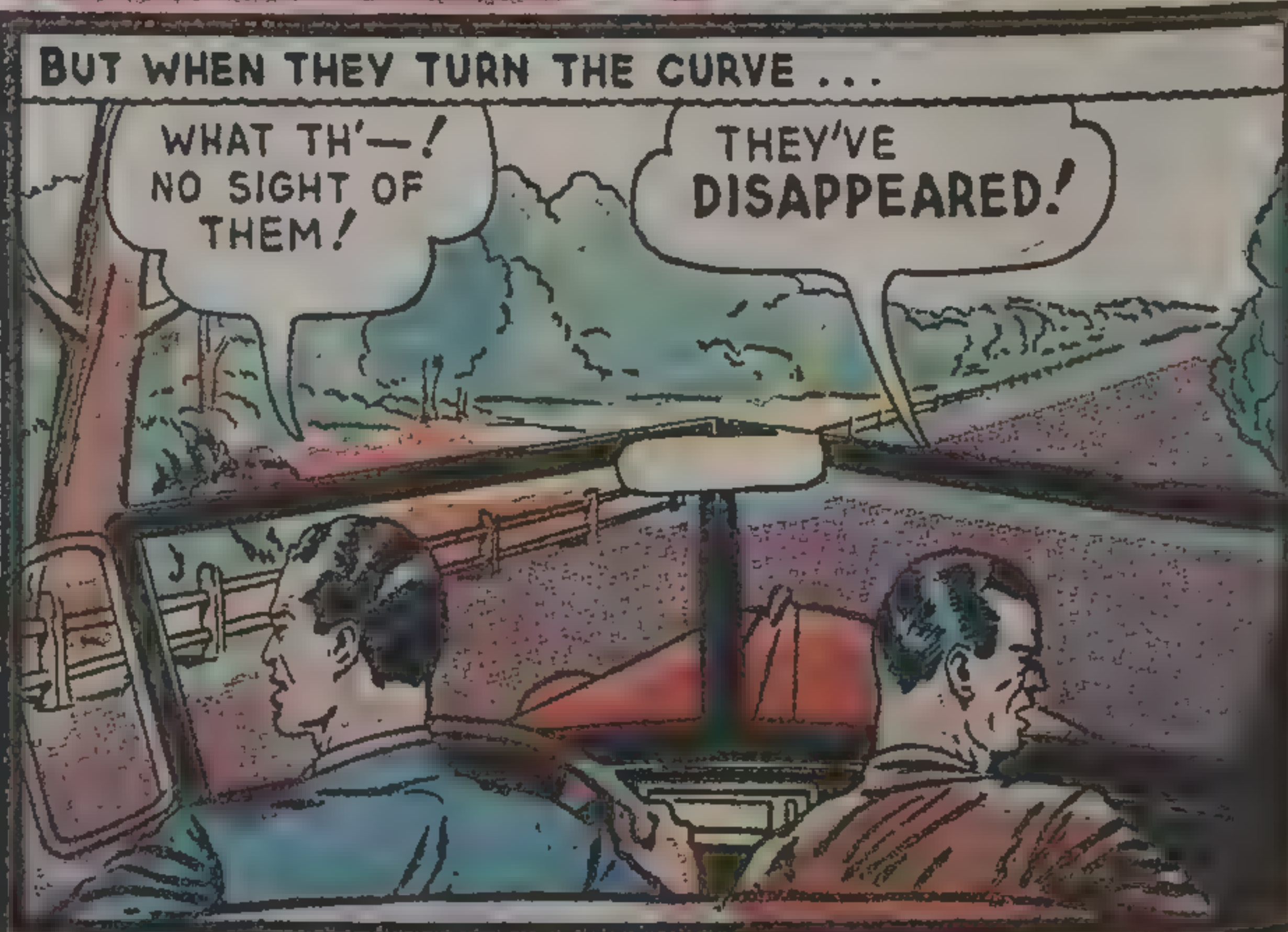
WE'LL HAVE
THEM IN A FEW
SECONDS!

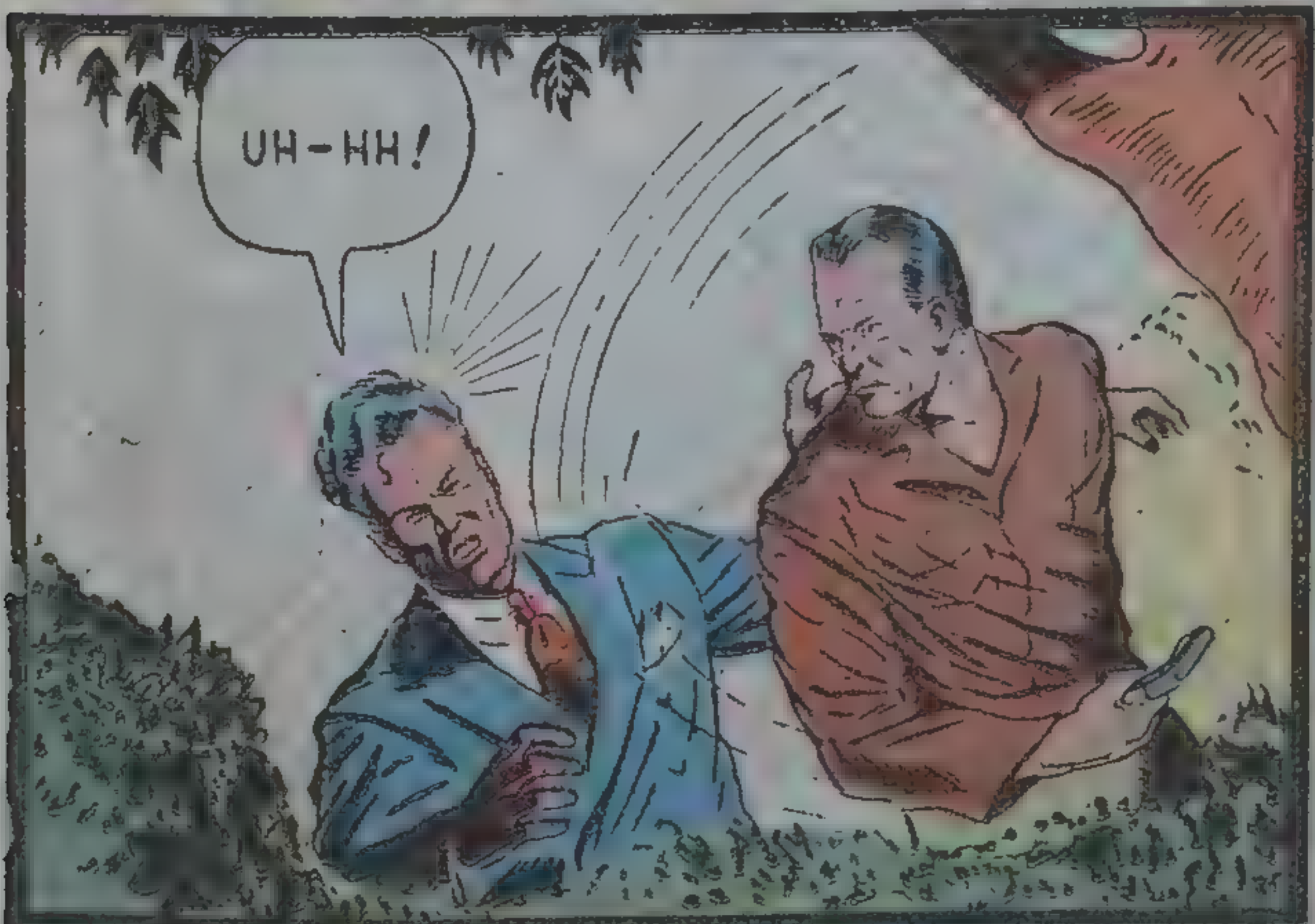
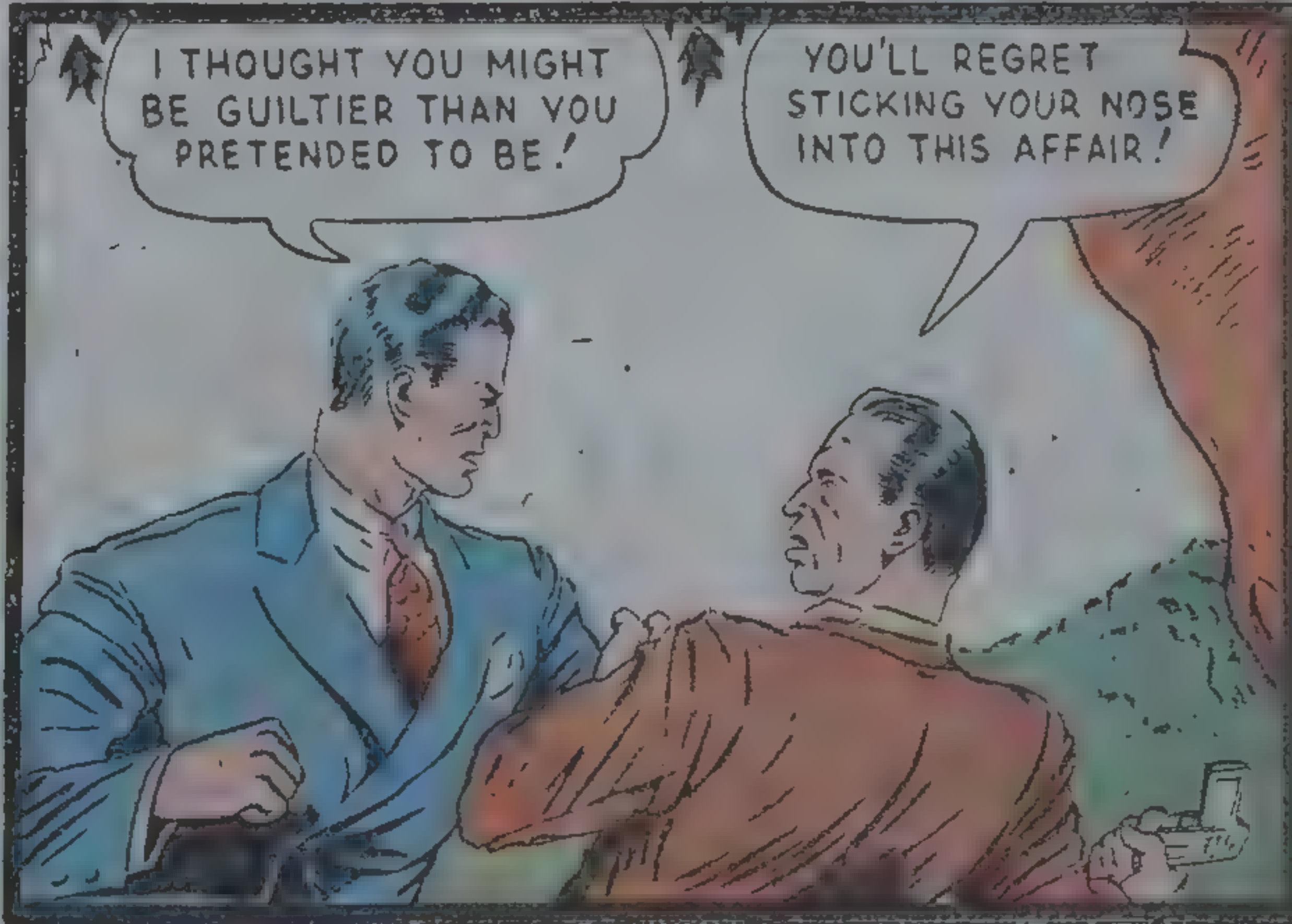
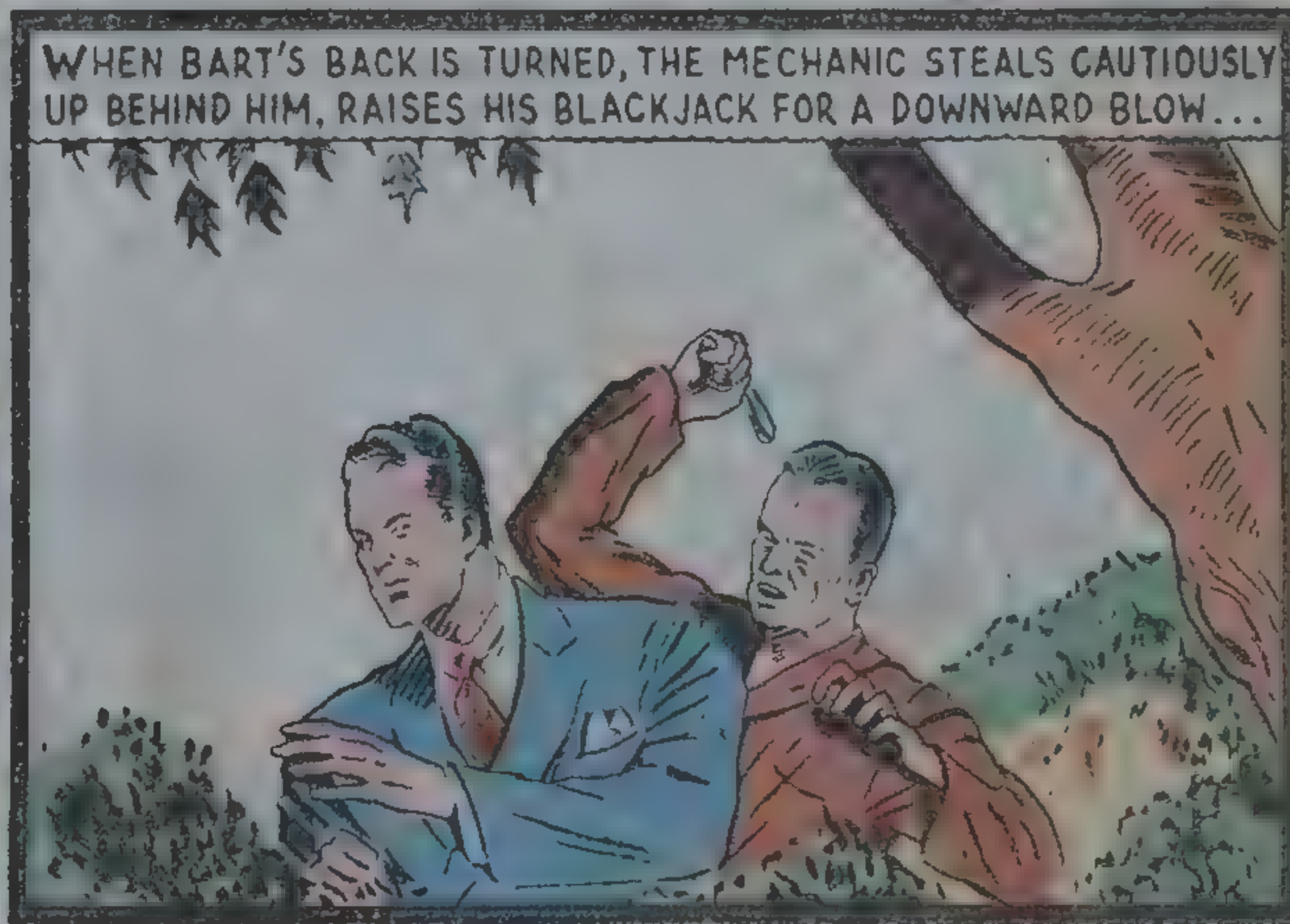
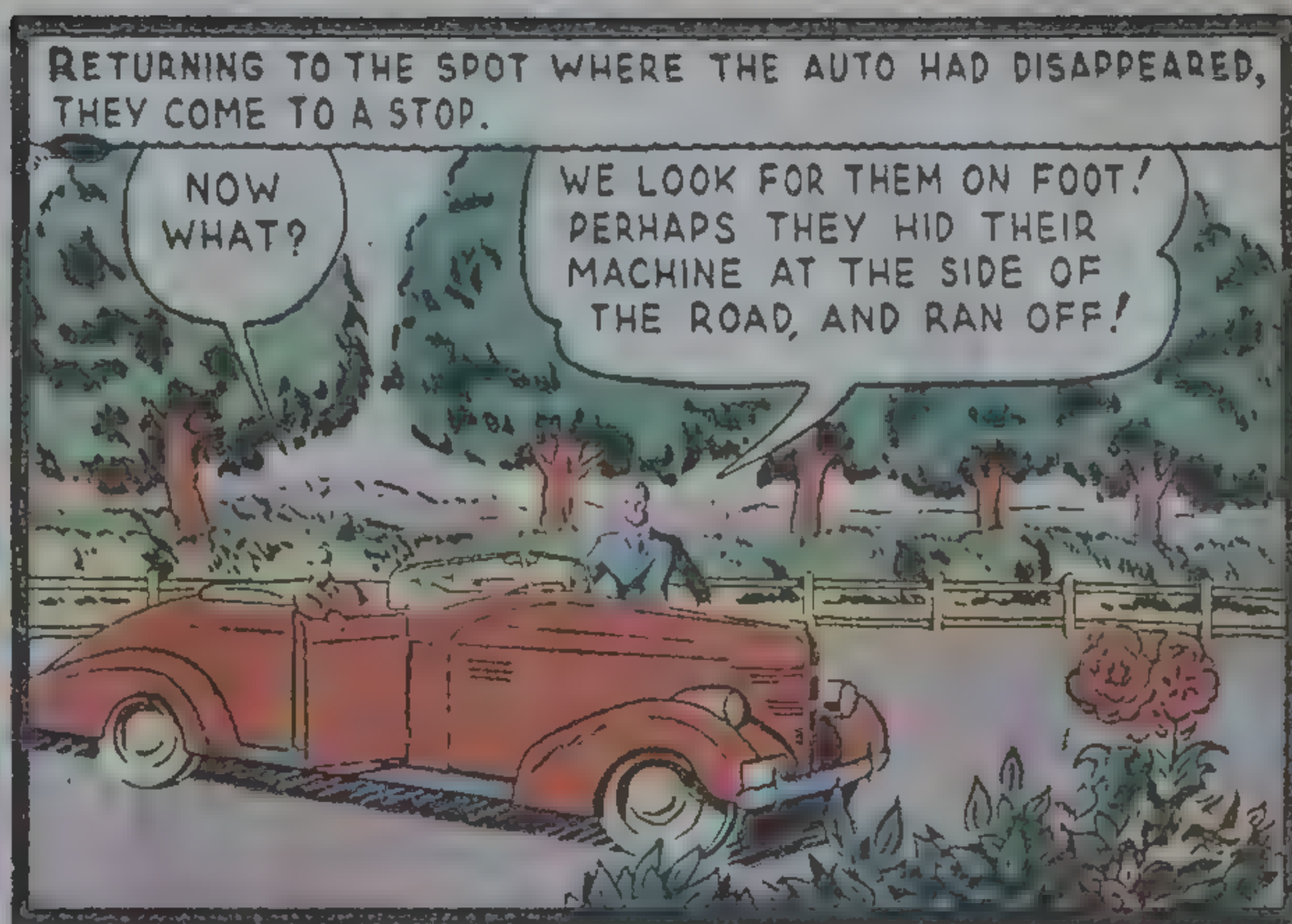
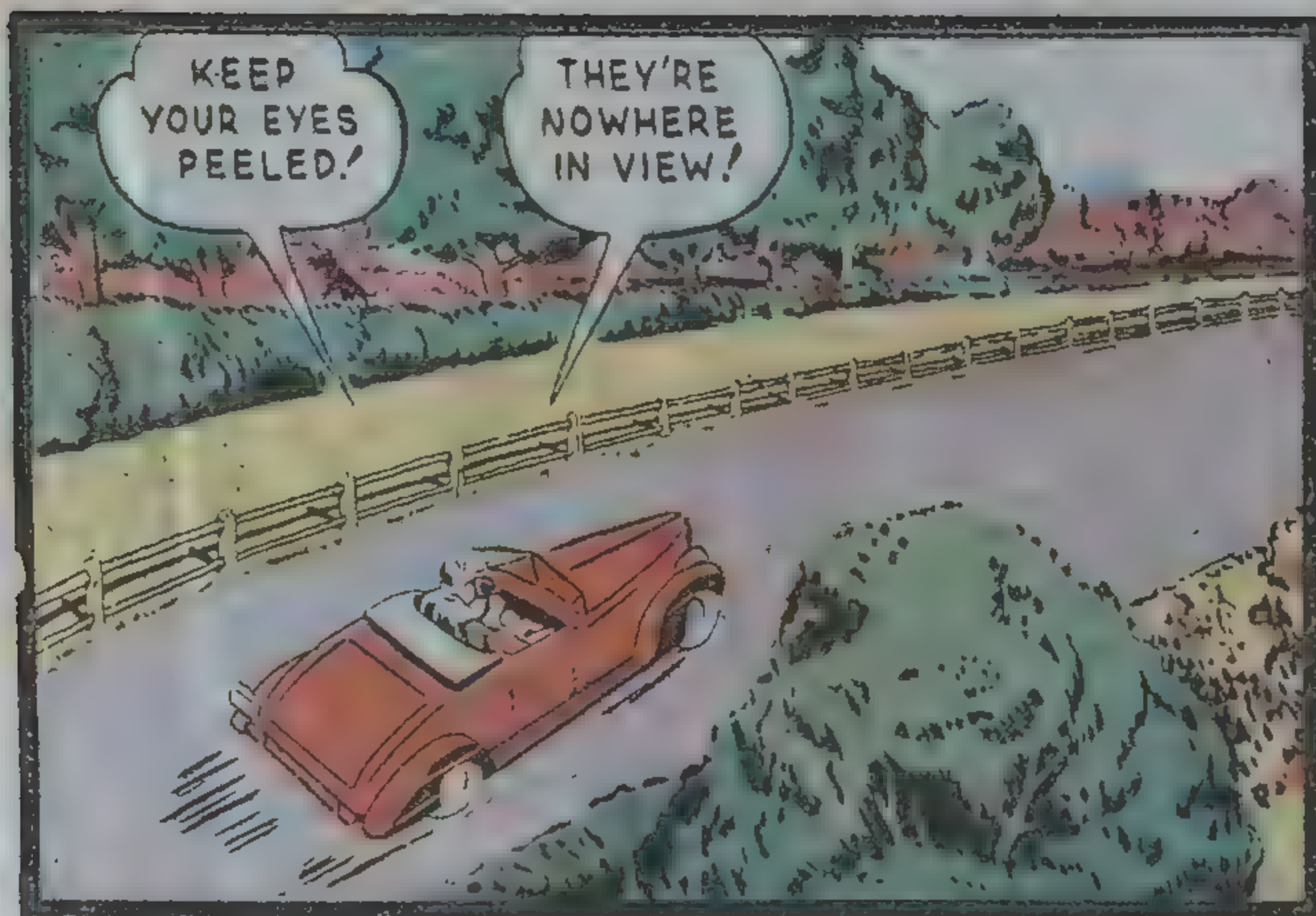


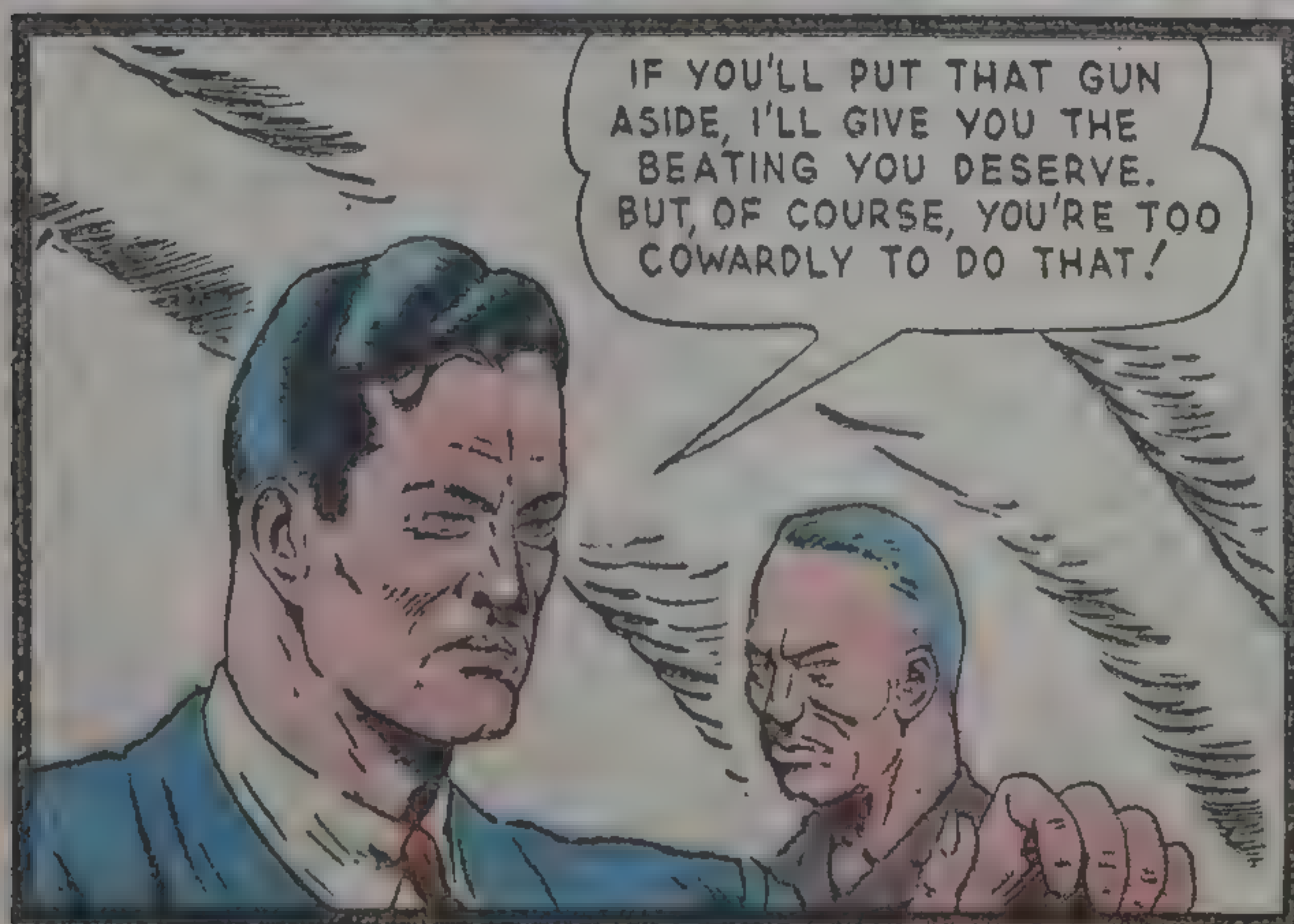
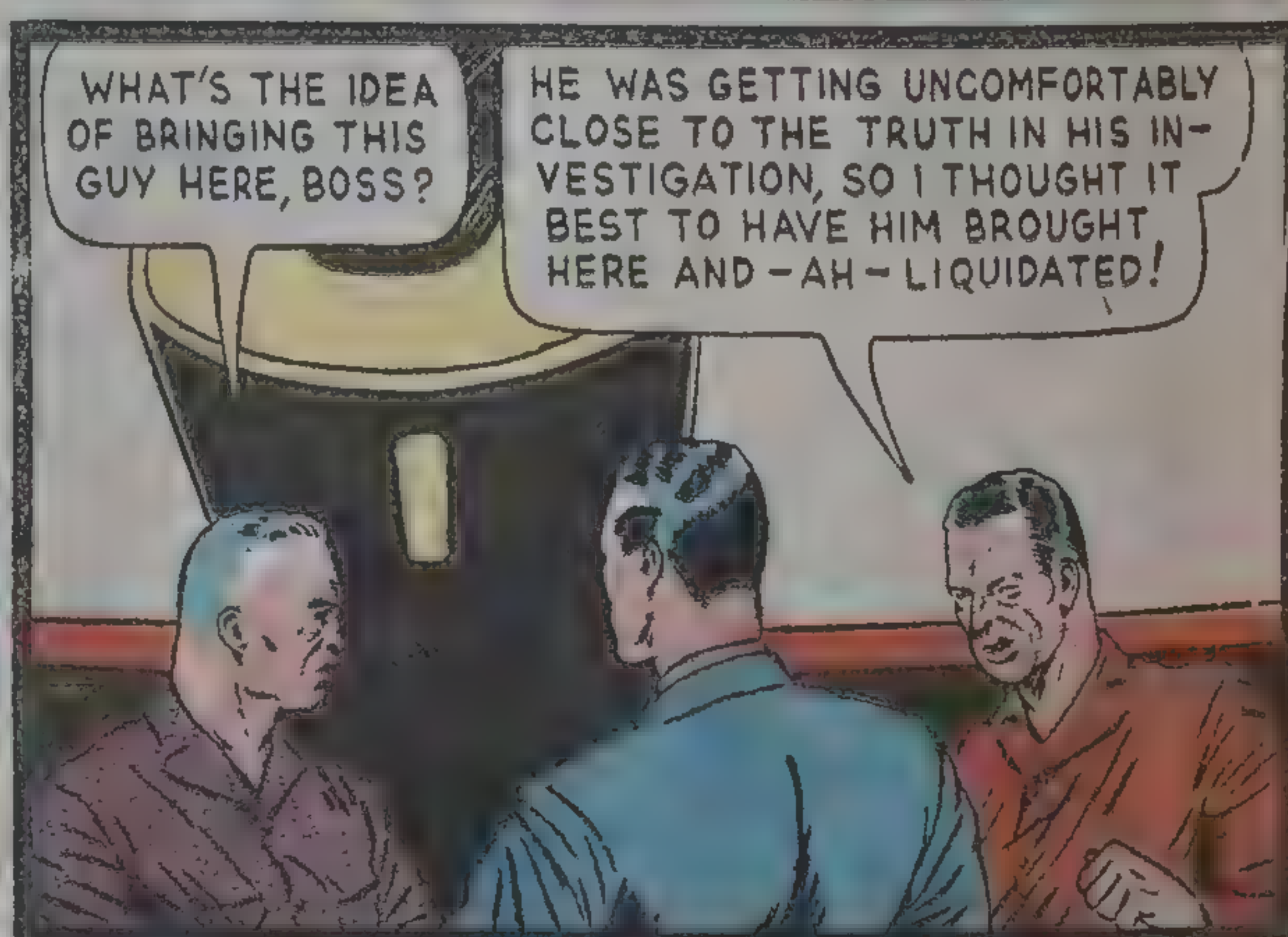
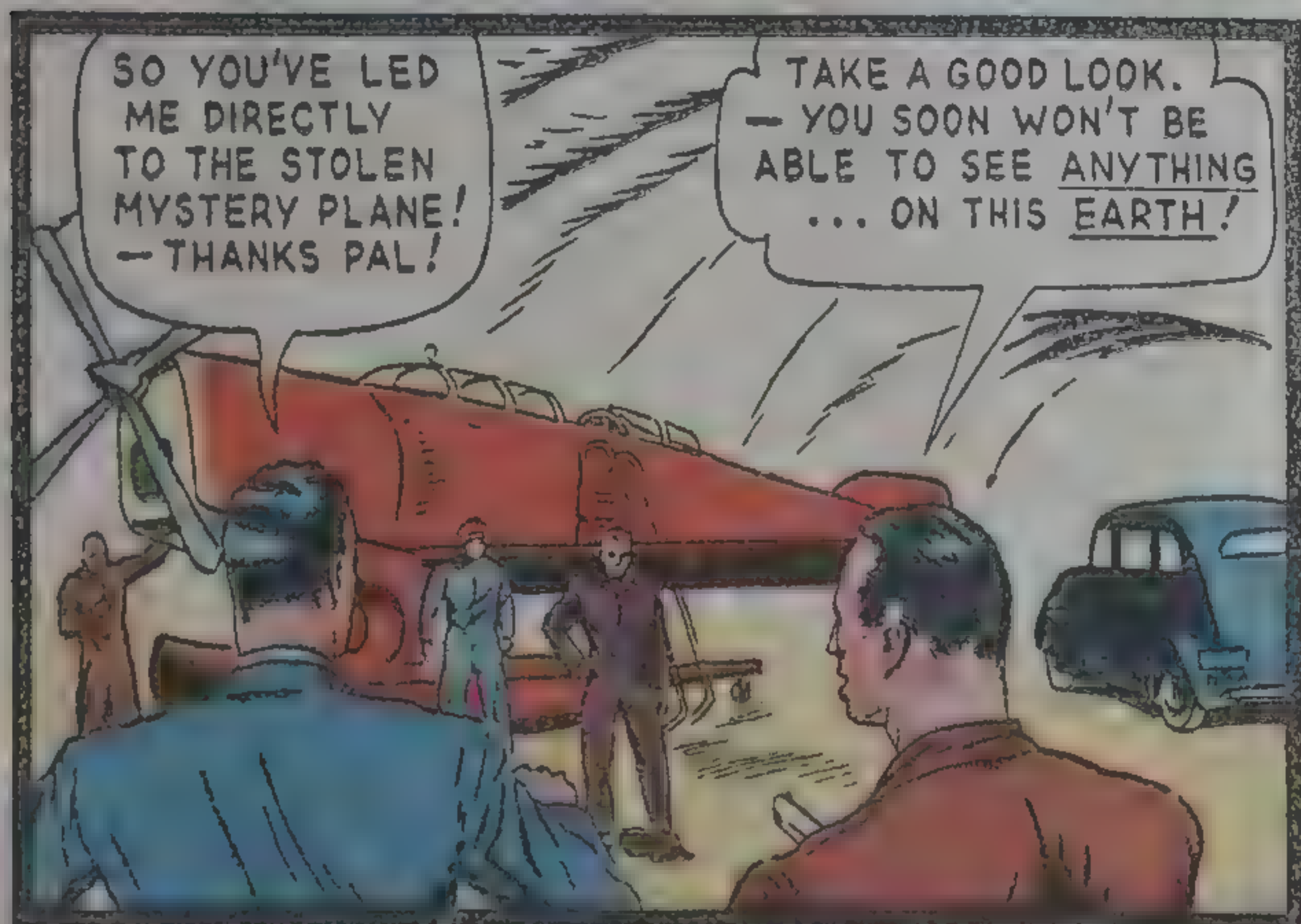
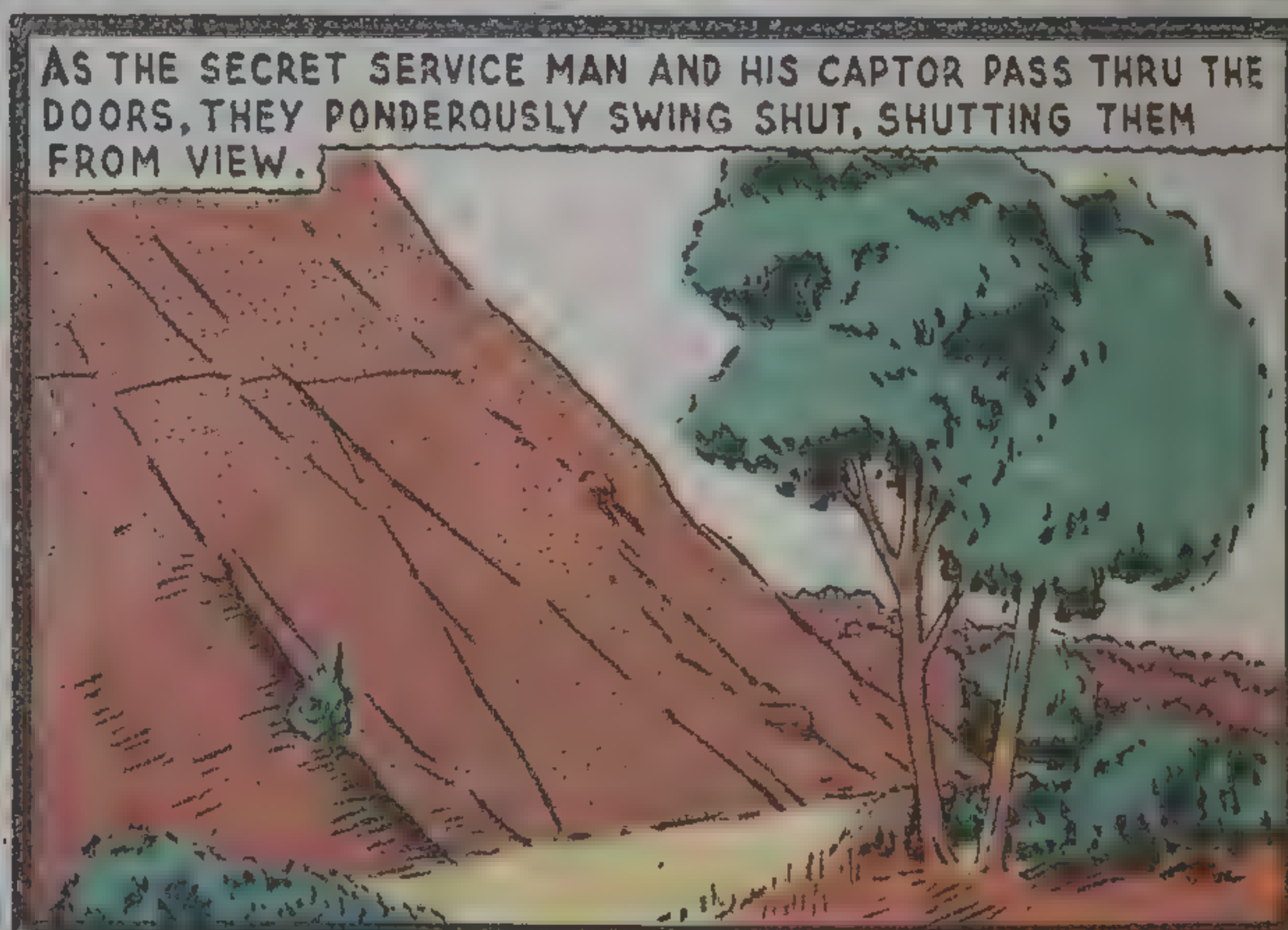
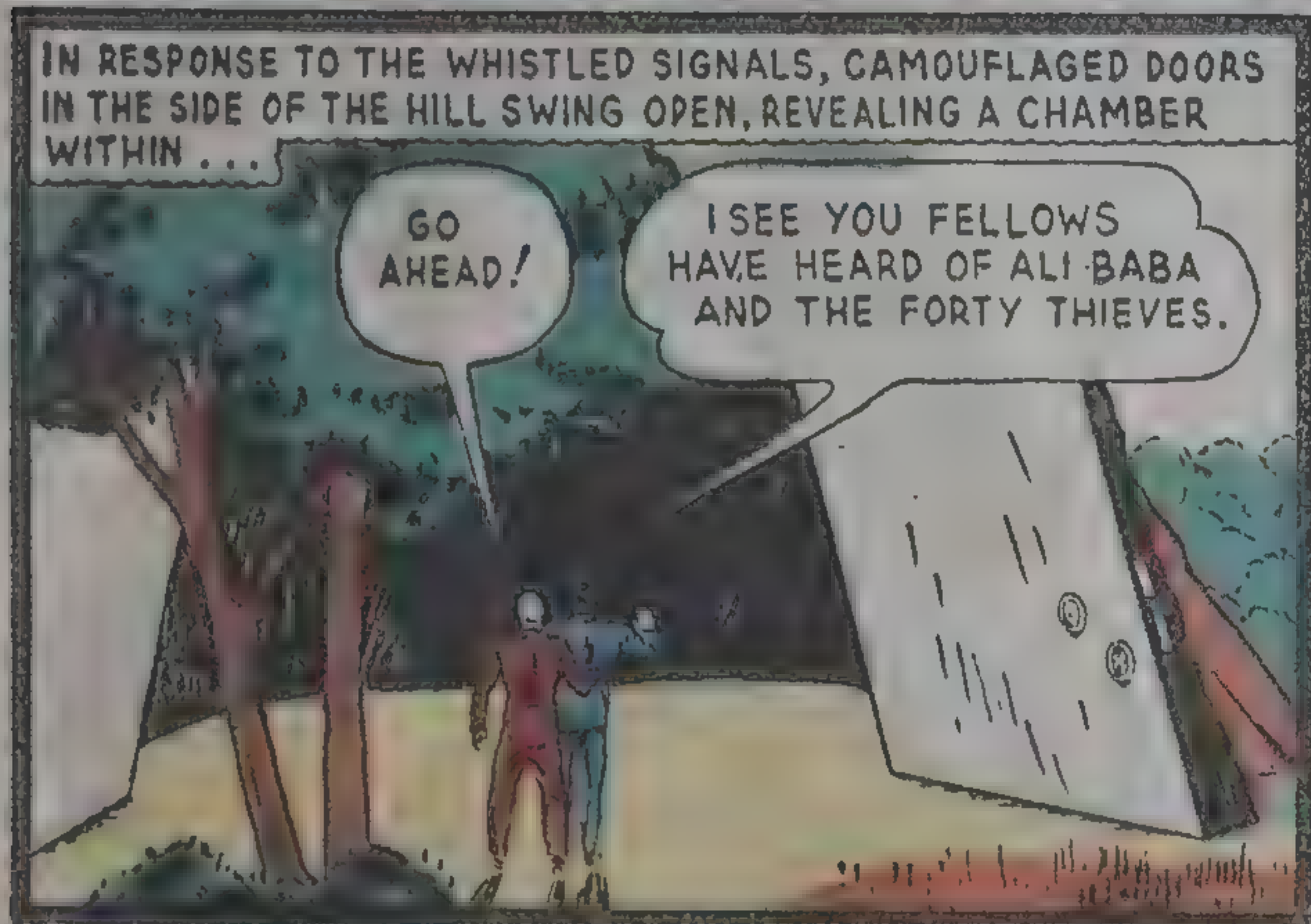
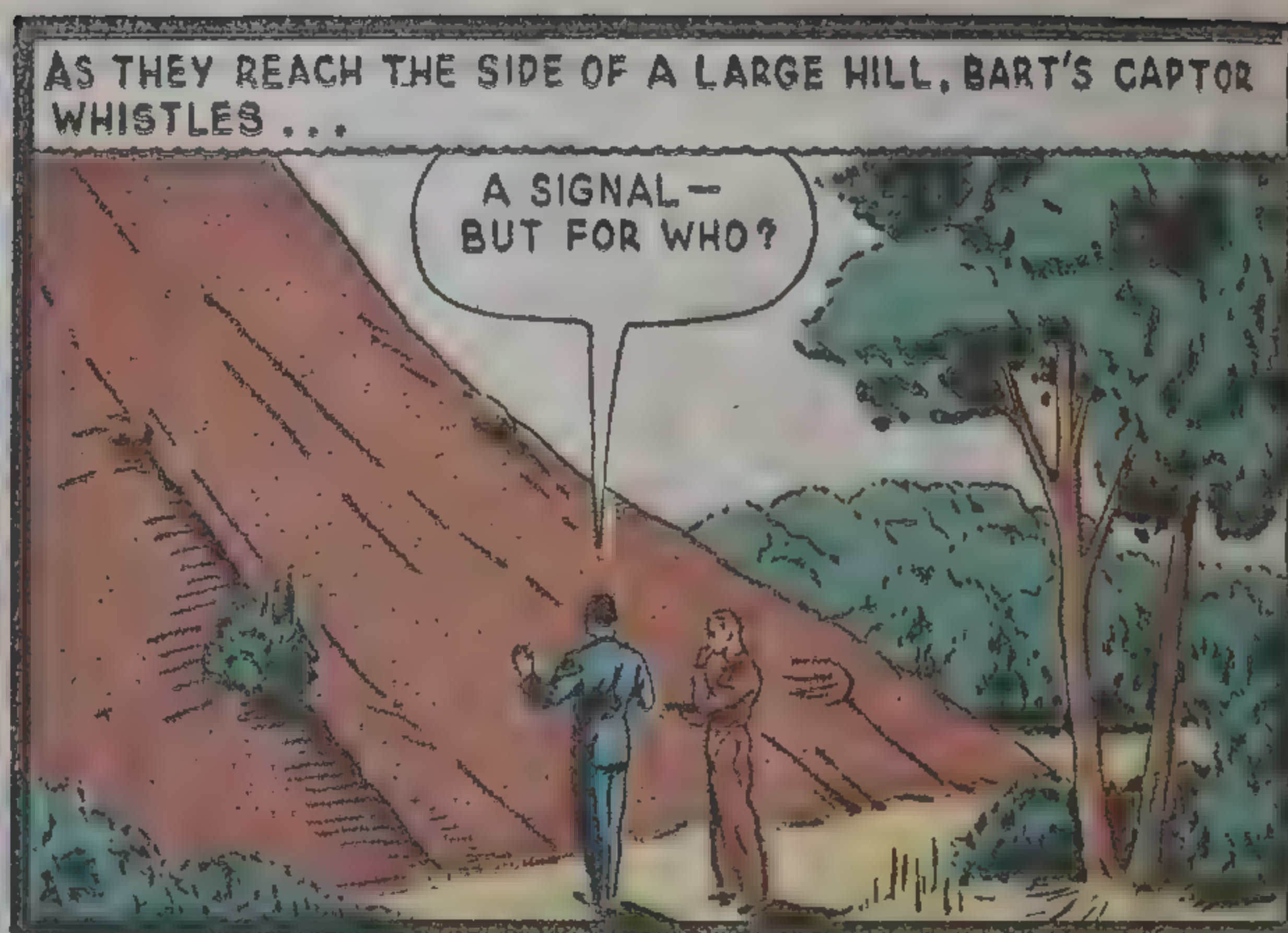
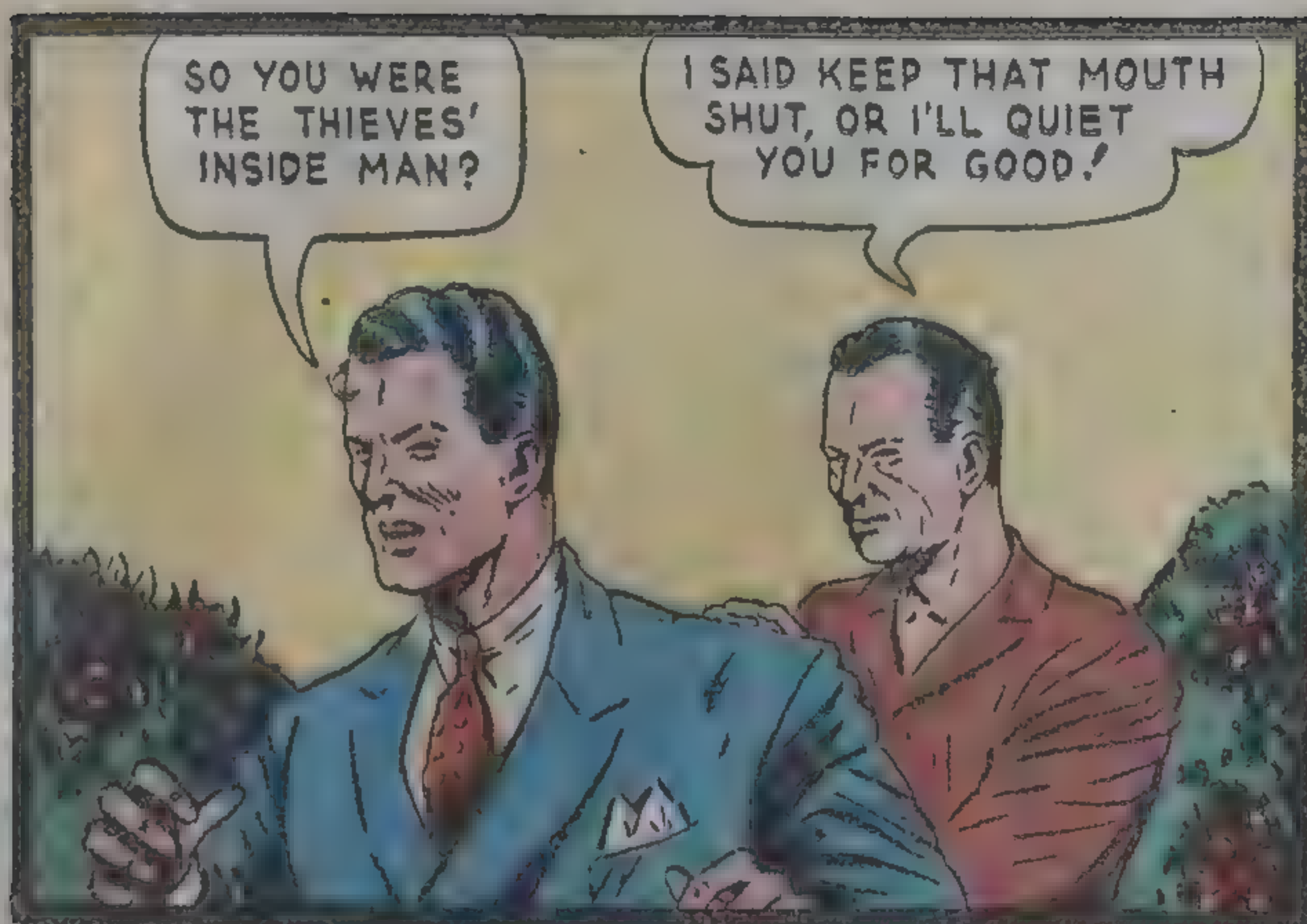
BUT WHEN THEY TURN THE CURVE ...

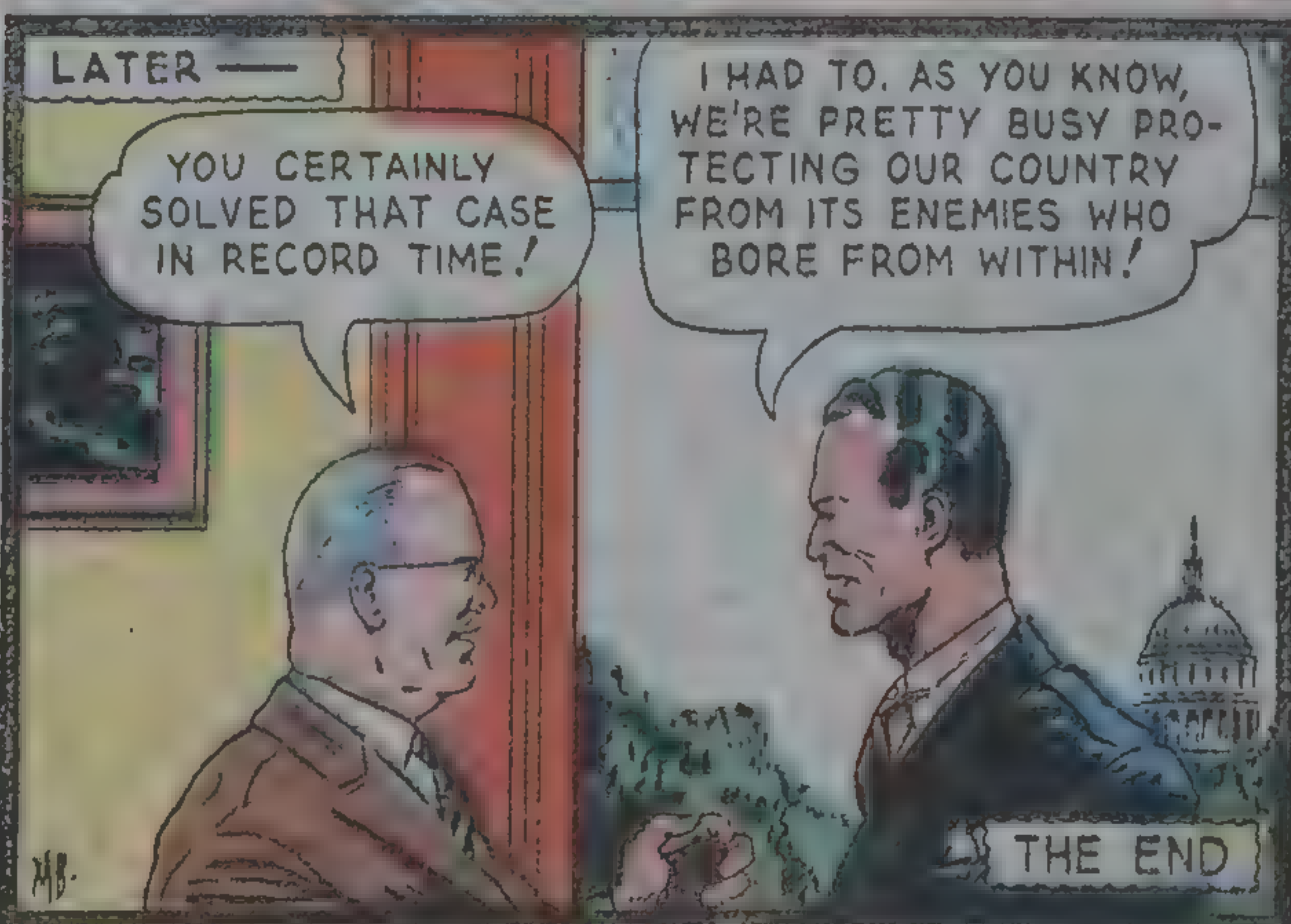
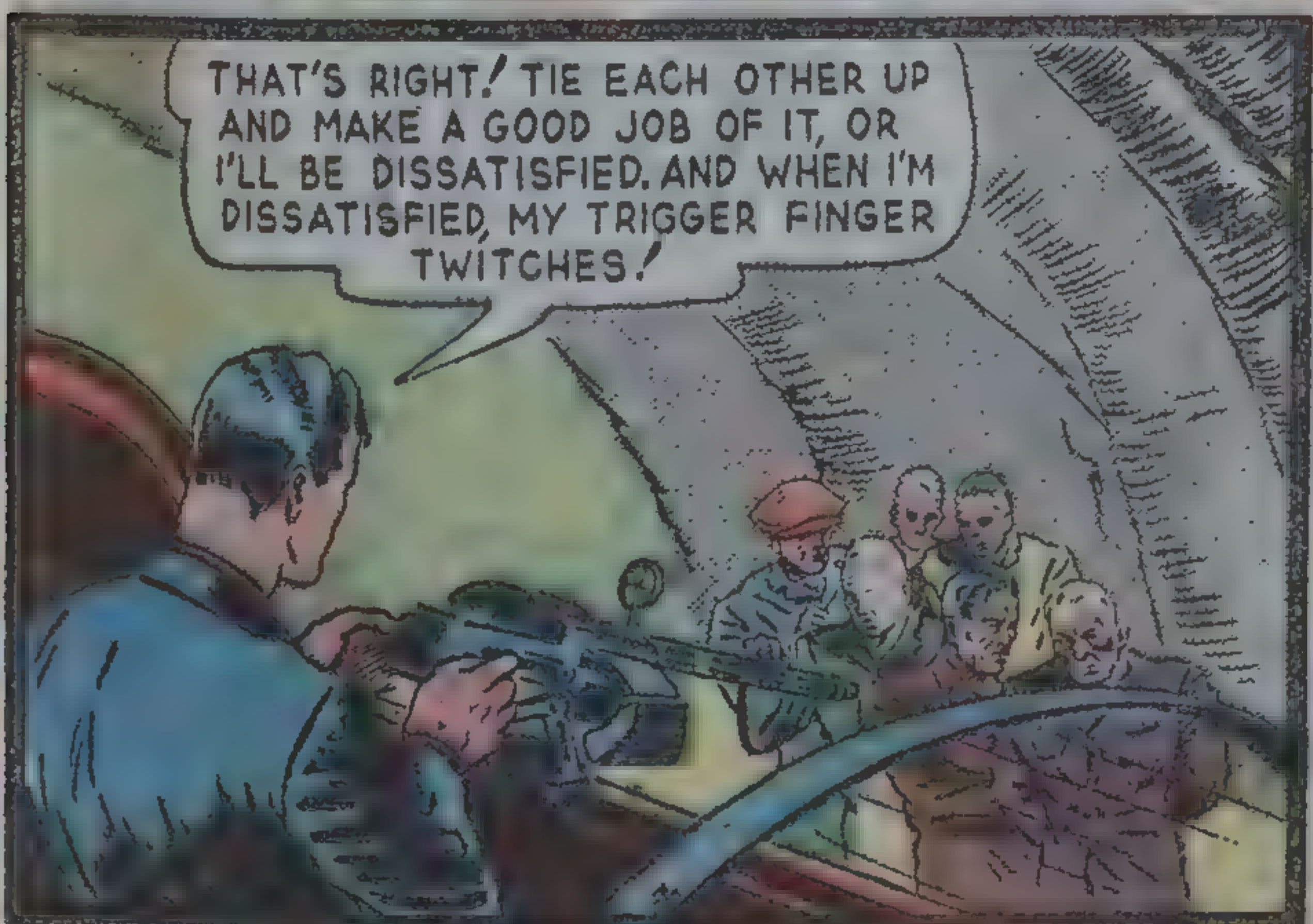
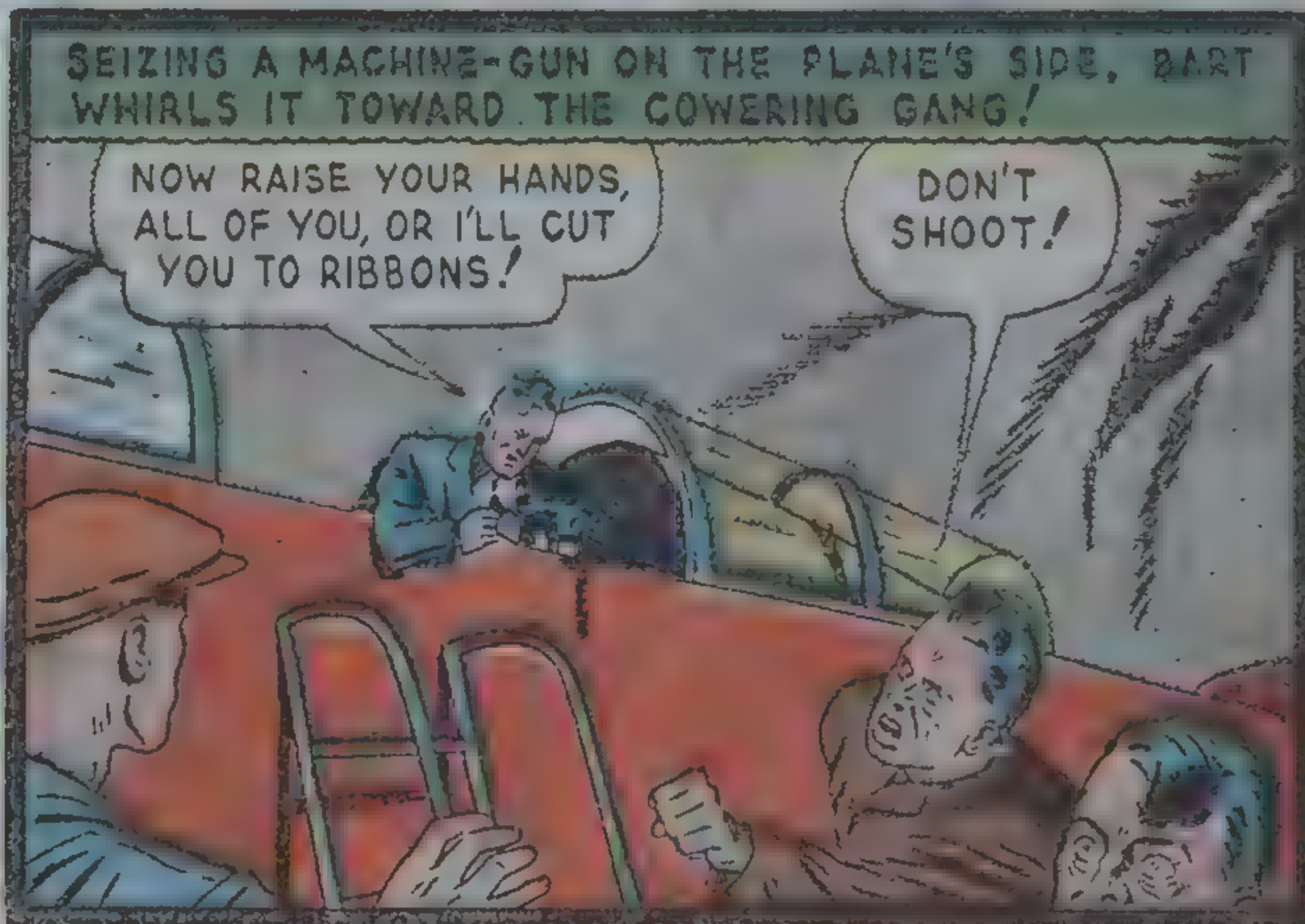
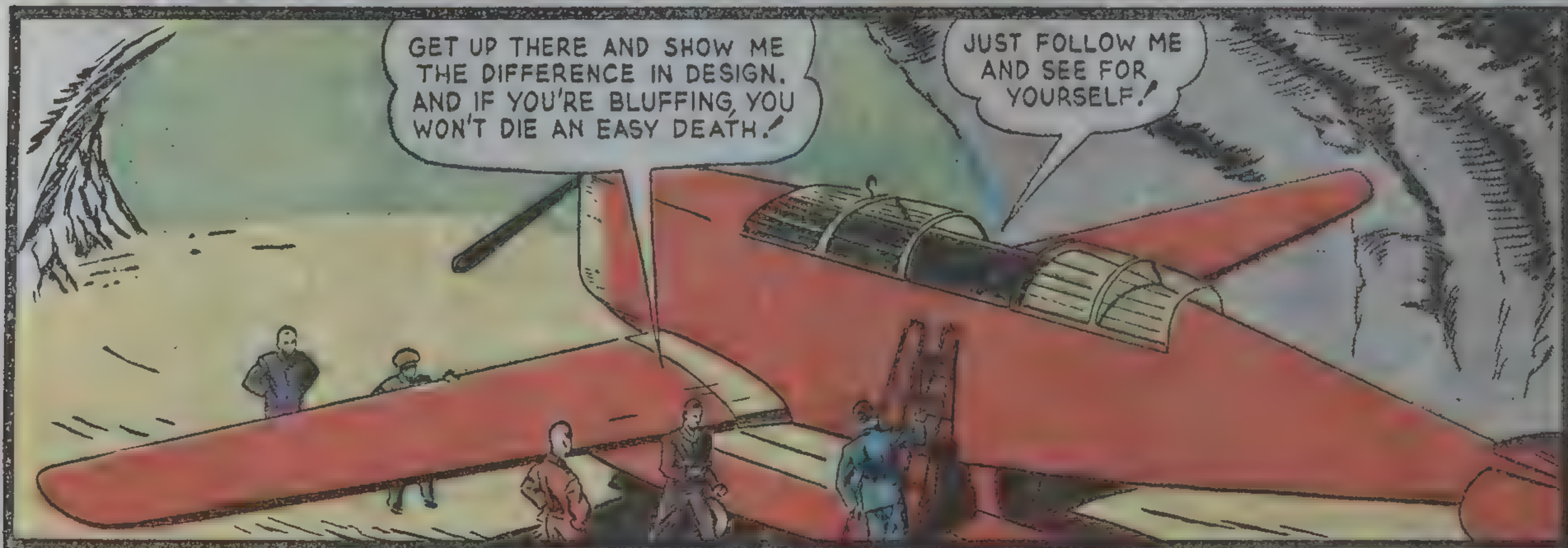
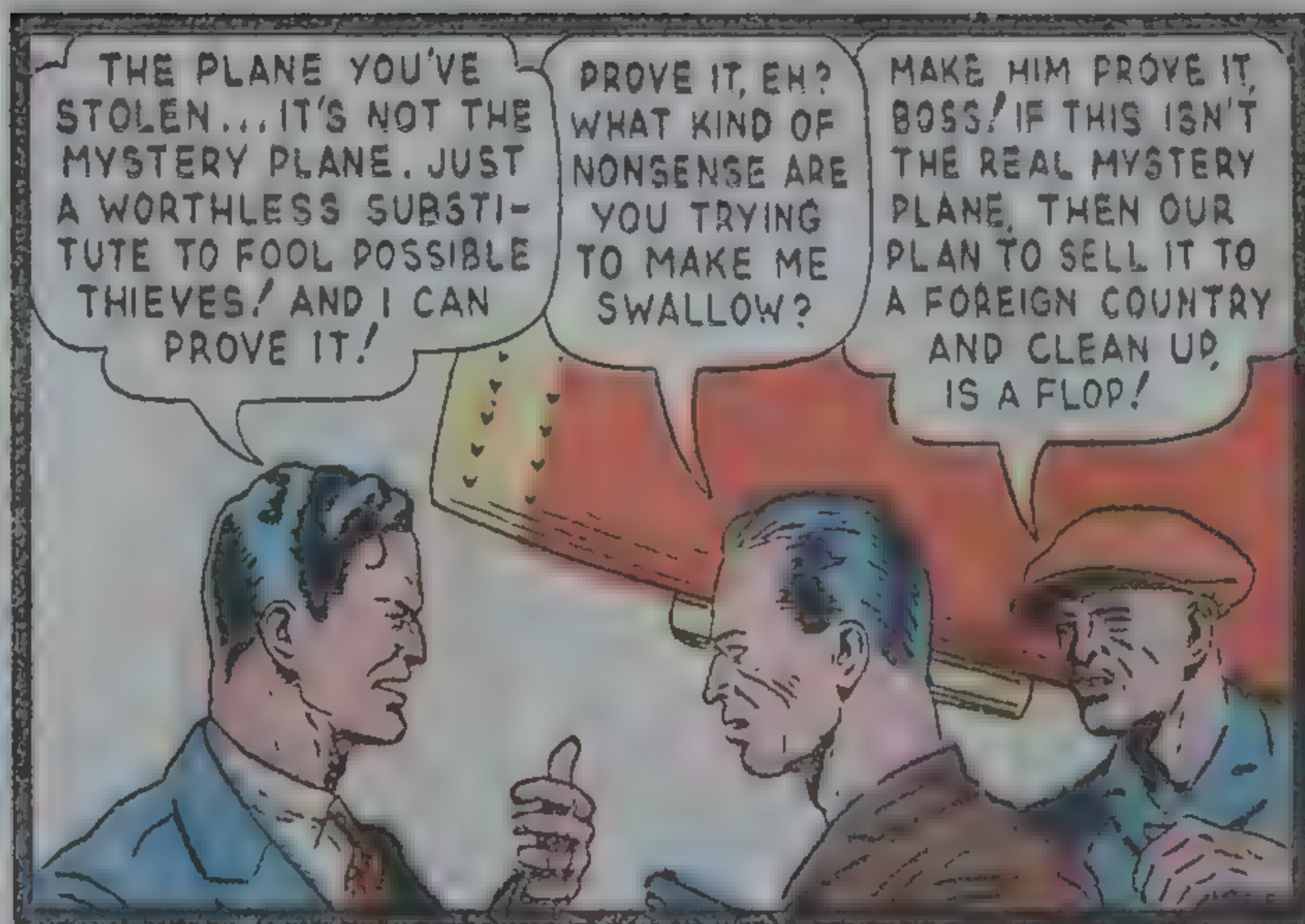
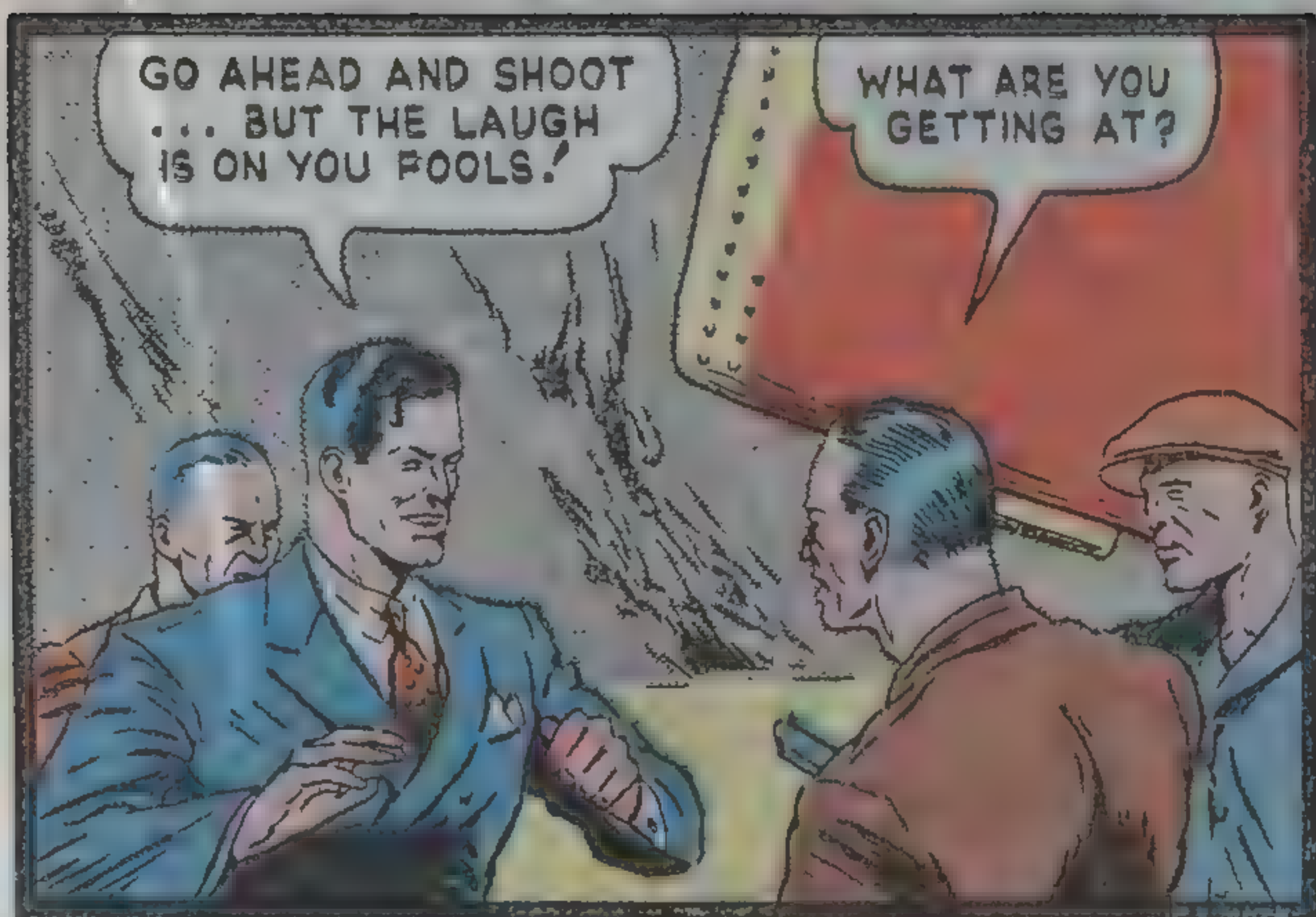
WHAT TH'—!
NO SIGHT OF
THEM!

THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED!









LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE
DETECTIVE

by
Ken
ERNST

YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME, STEELE! EVERY
DAY FOR THE LAST TWO
WEEKS MY WIFE HAS
BEEN RECEIVING NOTES
THREATENING HER LIFE!
THE STRAIN IS KILLING
HER!

YOUR WIFE IS
PRESIDENT OF
UNITED CHARITIES,
ISN'T SHE, MR.
VELVET?

YES! I BEGGED
HER NOT TO ACCEPT
THE POSITION... IT'S
GIVEN HER A CHANCE
TO MAKE TOO MANY
ENEMIES!

ANY PRESIDENCY
LAYS YOU OPEN
TO A KNIFE IN THE
BACK, LITERALLY
AND OTHERWISE!
BUT WHY SHOULD
ANYONE WANT TO
HARM MRS. VELVET?

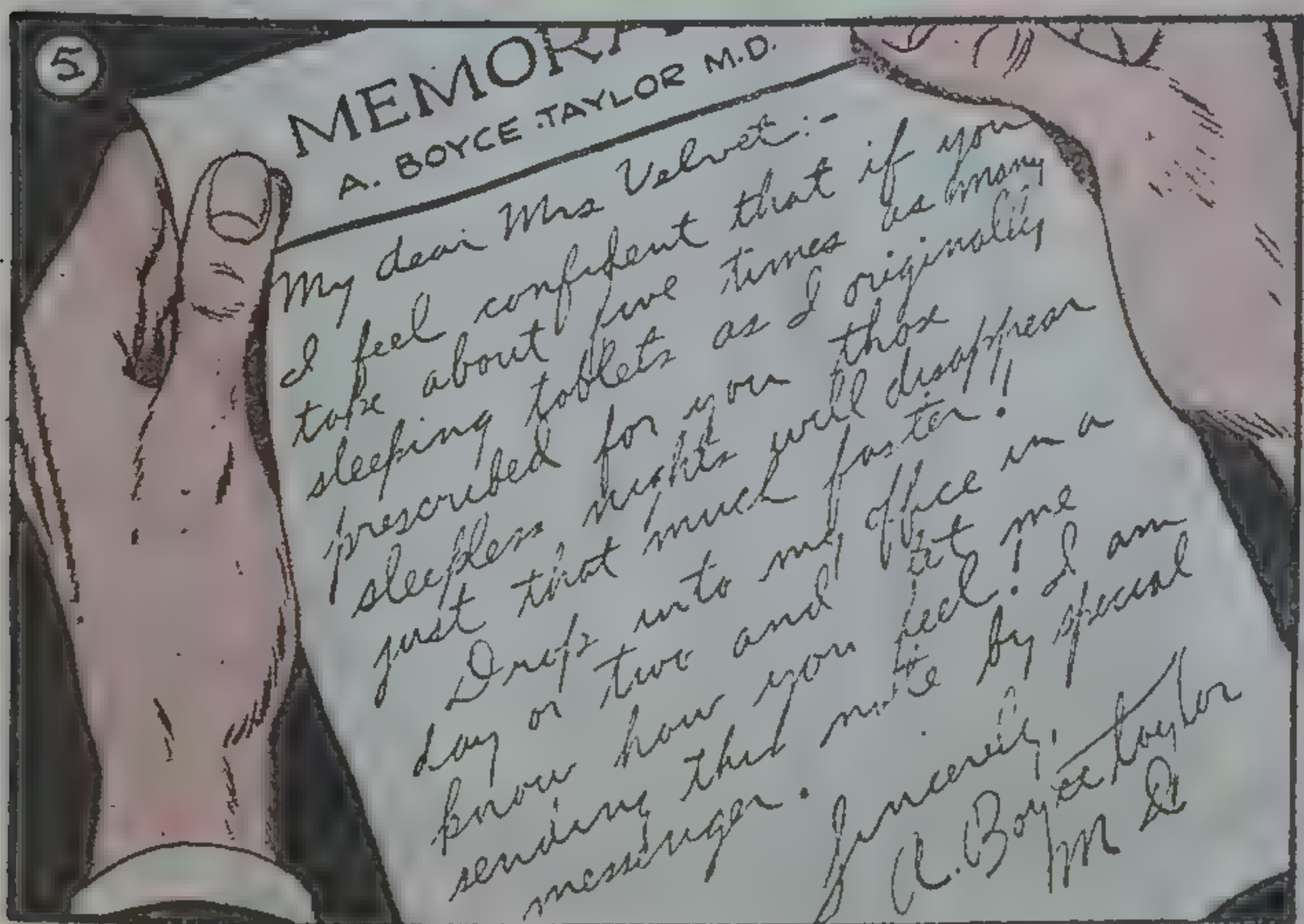
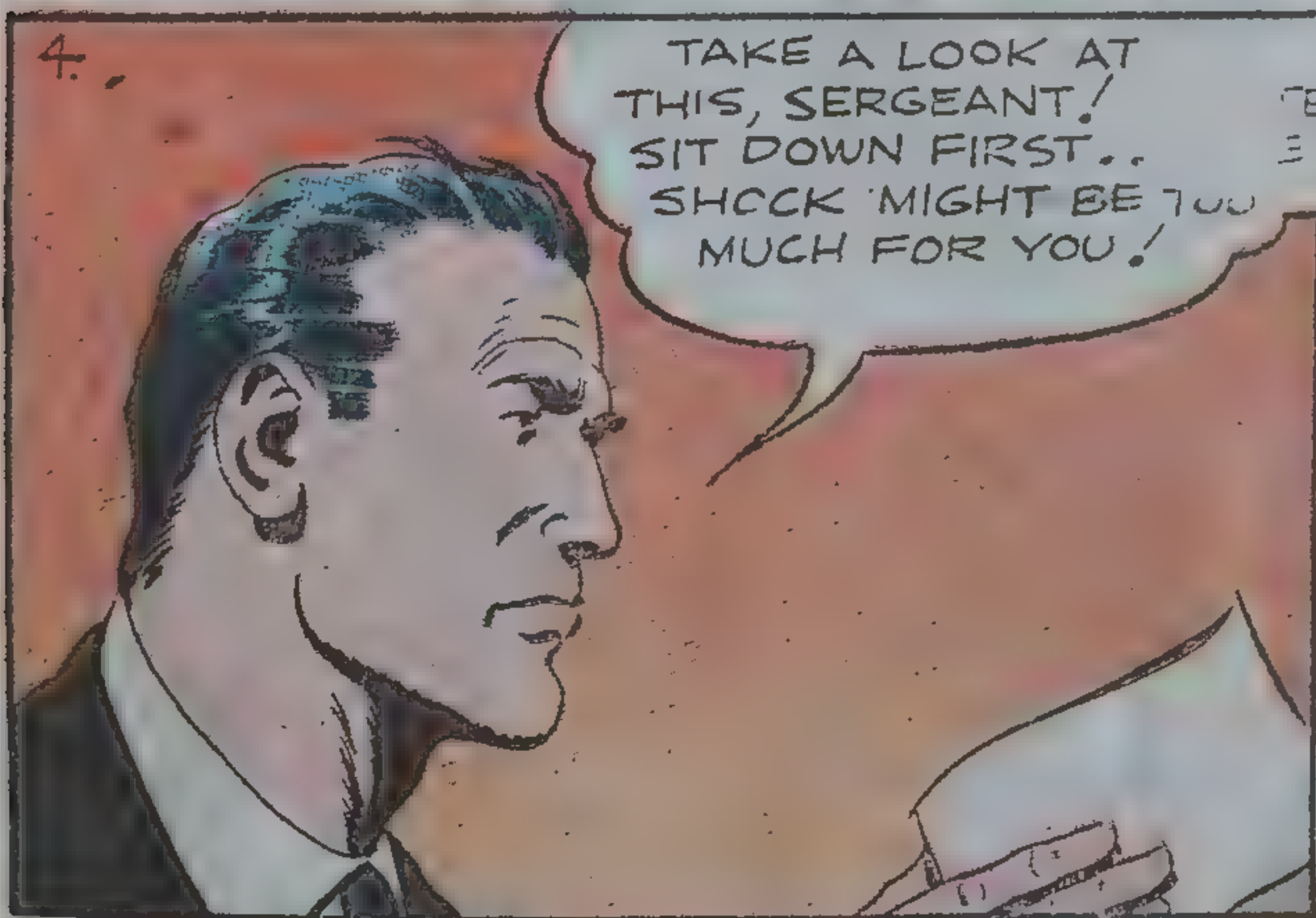
THAT'S WHY I
CAME TO YOU! I
WANT A THOROUGH
INVESTIGATION MADE
AT ANY EXPENSE!

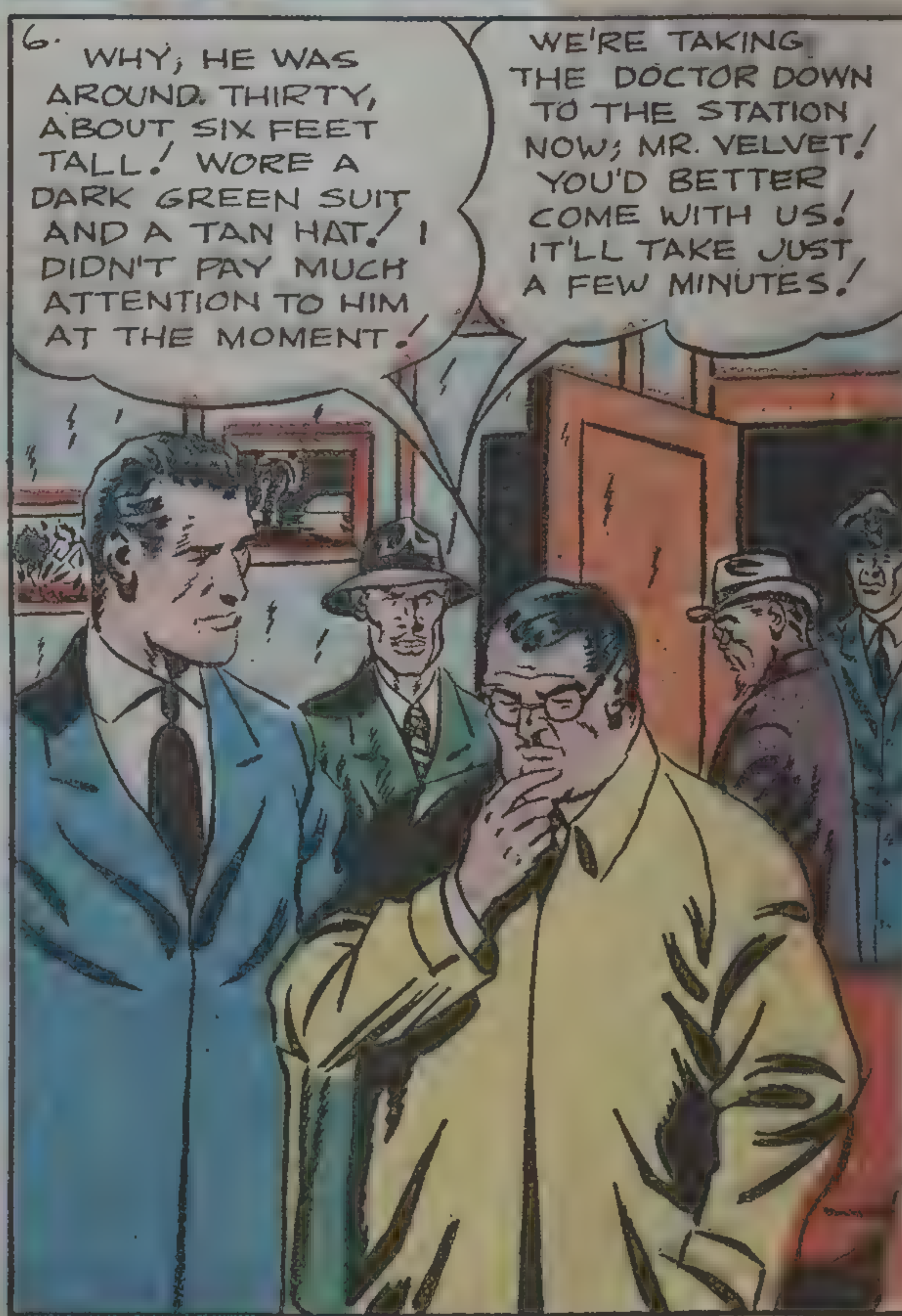
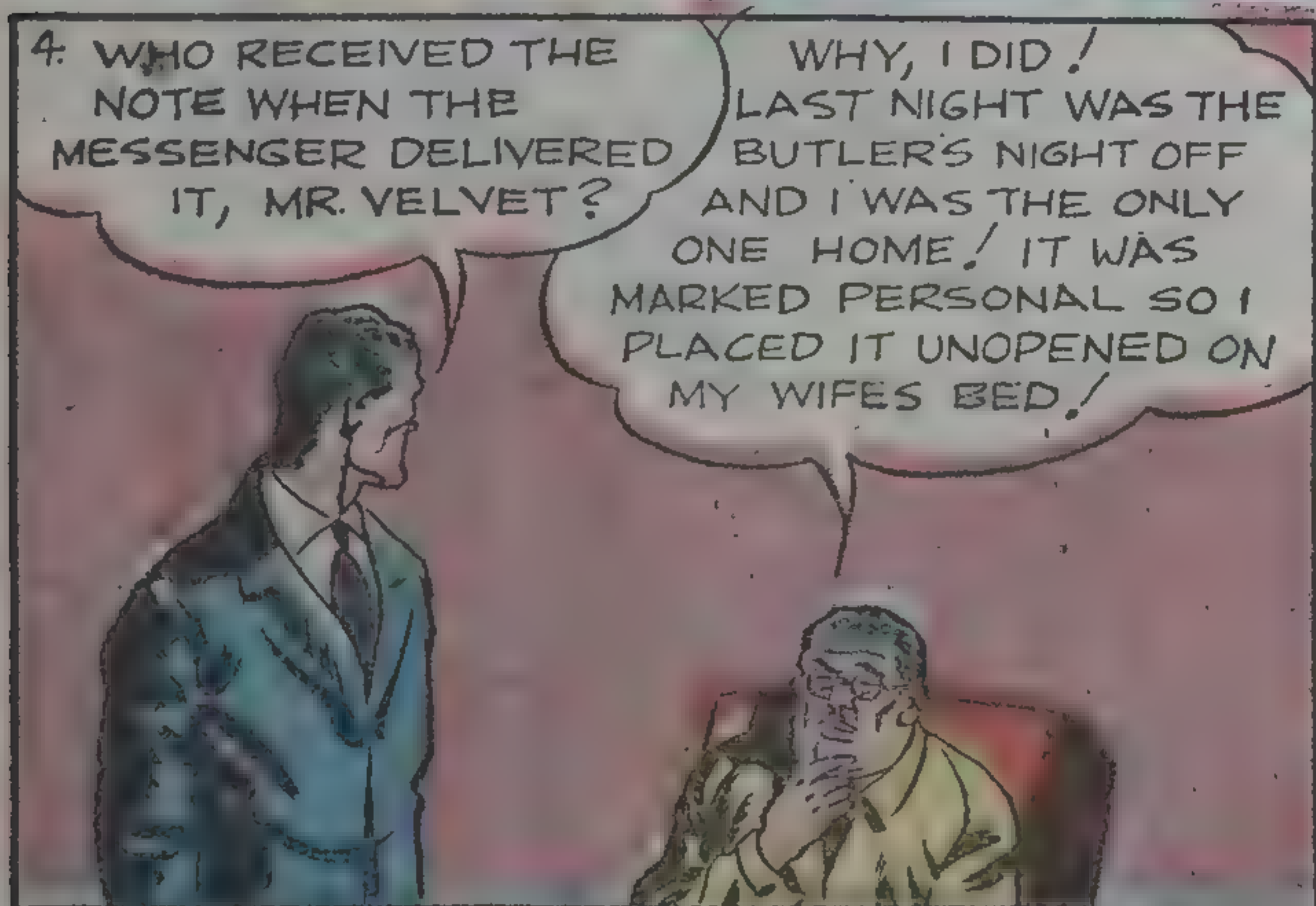
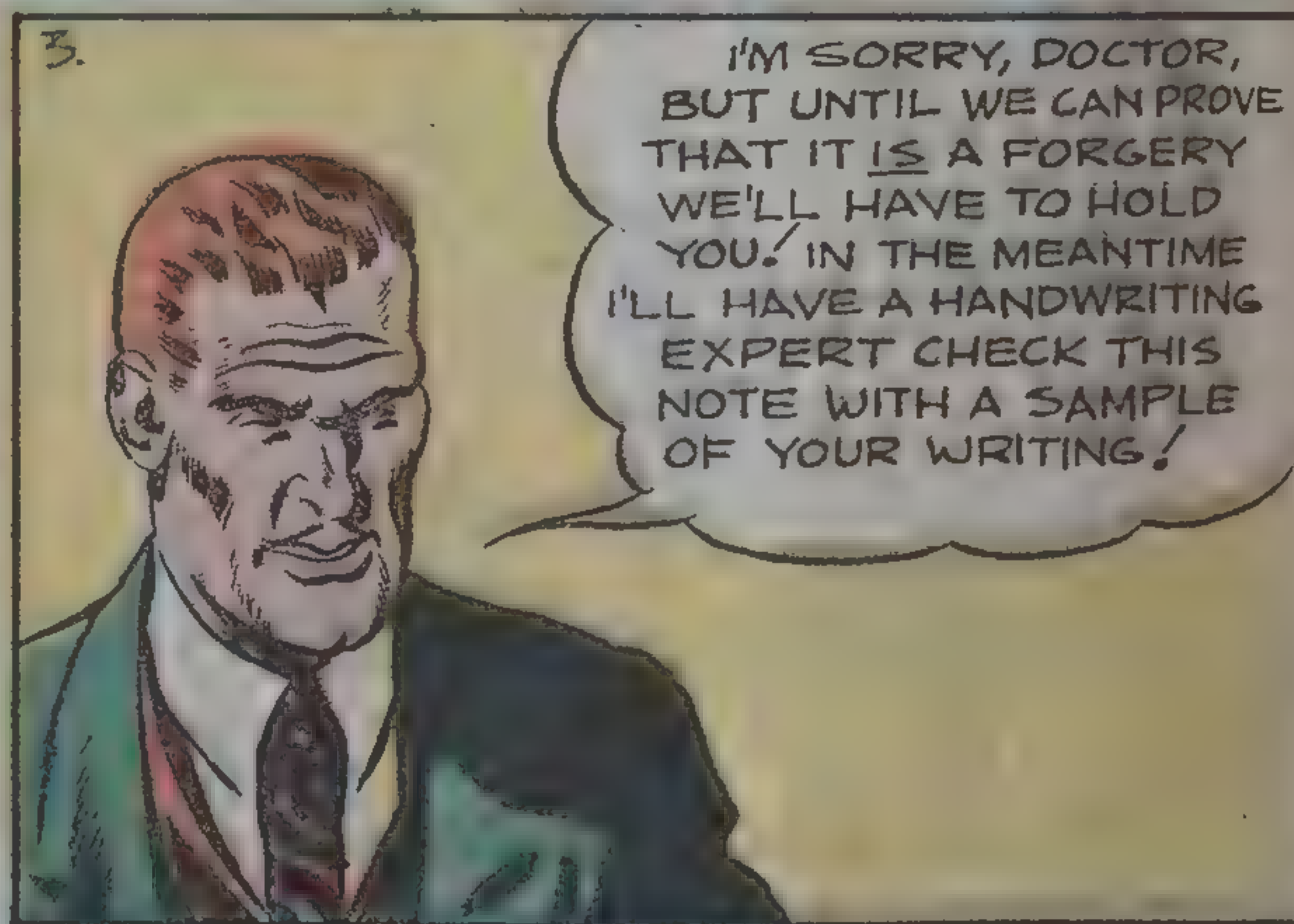
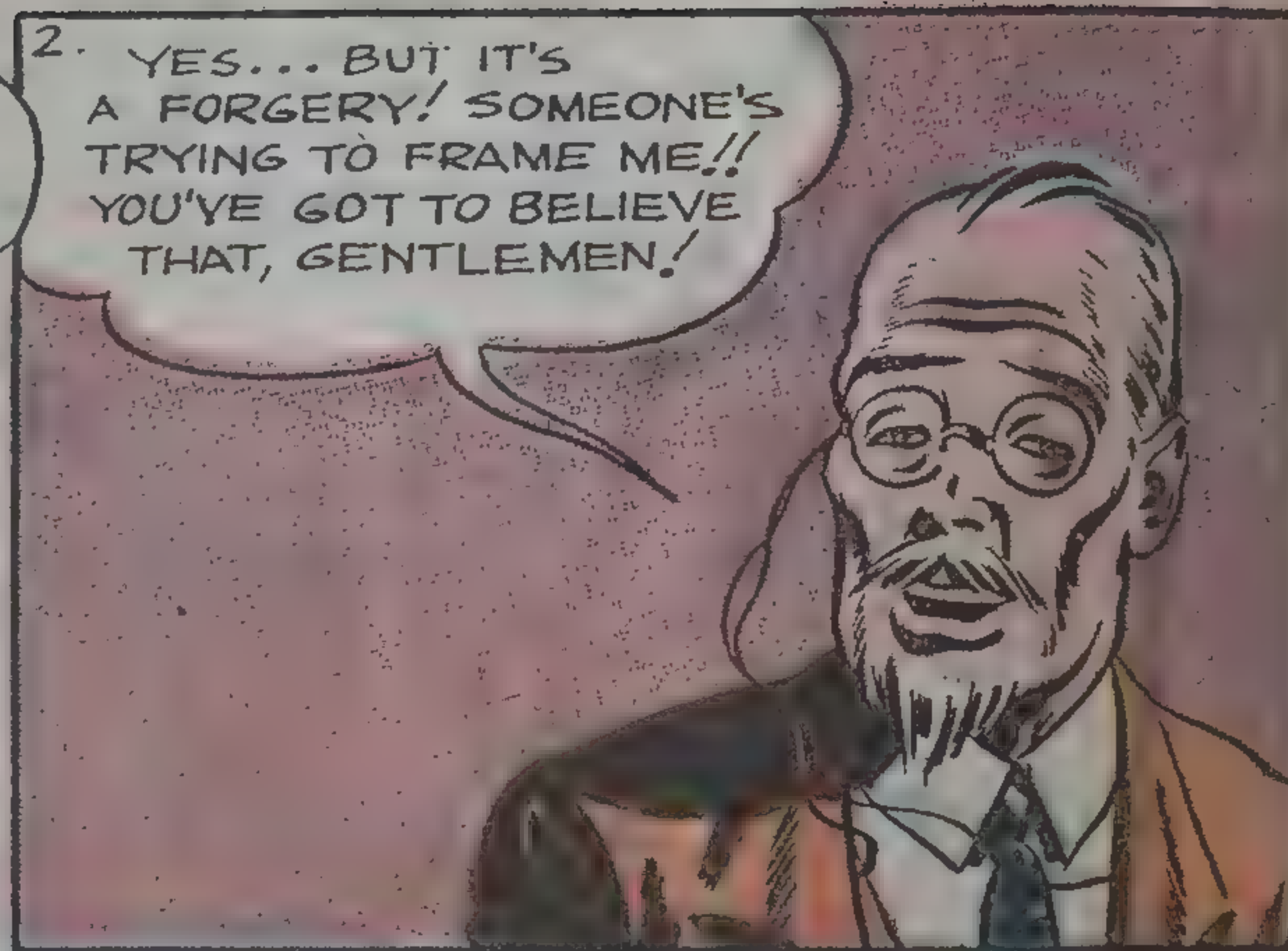
MY BUSINESS IS
LOOKING FOR PROVERBIAL
NEEDLES IN HAYSTACKS!
WHEN DO I START?
EXCUSE ME, THERE'S
THE PHONE!

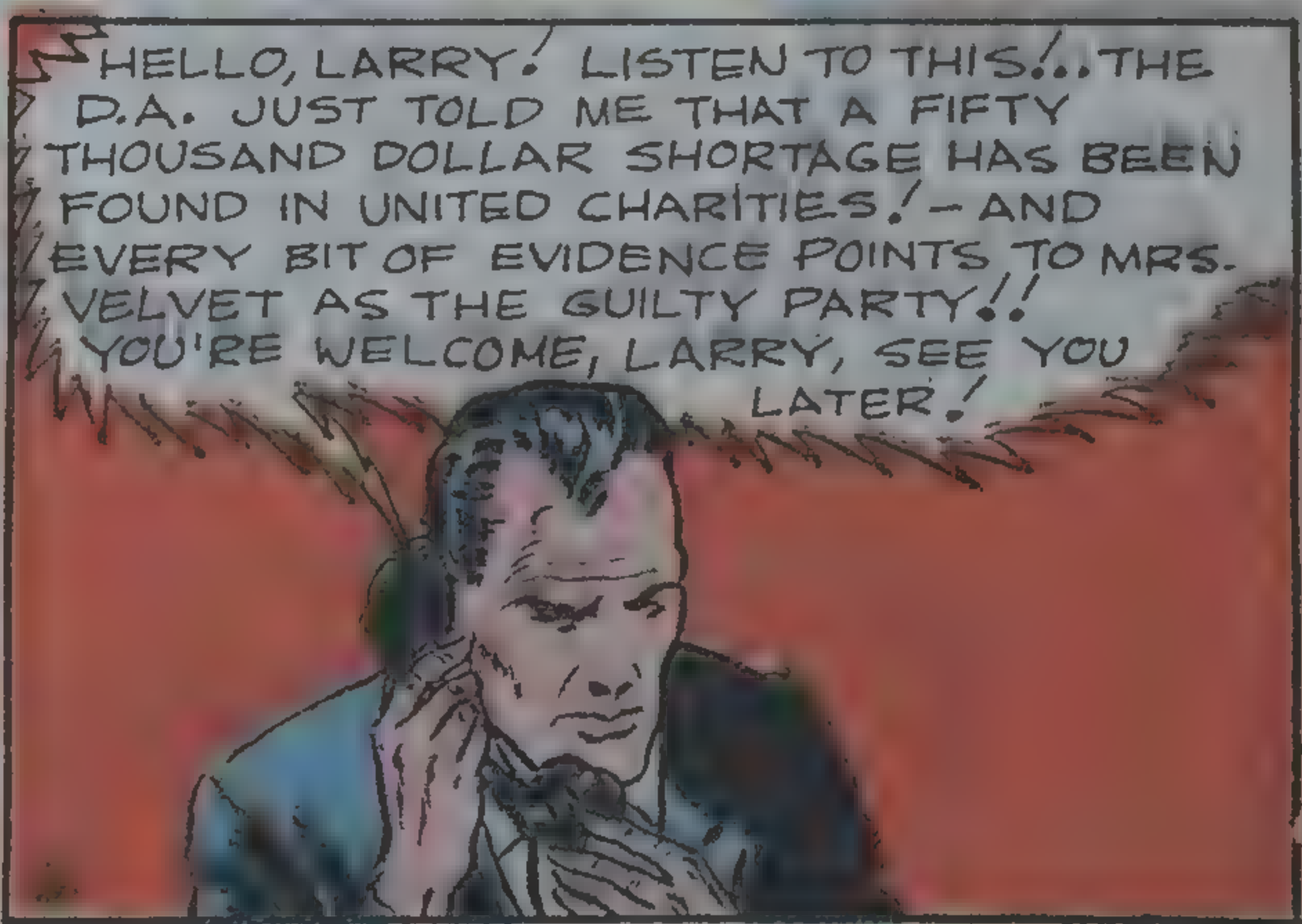
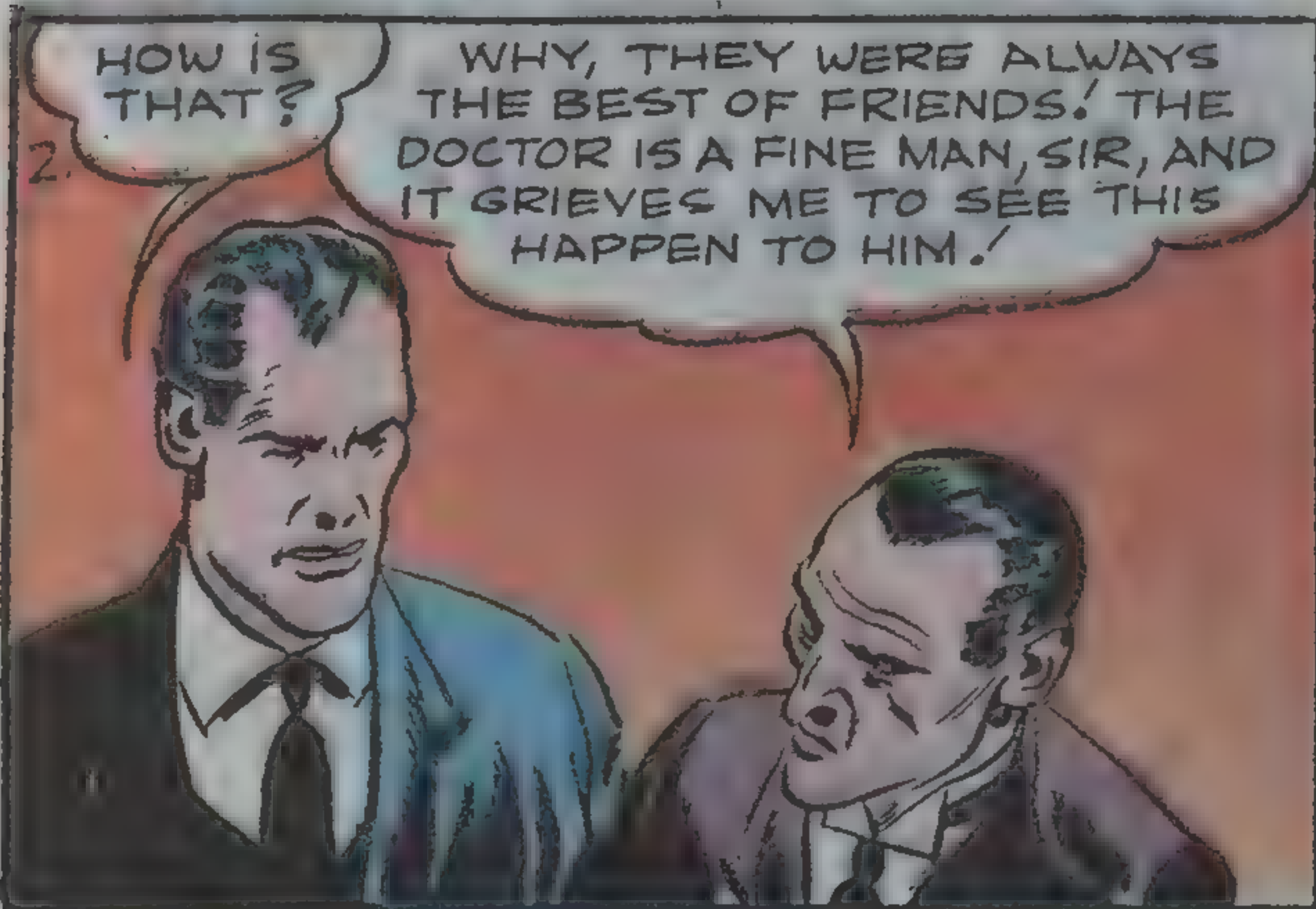
STEELE! I
KNEW IT WOULD
HAPPEN... MY
WIFE HAS JUST
COMMITTED
SUICIDE!

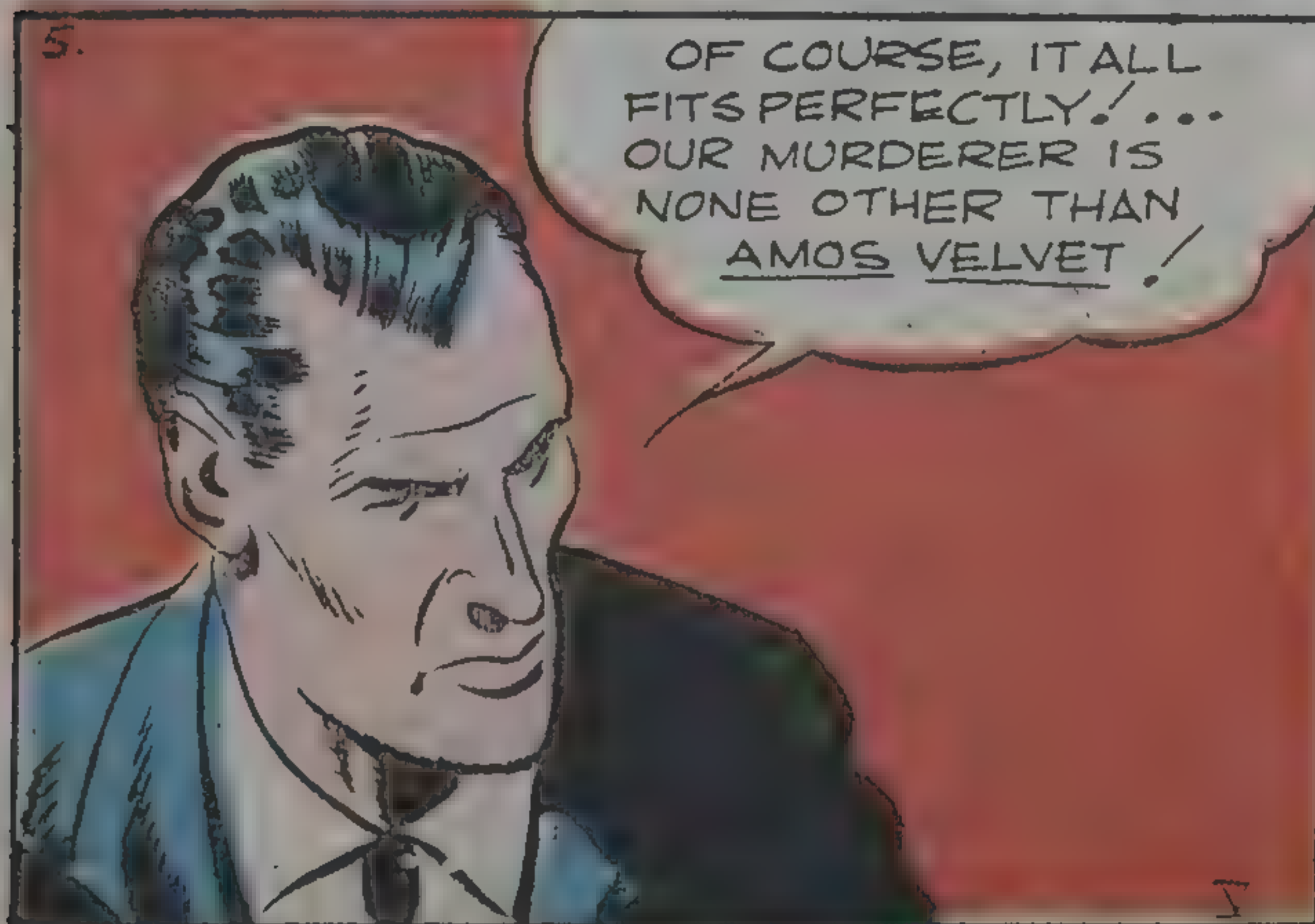
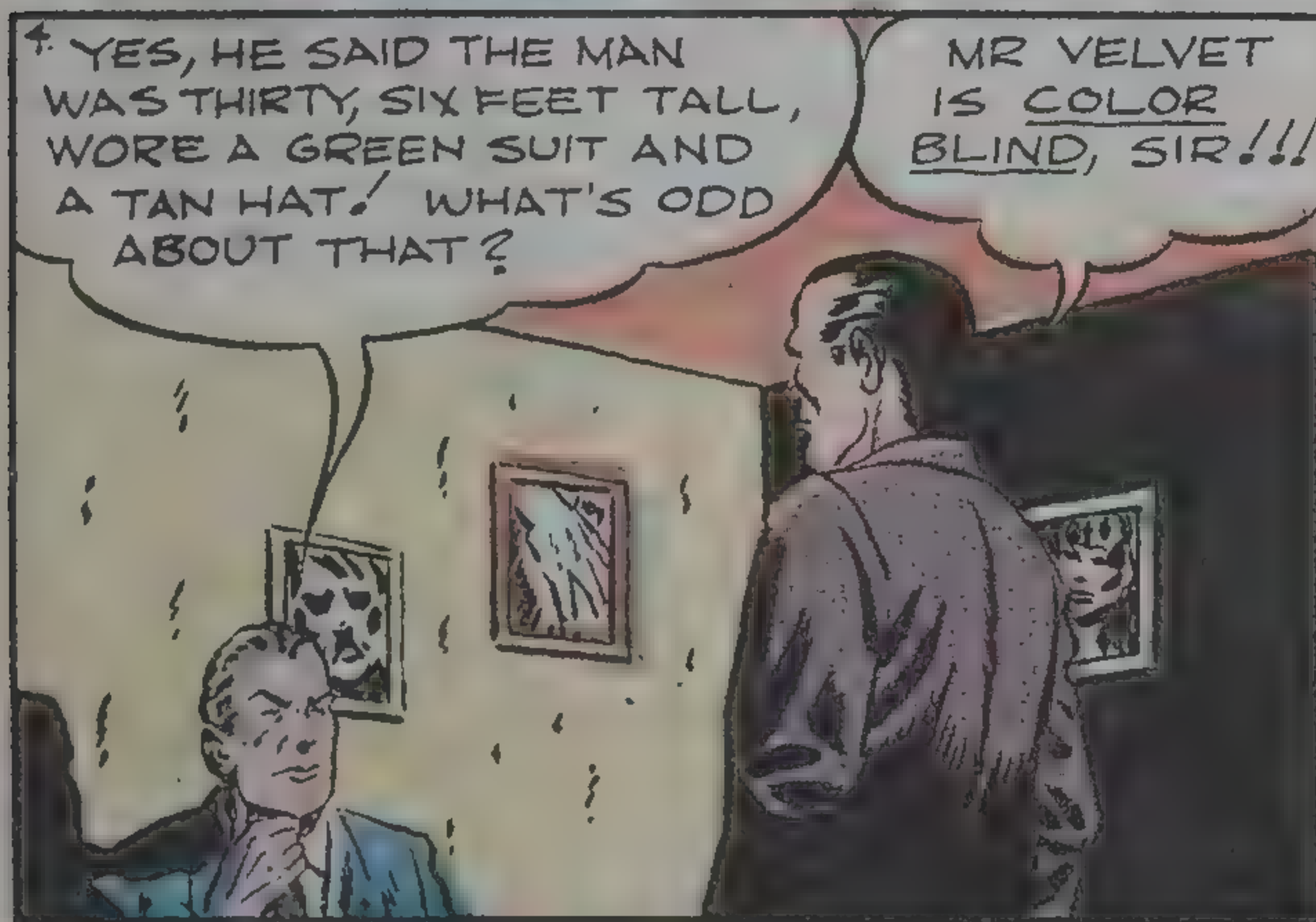
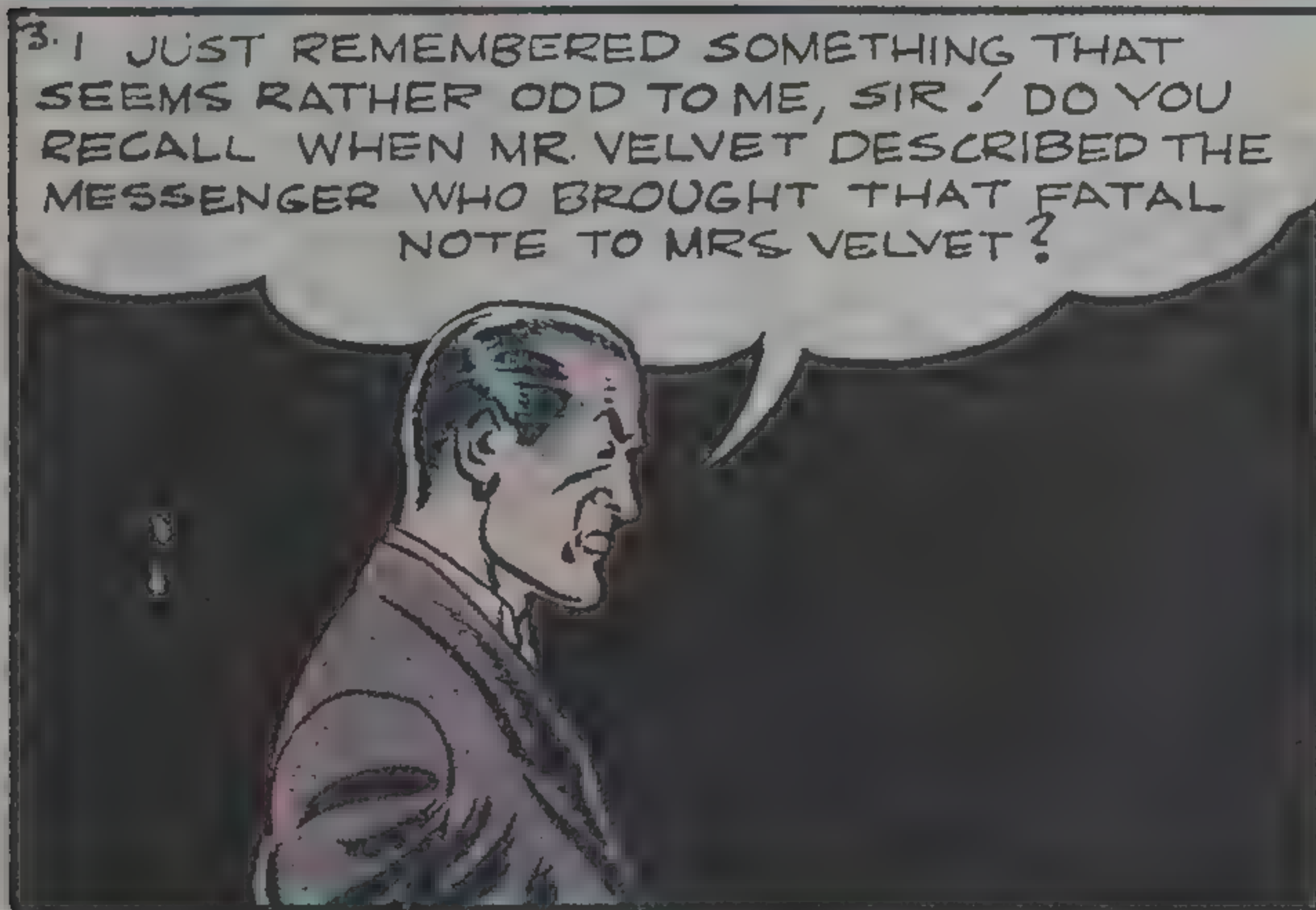
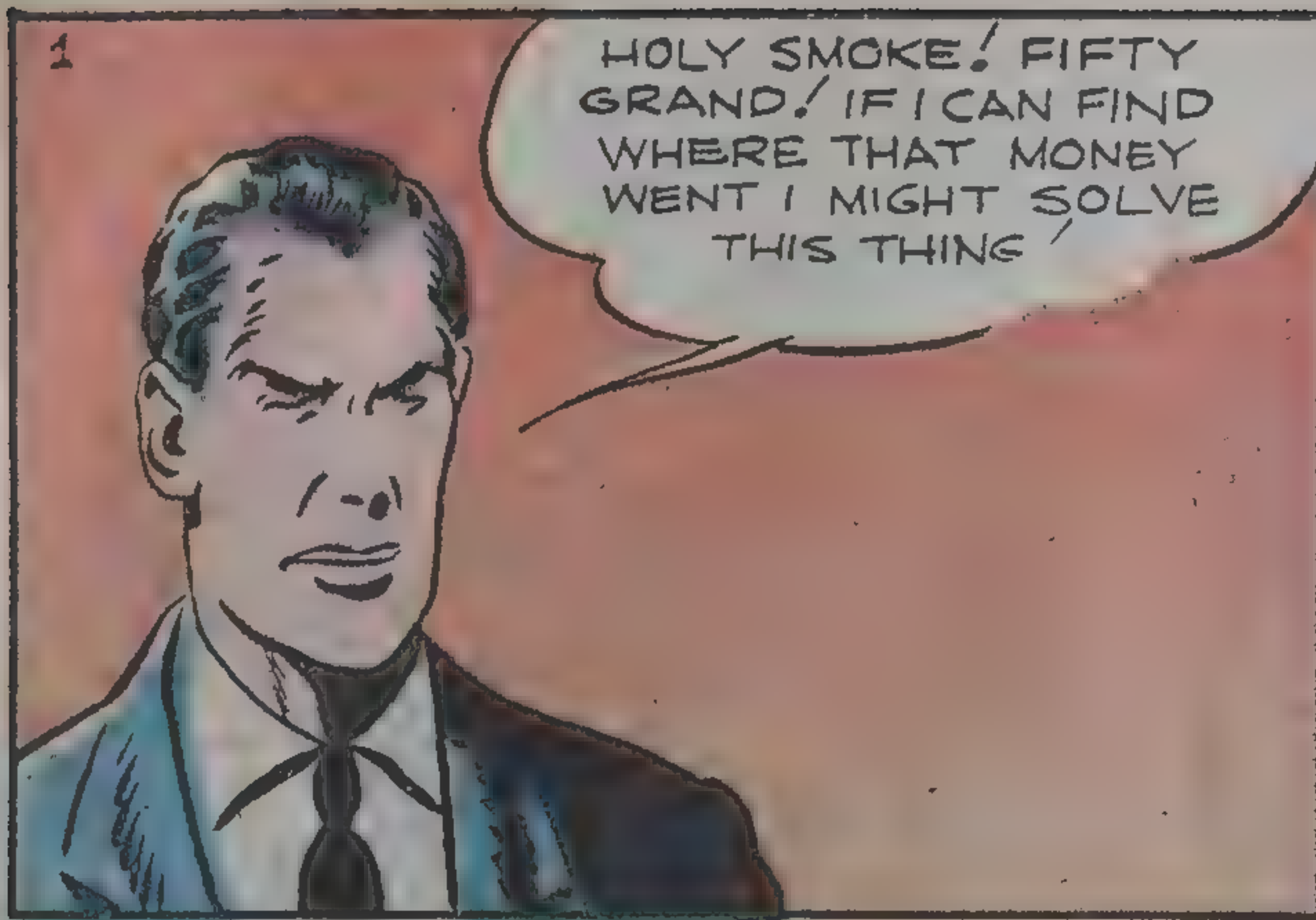
I THINK WE'D
BETTER GET OUT
TO YOUR HOME...
RIGHT NOW!

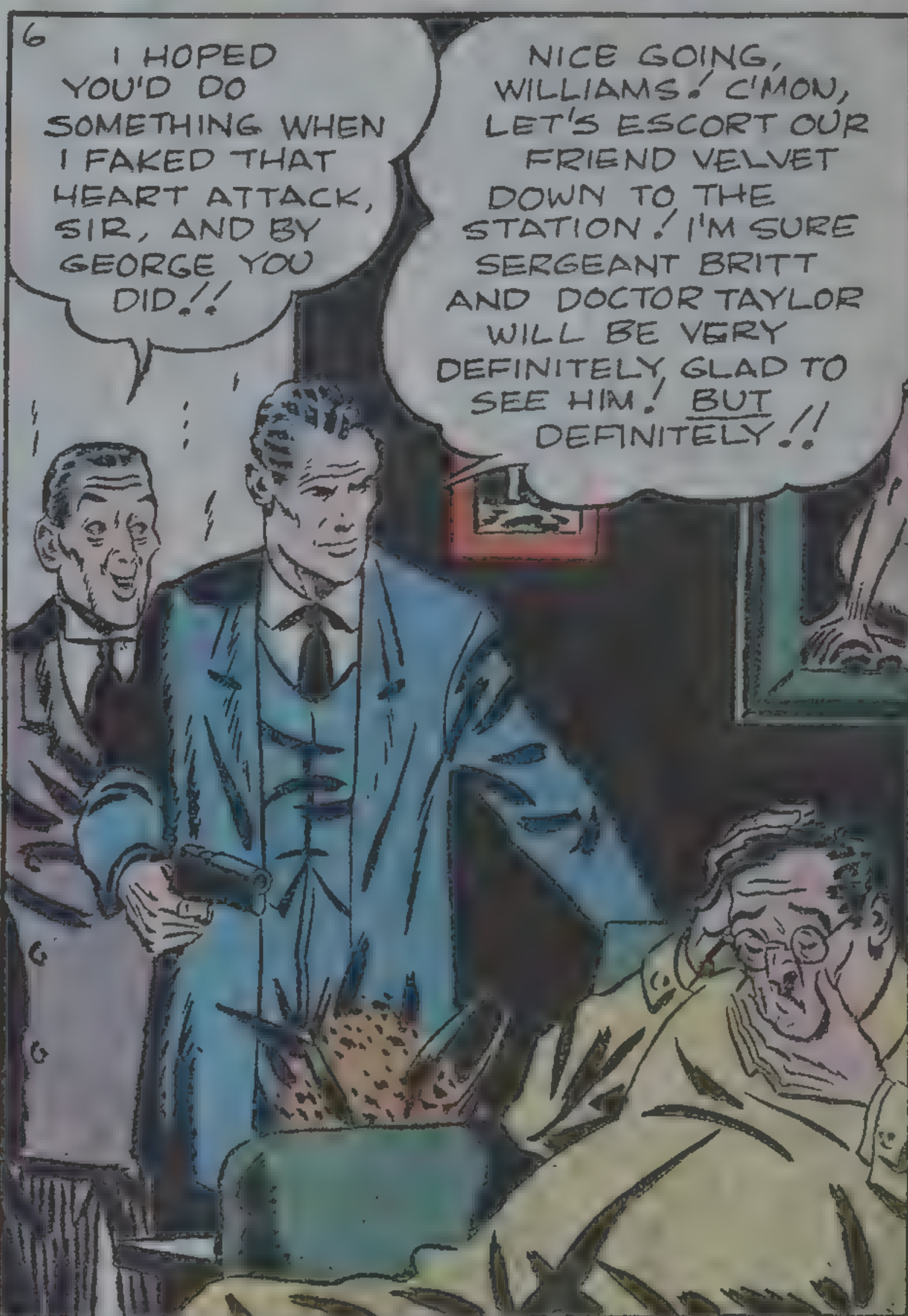
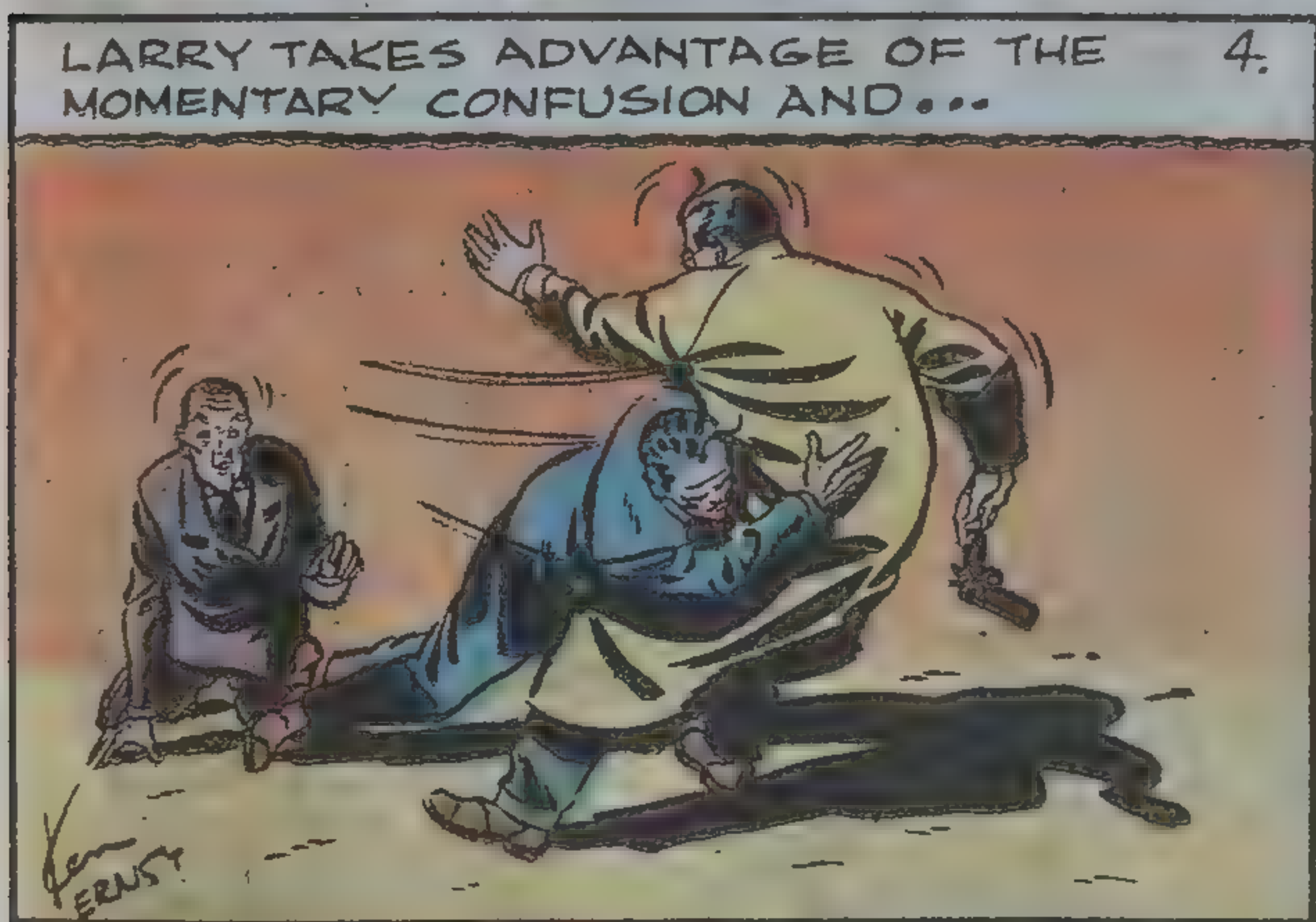
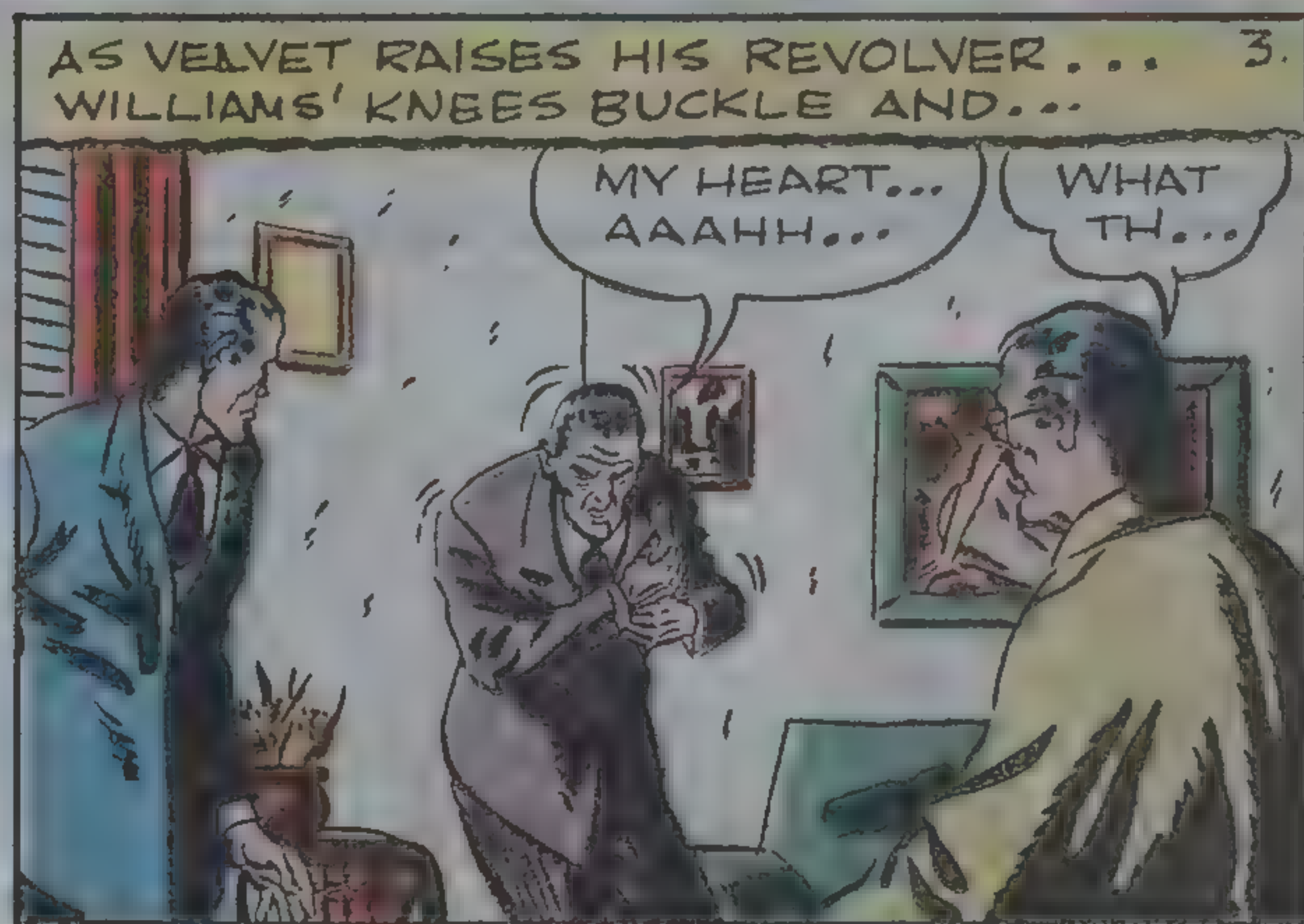
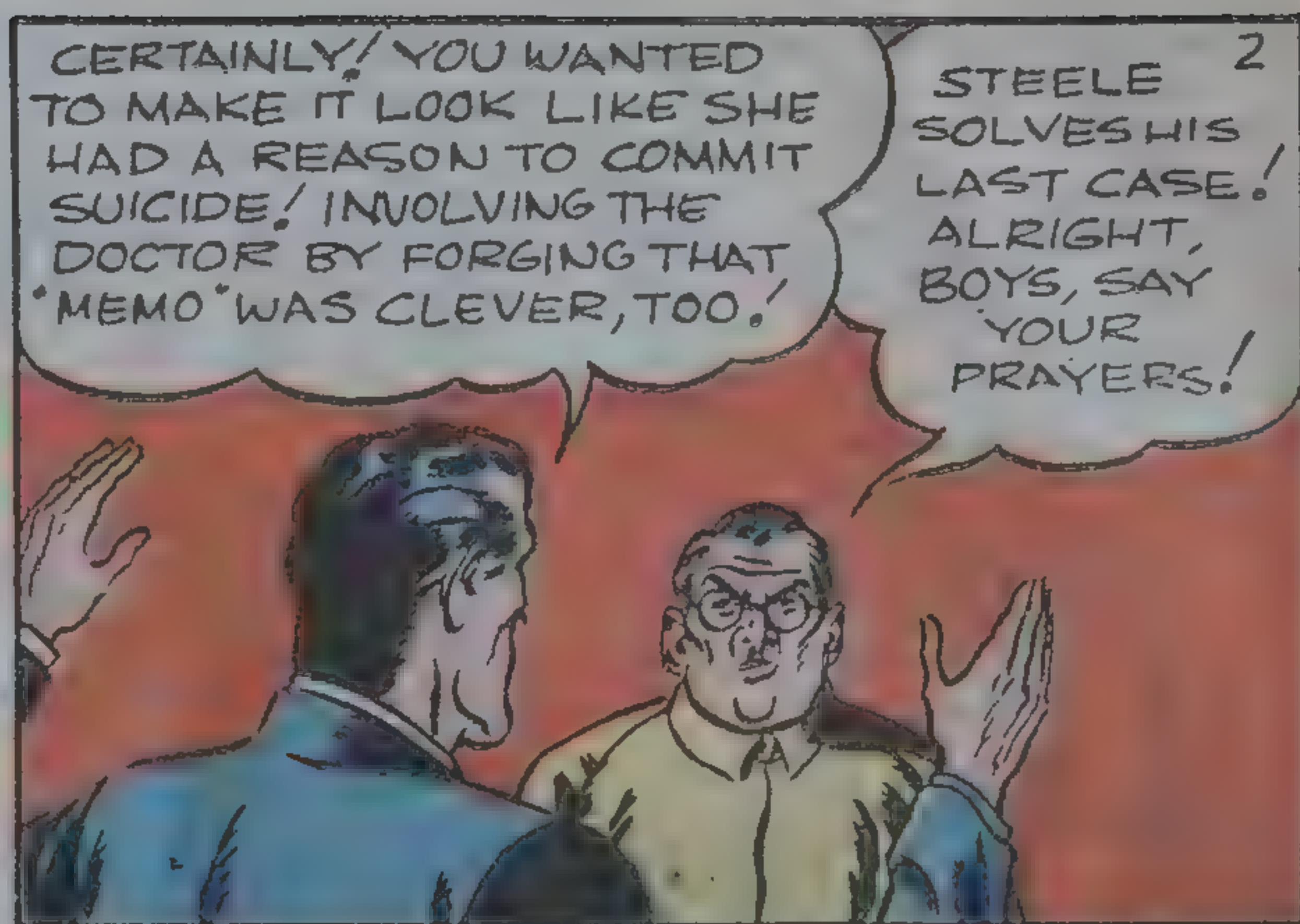
IT'S YOUR BUTLER,
HAS AN IMPORTANT
MESSAGE FOR YOU!











NEWSPAPER NIGHTMARE

By

Paul Dean



THE city room of the *Daily Star* hummed with the feverish activity of a large metropolitan newspaper drawing close to the deadline. Two dozen or more typewriters banged away like a barrage of machine guns, telephones kept ringing constantly and above the steady din rose the occasional shout of a reporter calling "Copy." Three boys in their middle teens dashed madly about the room, carrying the typewritten sheets from the industrious news-mongers to the copy-readers or the city editor.

In the basement of the building could be heard the muffled roar of the presses, turning out in incredibly swift time complete editions of the evening paper. The news trucks and the men of the circulation department had the papers distributed throughout the city before the ink was dry. The entire plant of the *Daily Star*, from top to bottom, ran with the smooth efficiency of a well-organized ball team.

But the steady smoothness of the paper was suddenly interrupted that evening at fifteen minutes after six o'clock. For at that moment the middle-aged Pete Barrows, dynamic city editor of the *Star*, rose from his desk and clutched the left side of his body. Teddy Smith, his assistant, looked up in time to see the older man's face turn ghastly pale and then he slumped across the desk.

Smith shouted for water and someone 'phoned for the company's doctor. But it was apparent to those who stood around that Barrows was far beyond any doctor's help.

The doctor examined the body and hesitated in a rather puzzling way before he pronounced Barrows dead from a heart attack. Half an hour later, the doctor stood in Henry Parson's office and told the publisher just what was on his mind.

"I don't want to sound melodramatic, Mr. Parson," he said, "but I have reason to believe that Pete Barrows didn't die from any heart attack at all. I honestly believe he was murdered!"

Parson was startled. "Murdered! But why . . . and by whom?"

"That I don't know," replied the doctor. "But I am certain that Pete's heart was just as sound as your's or mine. Even from the examination I made every evidence

points to the fact that he was killed by a terrific dose of potassium cyanide. How the dose was administered I cannot understand but I'll stake my reputation on it that it was the cause of his death!"

Parson got in touch with the police immediately. Inspector Burke and two detectives arrived at the newspaper plant about an hour later. Burke, who had seen the violent effects of murderous drugs during his active years on the police force, immediately confirmed the doctor's theory.

"The poor fellow was murdered all right. And it's up to us to find out who did it and the reason."

They questioned the various members of the city room but no one could throw any light on the mystery nor were Burke and his men able to uncover a motive for the killing.

Though the police kept a constant vigil no new developments occurred during the week following; but on the eighth day after Barrows' death, hidden violence again entered the portals of the *Daily Star* and another life was snuffed out.

This time it was Harrison Banks, sports editor of the paper. His death was almost identical to Barrows' inasmuch as he, too, half-rose from the typewriter and desk at which he was working and then fell to the floor.

BURKE made a thorough investigation of the entire city





room. He particularly examined the sections close to the desks of both the dead men. He also examined the contents of the wastepaper basket beside Banks' desk and came across a key to one of the typewriters. The letter on the face of the key was "Z". The inspector glanced at the machine on Banks' desk and saw that the letter "Z" was still there. But upon closer inspection he discovered that this was a brand new key, whereas the one he had found in the basket originally belonged to the machine.

"This key that was in the basket looks all right but why was it changed?" he asked himself.

Casually, his keen eyes studied the typewriter again in every detail and then it was that he discovered the thing he was hoping he would find. Unless he was greatly mistaken, he knew now how the murders had been committed. But rather than arouse the suspicions of the murderer, should he be in the room, he did not minutely examine the typewriter as he would like to have had but merely passed it by and kept the news to himself. Sooner or later the killer would overplay his hand and give himself away, Burke thought.

It was only natural to expect a certain amount of nervous tension in an office where two murders had been committed, but the members of the city room managed to hide their feelings marvelously well and buckled down to the task of getting out the paper.

At eight-thirty most of the force had gone home. Burke remained in the stock-room in the rear of the editorial department until he

heard the night watchman make his hourly inspection. Burke finally came out of his hiding place at twenty minutes after nine. The city room was empty and in complete darkness save for the pale illumination that seeped through the windows from the street lamp on the corner.

Burke marched down the long room, between the rows of reporters' desks to the end. He stopped abruptly and then ducked behind one of the desks, and kept his eyes on the black figure of a man who suddenly emerged from the deep shadows near the elevators.

The unknown person, evidently at home in the room, walked swiftly down the side and halted at a large desk. On the desk stood a typewriter and the man, turning the machine on its side, began to

work on the mechanical parts with several small instruments he took from a bag he carried.

Noiselessly on his hands and knees and with revolver drawn, Burke crept behind the desks until he was directly behind the man. Then he leaped to his feet and wrapped his powerful arms around the mysterious figure. They struggled silently and fiercely but Burke managed to force his opponent's arms behind his back and clamped on the handcuffs.

The inspector brought out his flashlight and threw the beam on the other's face. "Good heavens! It's you, Parson!" exclaimed Burke.

The defeated publisher hung his head. "Yes, Burke, I committed the murders. I needed money badly, very badly . . . and knowing that it's the policy of the paper to insure all the employees, I took advantage of it and had Barrows, Banks and several others' insurance sums raised and then transferred to myself. In this way their deaths would mean my financial gain!"

"A very clever scheme, I must say," said Burke. "And so was that little gadget you had installed in the typewriters to kill these men. You inserted a special key on the key-board that, when touched, would shoot a tiny needle containing cyanide into the body of the person using the machine!"

"I thought it was clever at the time," said the publisher, "but I'm afraid the old saying of 'crime will out' is still quite true!"

THE END



SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE
MAMMOTH MYSTERY
BY FRED GUARDINEER

WHAT A CLEVER WAY TO KILL A MAN! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT IS HOLLOW PART WAY, THOUGH!



SO YOU FOUND THIS TUSK BESIDE THE BODY OF BUSHLAND BILL MERCER, THE EXPLORER. I'D LIKE TO SEE THE CORPSE!

OK, SPEED-MERCER WAS WITH THE CIRCUS, YOU KNOW, WHICH IS NOW UP AT THE NEXT TOWN.

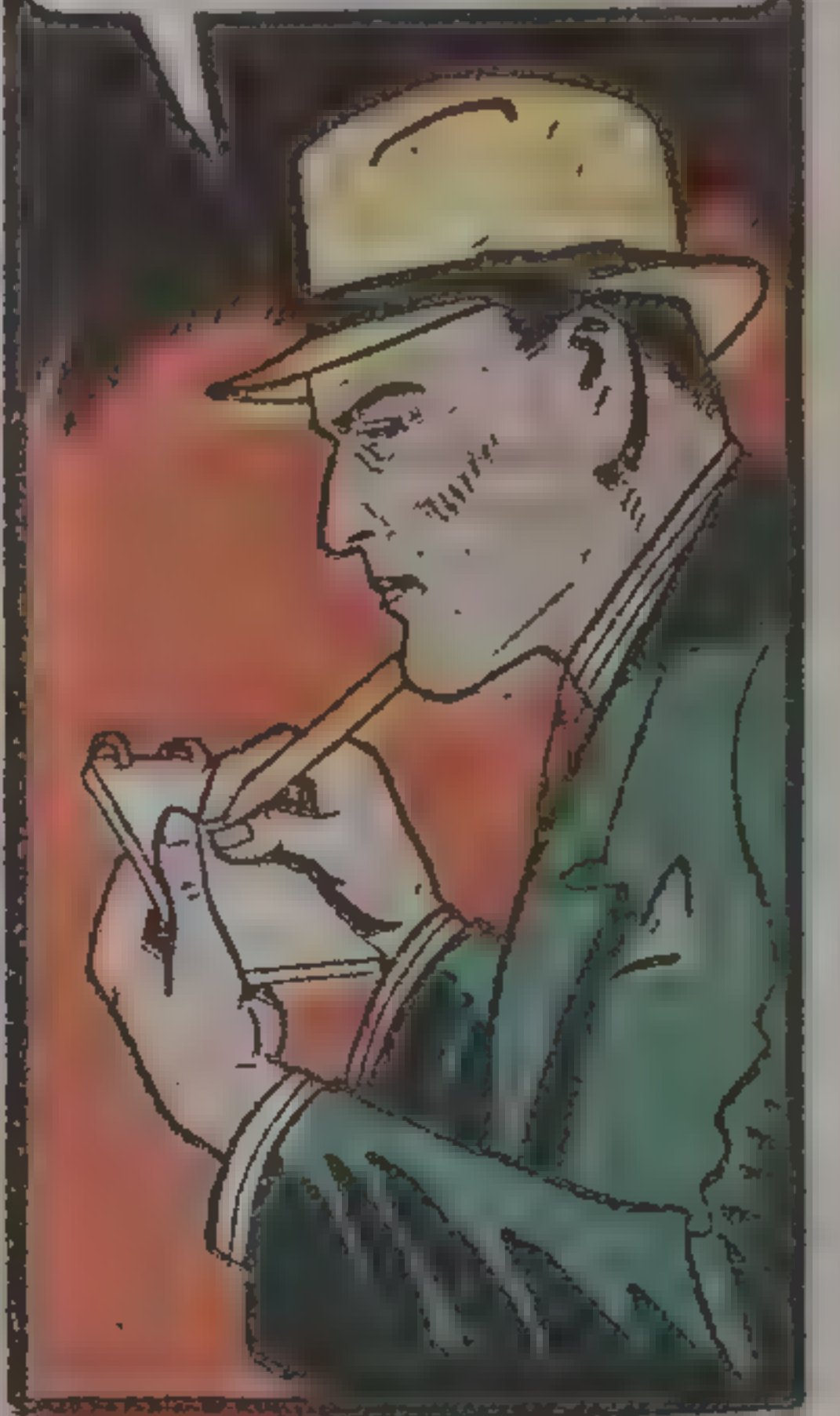


GORED THROUGH THE MIDDLE BY A MAMMOTH TUSK! WHO'D BE STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THAT?

HOW ABOUT THE CIRCUS STRONG MAN, SPEED?



I'M GOING TO OVERTAKE THE CIRCUS AND LOOK OVER THE PERFORMERS. IT MIGHT GIVE ME A CLUE TO WORK ON!



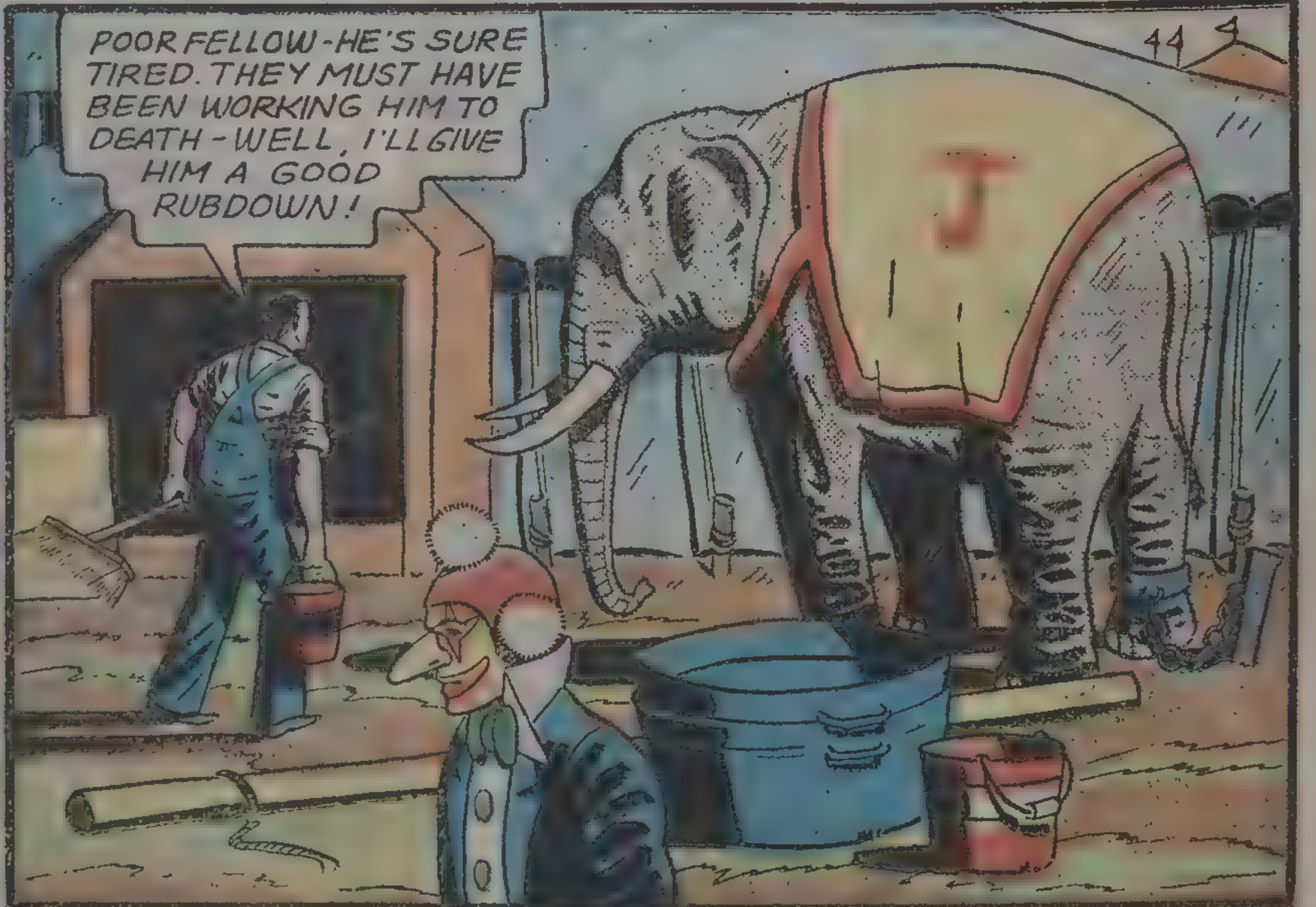
NEXT DAY - A DOZEN MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

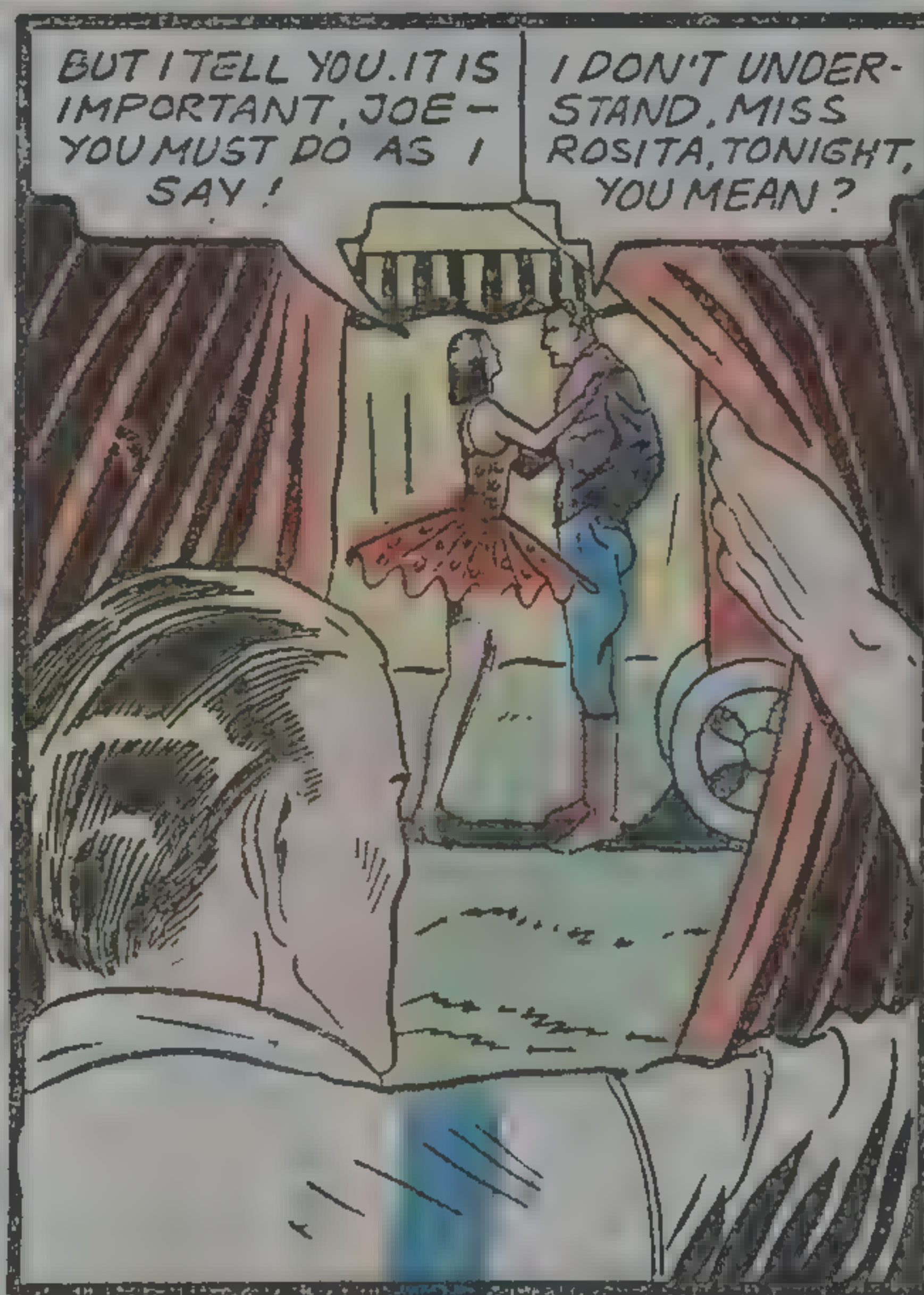
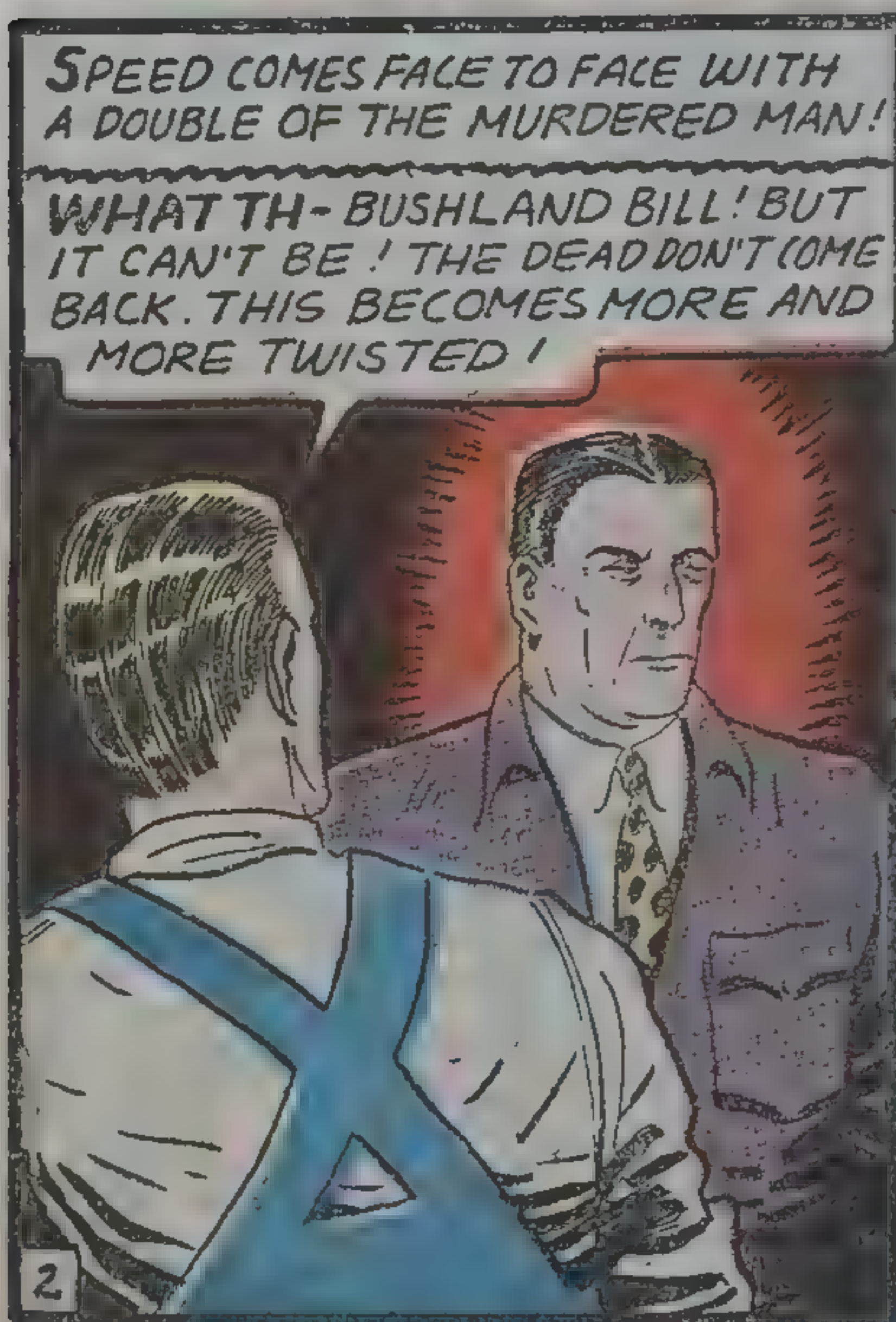
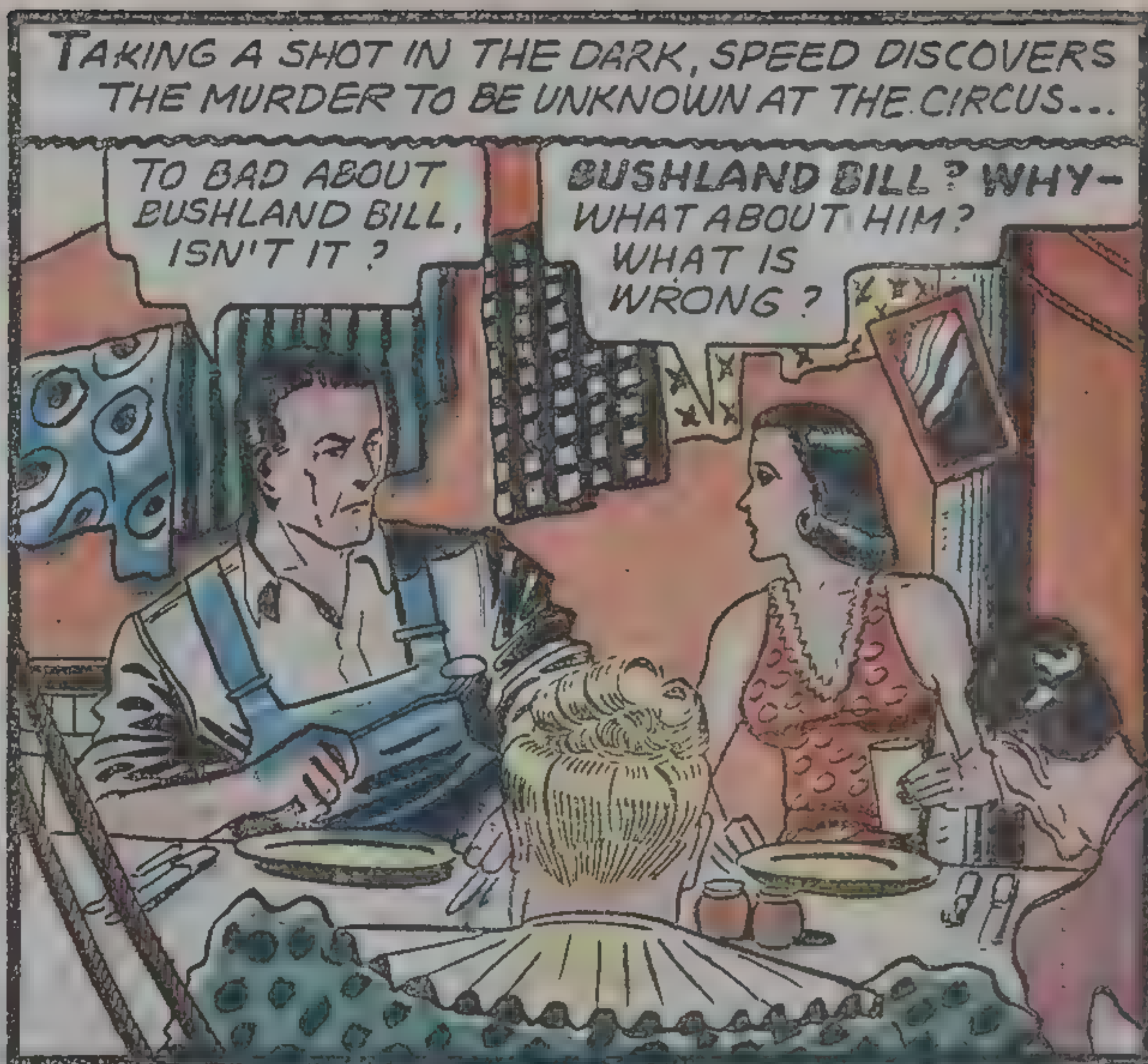
HOW ABOUT A JOB, MISTER?

IF YOU CAN WASH DOWN THOSE ELEPHANTS OVER THERE - YOU'RE HIRED!



POOR FELLOW - HE'S SURE TIRED. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING HIM TO DEATH - WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD RUBDOWN!





AS SPEED GOES TO KEEP HIS DATE WITH ROSITA--



ALL RIGHT! IF YOU WANT IT!



YOU'RE NOT AS STRONG AS I THOUGHT! I WONDER IF YOU COULD LIFT THAT MAMMOTH TUSK? I MUST TRY AND FIND OUT SOMETIME.



YOUR THREAT FAILED, ROSITA. BUT IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW IN CASE YOU GET ANY NEW IDEAS THAT I AM A DETECTIVE!



A DETECTIVE! OH, WELL. EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES! BUT YOU CAN ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS. DID BUSHLAND BILL HAVE ANY ENEMIES? WAS THE STRONG MAN HIS FRIEND?



YOU MEAN SAMSON? YES, THEY WERE FRIENDLY. I SUPPOSE THAT OF ALL THE MEN AT THE CIRCUS, ONLY ELKINS, THE ANIMAL MAN, NEVER GOT ALONG WITH HIM. JEALOUS, I GUESS, OF BILL'S REPUTATION!



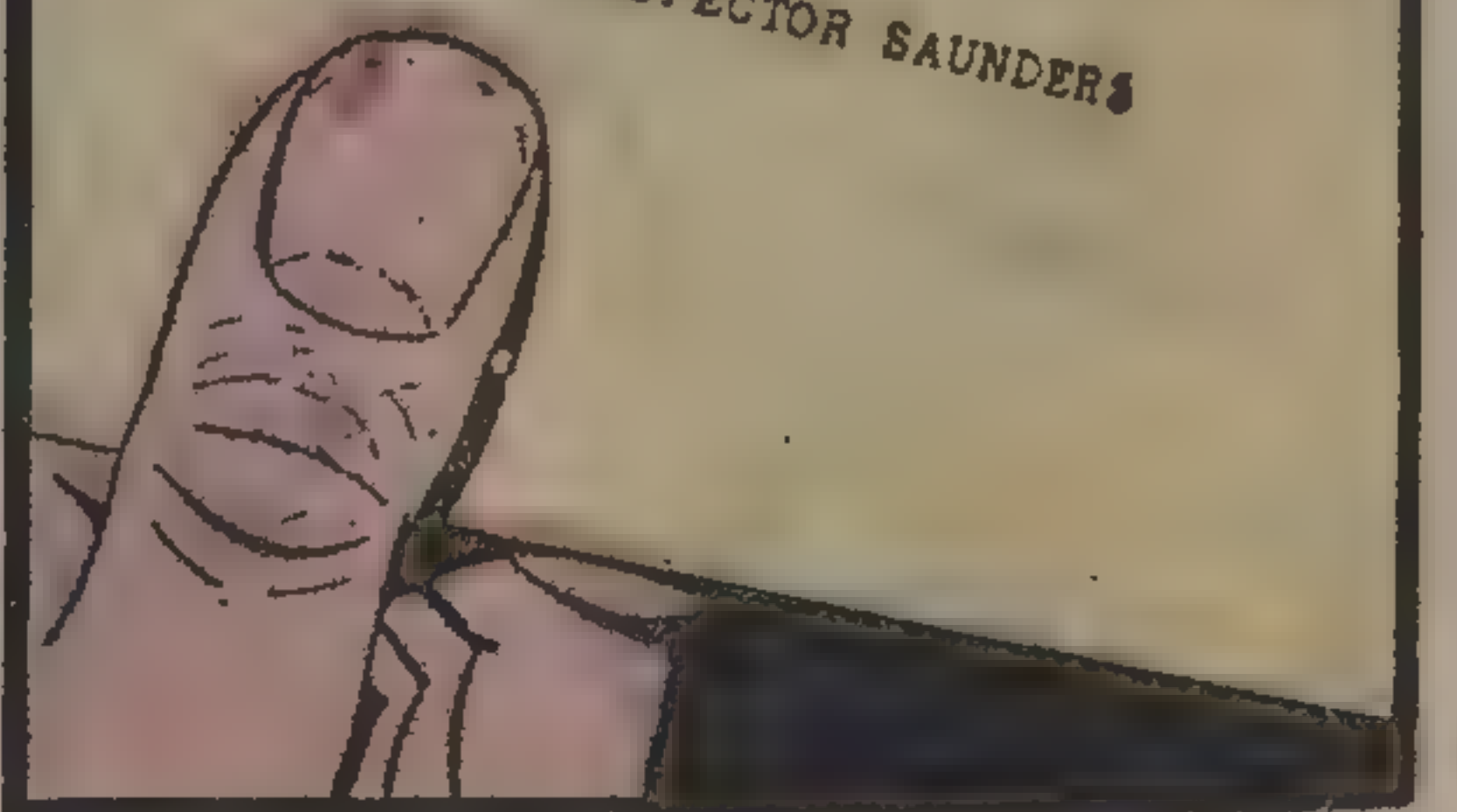
SPEED TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CIRCUS MATINEE TO TELEGRAPH I'M FROM THE DETECTIVE BUREAU. I WANT FORM TELEGRAPHS SENT TO ALL MUSEUMS IN THE STATE!

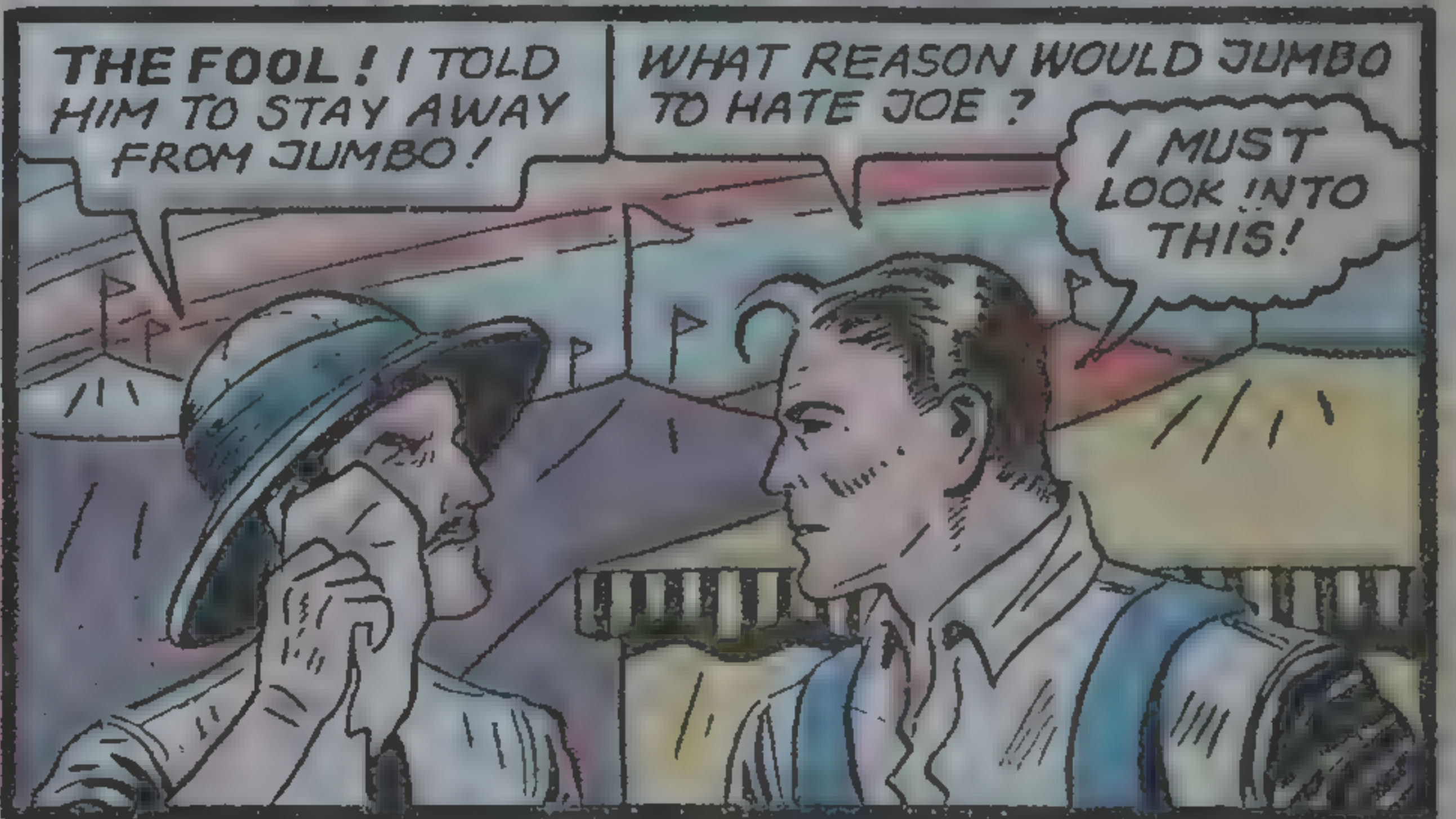
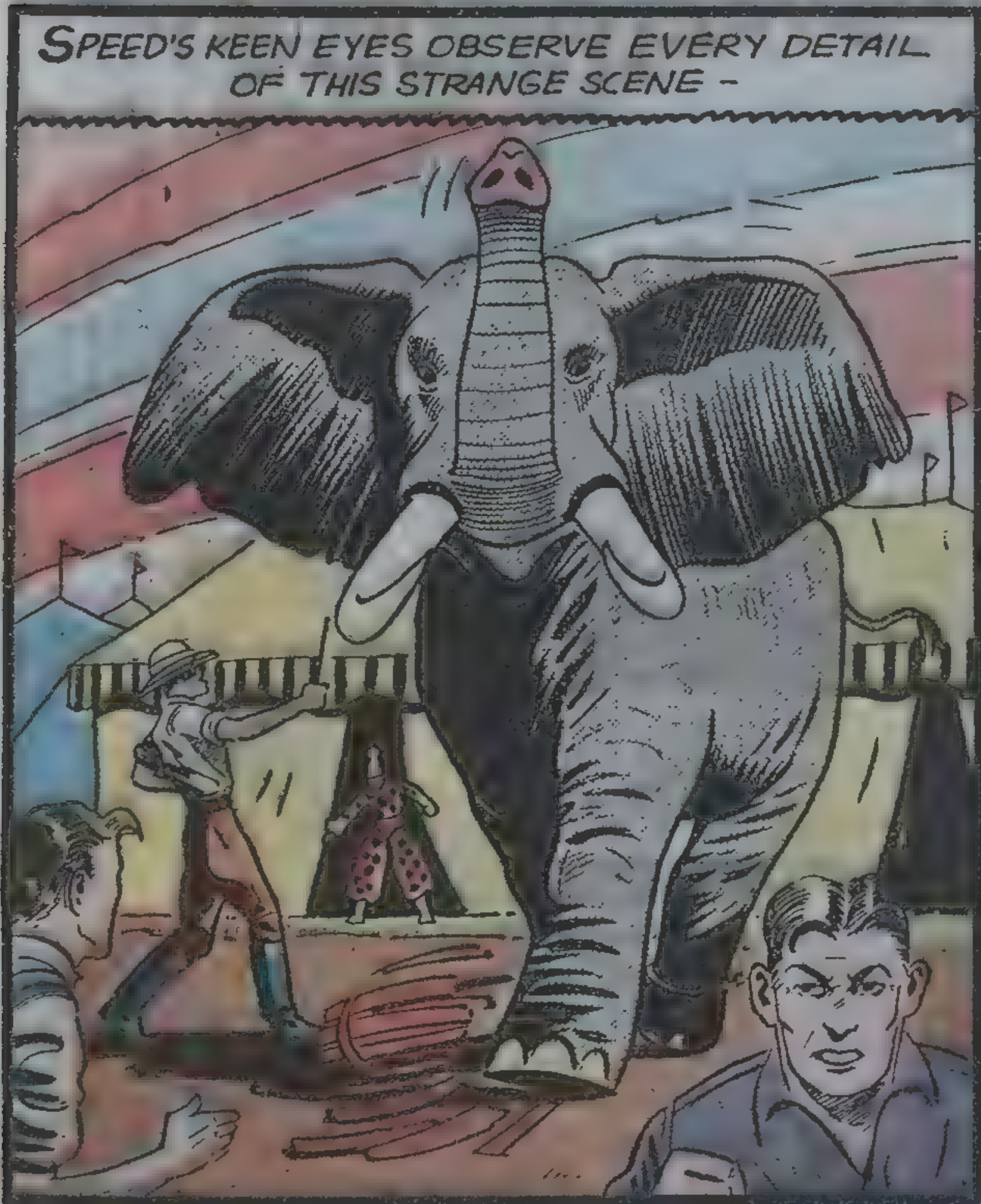
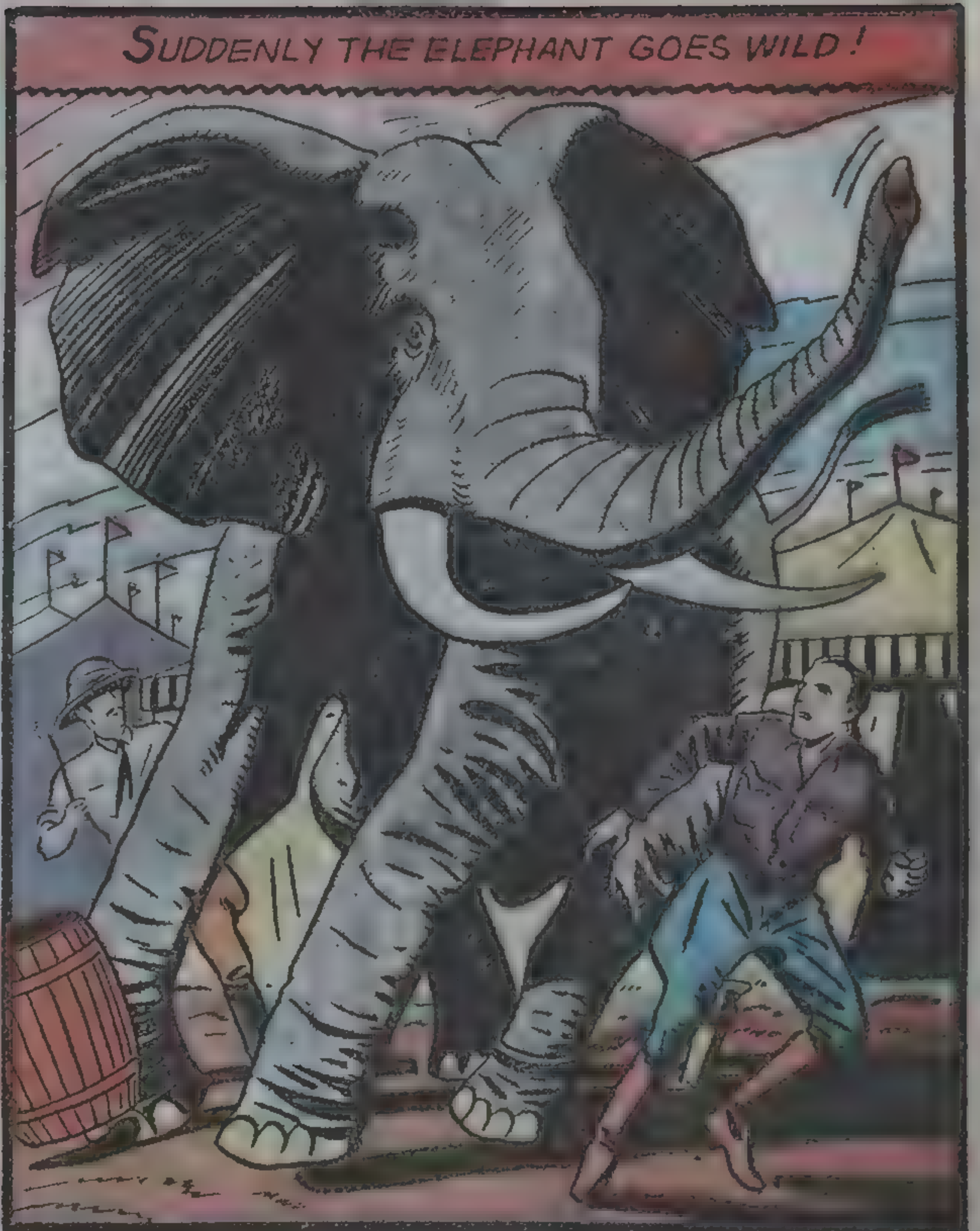
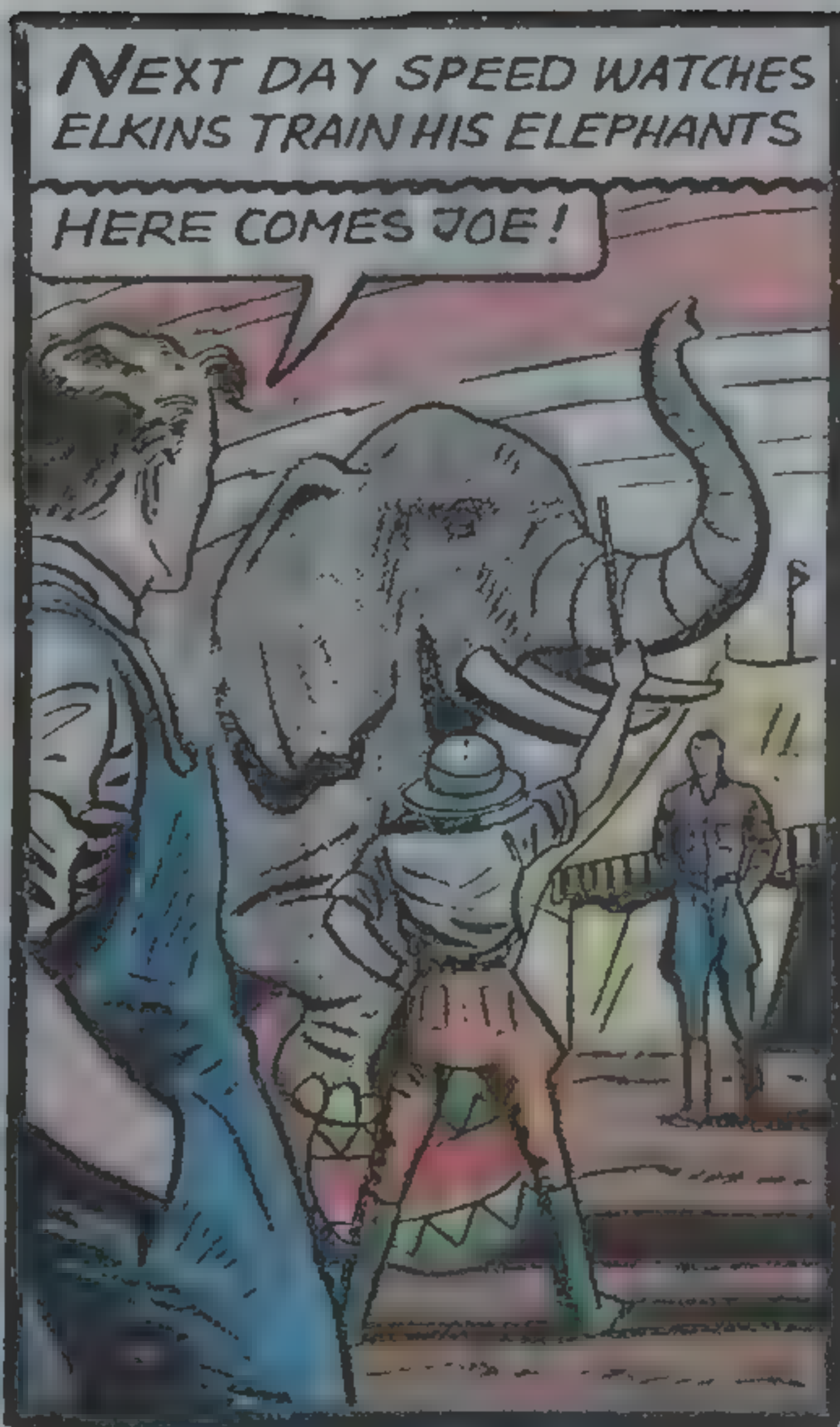


Postal Telegraph

TO ALL MUSEUMS! PLEASE WIRE ME AT GIVEN ADDRESS IF YOU HAVE MISSED ANY MAMMOTH TUSKS RECENTLY AND IF CIRCUS WAS IN TOWN AT THAT TIME STOP

INSPECTOR SAUNDERS







HELLO — WHAT'S THIS ?

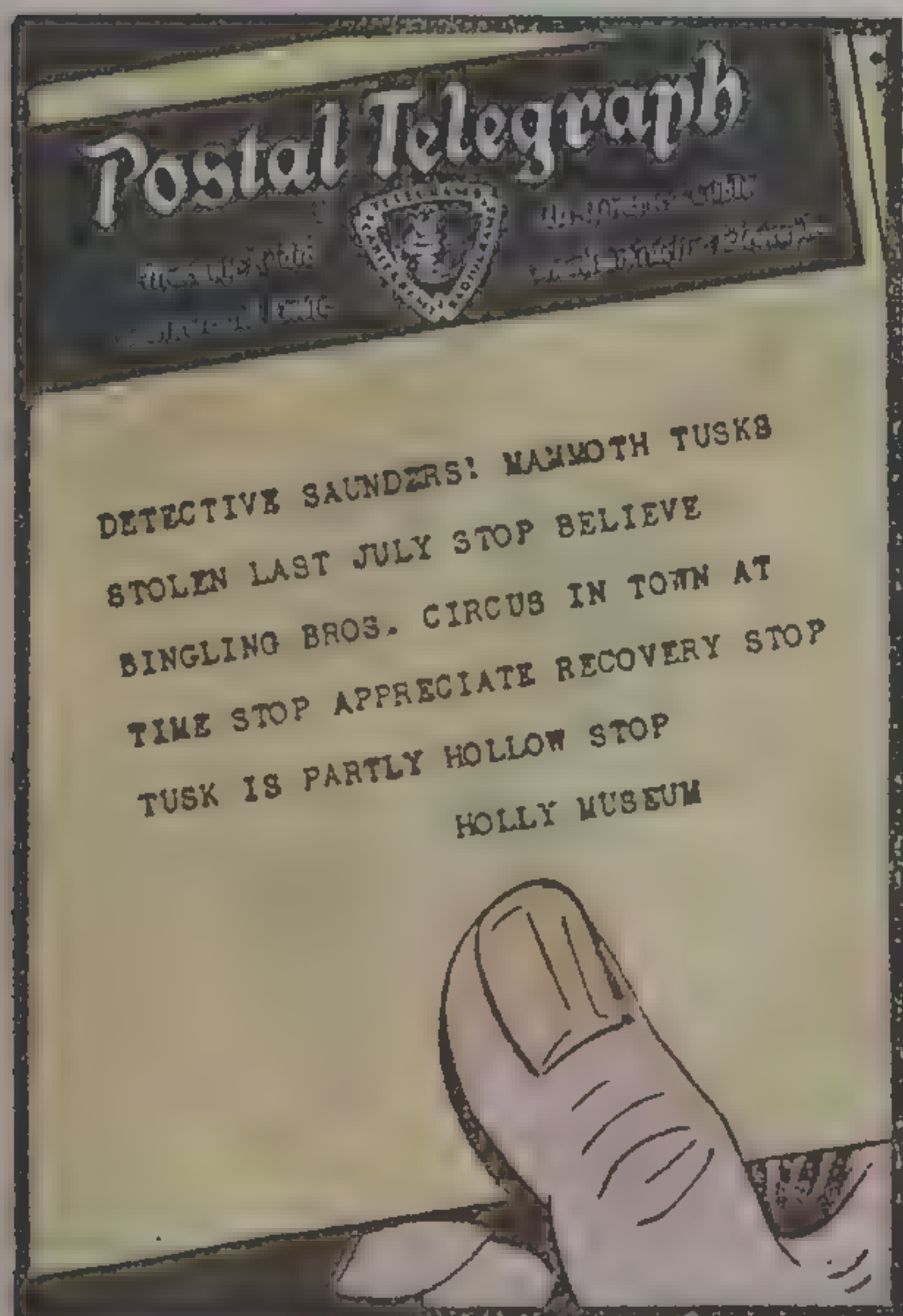


BUSHLAND BILL'S HAIR AND MUSTACHE ! AND A JAR OF RED ROUGE TO COMPLETE A DISGUISE !



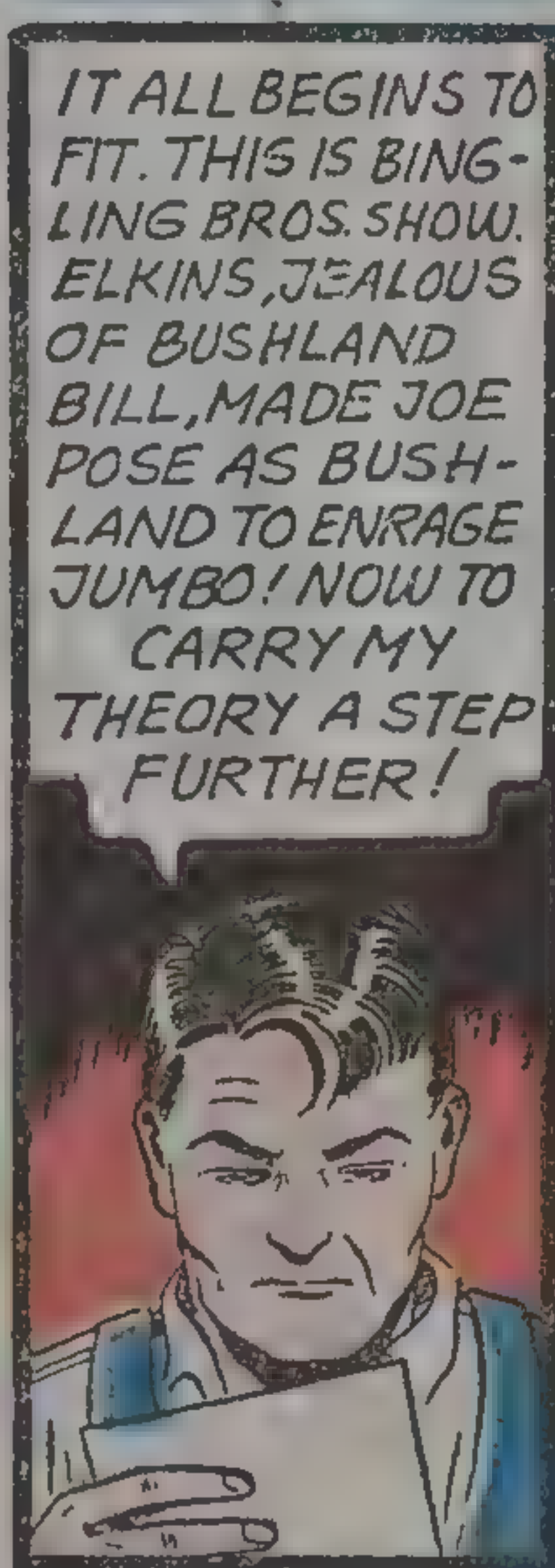
TELEGRAM FOR MR. SAUNDERS. DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM ?

I'M SAUNDERS. I'LL TAKE IT - THANKS !

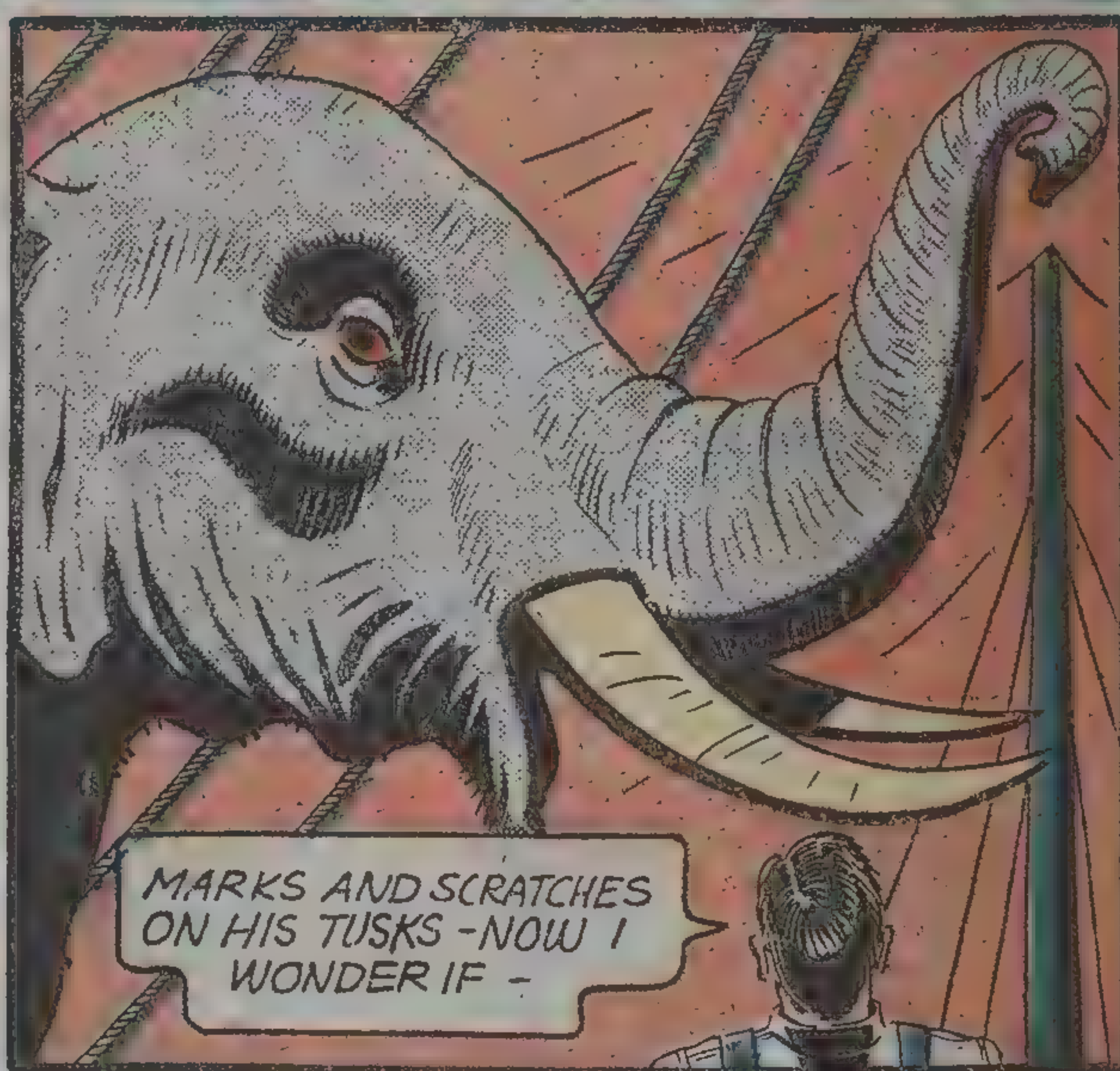


Postal Telegraph

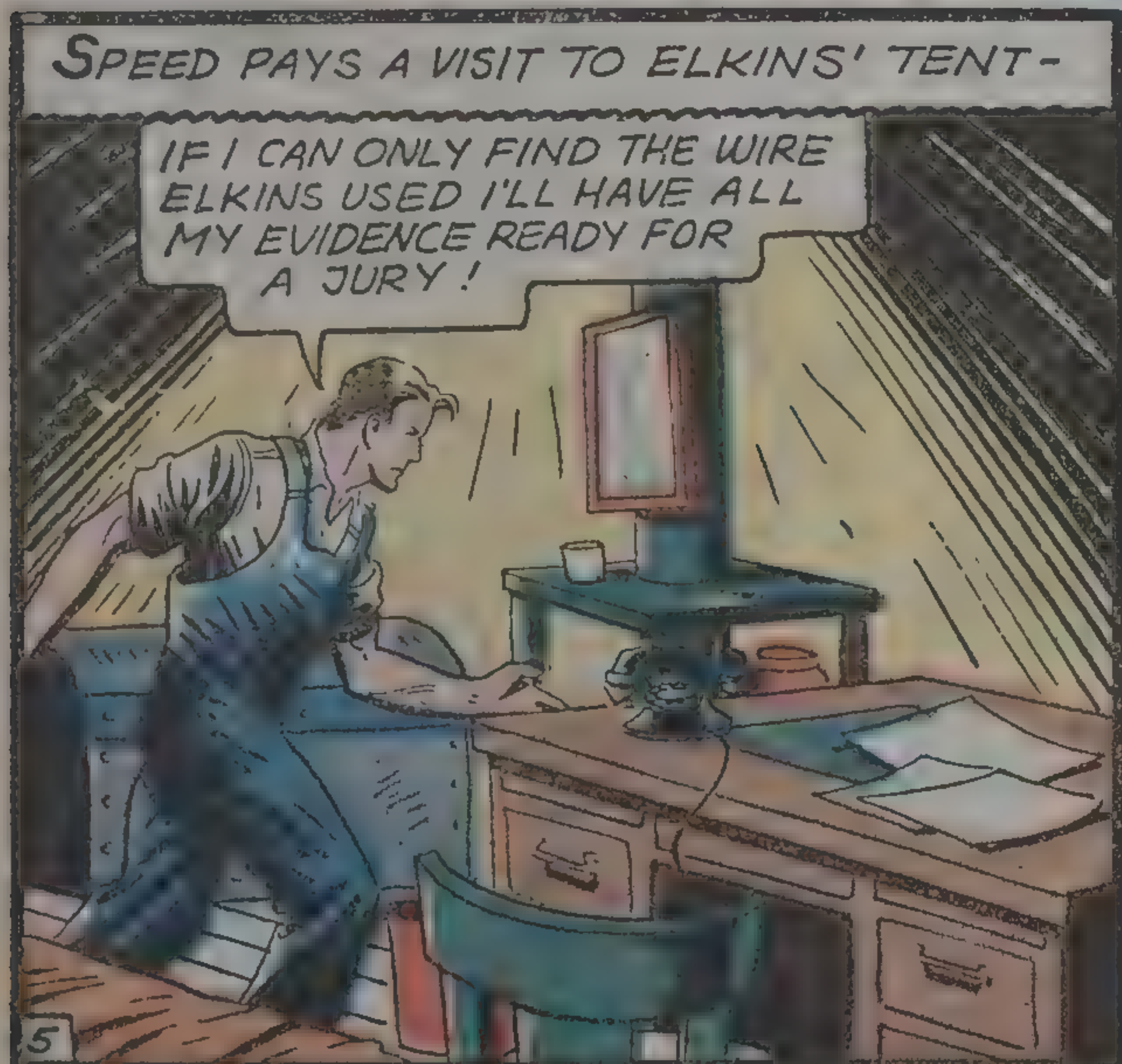
DETECTIVE SAUNDERS! MAMMOTH TUSKS
STOLEN LAST JULY STOP BELIEVE
BINGLING BROS. CIRCUS IN TOWN AT
TIME STOP APPRECIATE RECOVERY STOP
TUSK IS PARTLY HOLLOW STOP
HOLLY MUSEUM



IT ALL BEGINS TO FIT. THIS IS BINGLING BROS. SHOW. ELKINS, JEALOUS OF BUSHLAND BILL, MADE JOE POSE AS BUSHLAND TO ENRAGE JUMBO ! NOW TO CARRY MY THEORY A STEP FURTHER !



MARKS AND SCRATCHES ON HIS TUSKS - NOW I WONDER IF -



SPEED PAYS A VISIT TO ELKINS' TENT -

IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE WIRE ELKINS USED I'LL HAVE ALL MY EVIDENCE READY FOR A JURY !



WELL - HERE WE ARE - I GUESS I'M PLAYING IN LUCK ON THIS CASE THE EVIDENCE IS ALL READY FOR COURT -

BUT JUST AT THAT
MOMENT -

SO, SAUNDERS, YOU'RE
A THIEF! I KNOW
HOW TO TREAT
YOUR KIND!



TAKE THAT-AND THAT,
YOU CROOK!

JUST A
MOMENT,
ELKINS!

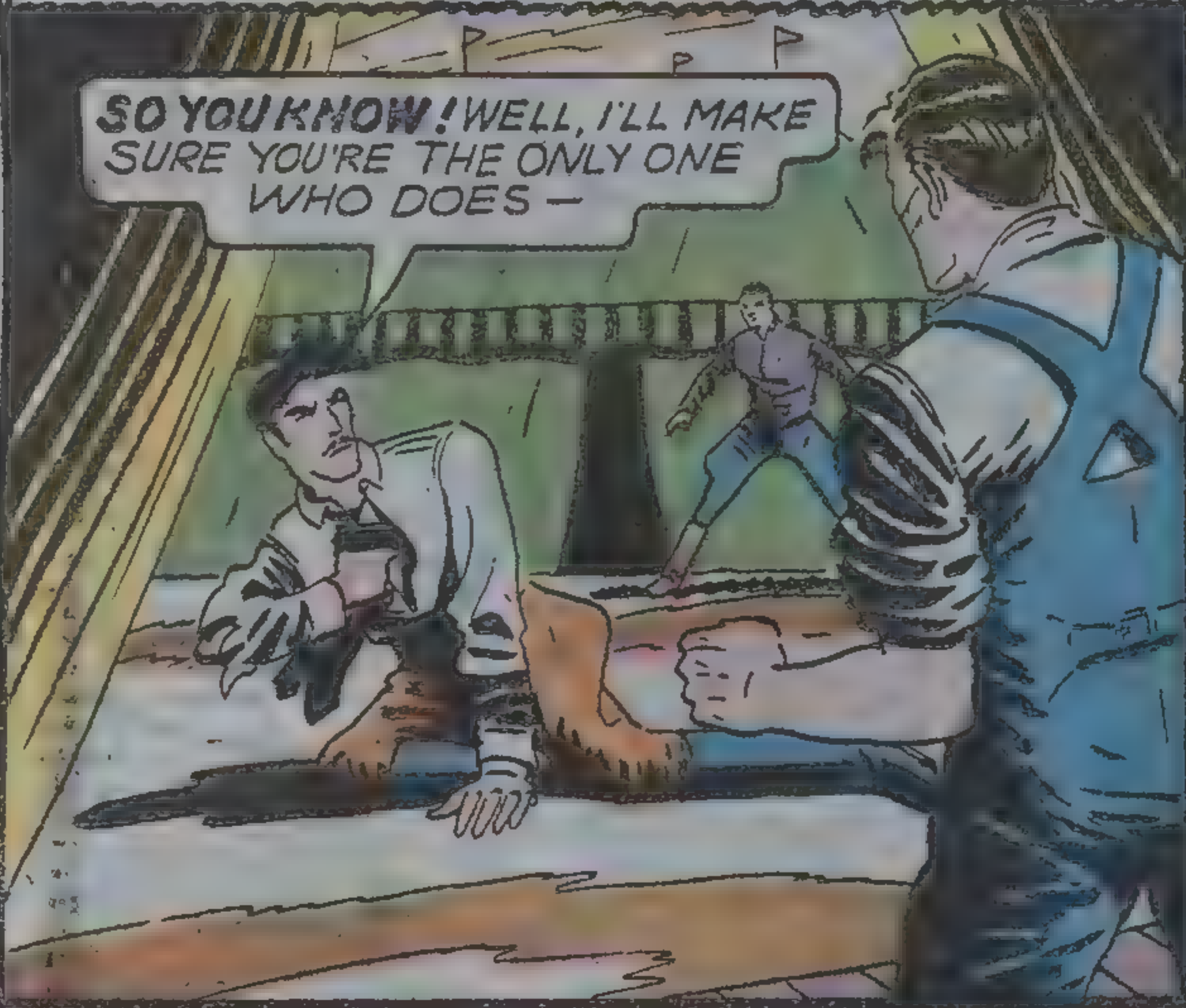


PUT THAT WHIP AWAY, YOU MURDERER!
I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU, I'M
GOING TO SAVE YOU FOR A JURY!



ELKINS REALIZES SPEED KNOWS HE IS GUILTY!

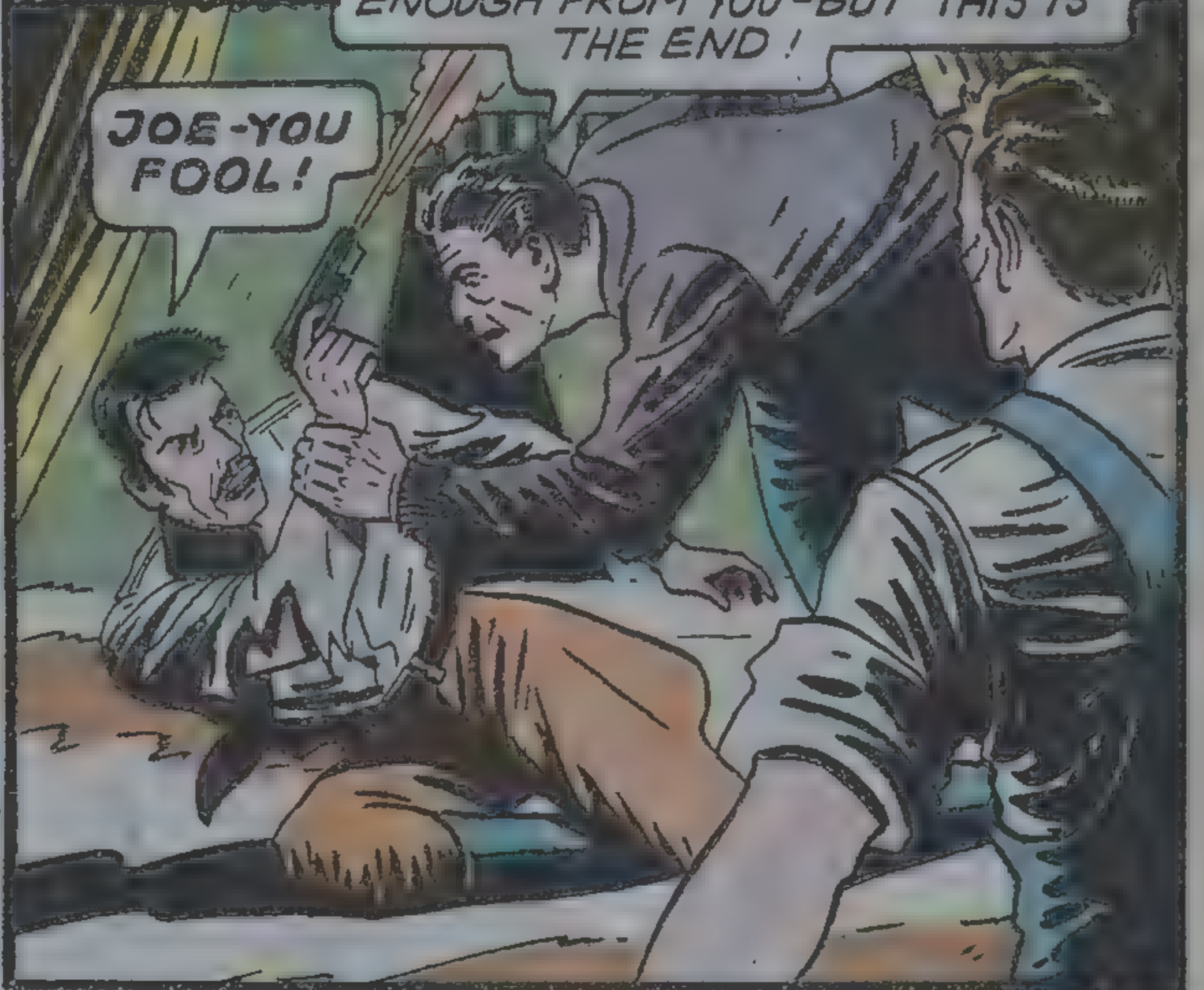
SO YOU KNOW! WELL, I'LL MAKE
SURE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
WHO DOES -



SUDDENLY -

NO, YOU DON'T, ELKINS! I'VE STOOD
ENOUGH FROM YOU - BUT THIS IS
THE END!

JOE - YOU
FOOL!



I ARREST YOU FOR
THE MURDER OF BUSH-
LAND BILL MERCER,
ELKINS! I ARREST
YOU TOO, JOE, BE-
CAUSE I THINK YOU
WERE IN ON IT,
ALSO!

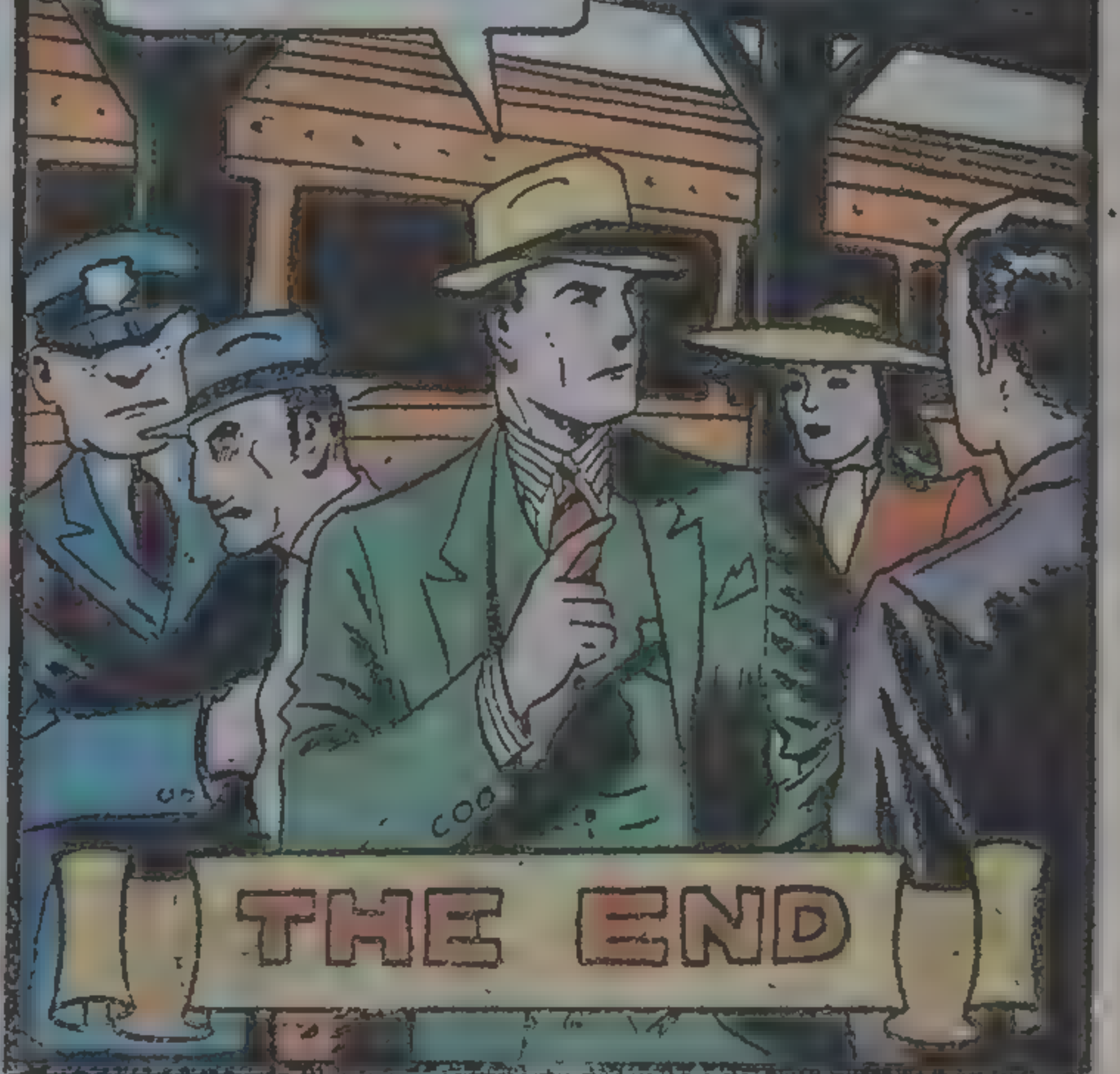
I WAS, BUT ELKINS
FORCED ME - HE KNEW
I HAD STOLEN MONEY
AND THREATENED TO
TURN ME IN UNLESS
I POSED AS BUSH-
LAND BILL!



AND YOU POSED AS BUSH-
LAND BILL AND ENRAGED
JUMBO SO HE WOULD GO
MAD AT THE SIGHT OF
BILL! AND THE OTHER
NIGHT ELKINS WIRED
THE MAMMOTH TUSK
OVER JUMBO'S TUSK
SO NOT A DROP OF
BLOOD WOULD SHOW -
AND THEN LET JUMBO
LOOSE AT BUSHLAND
BILL!



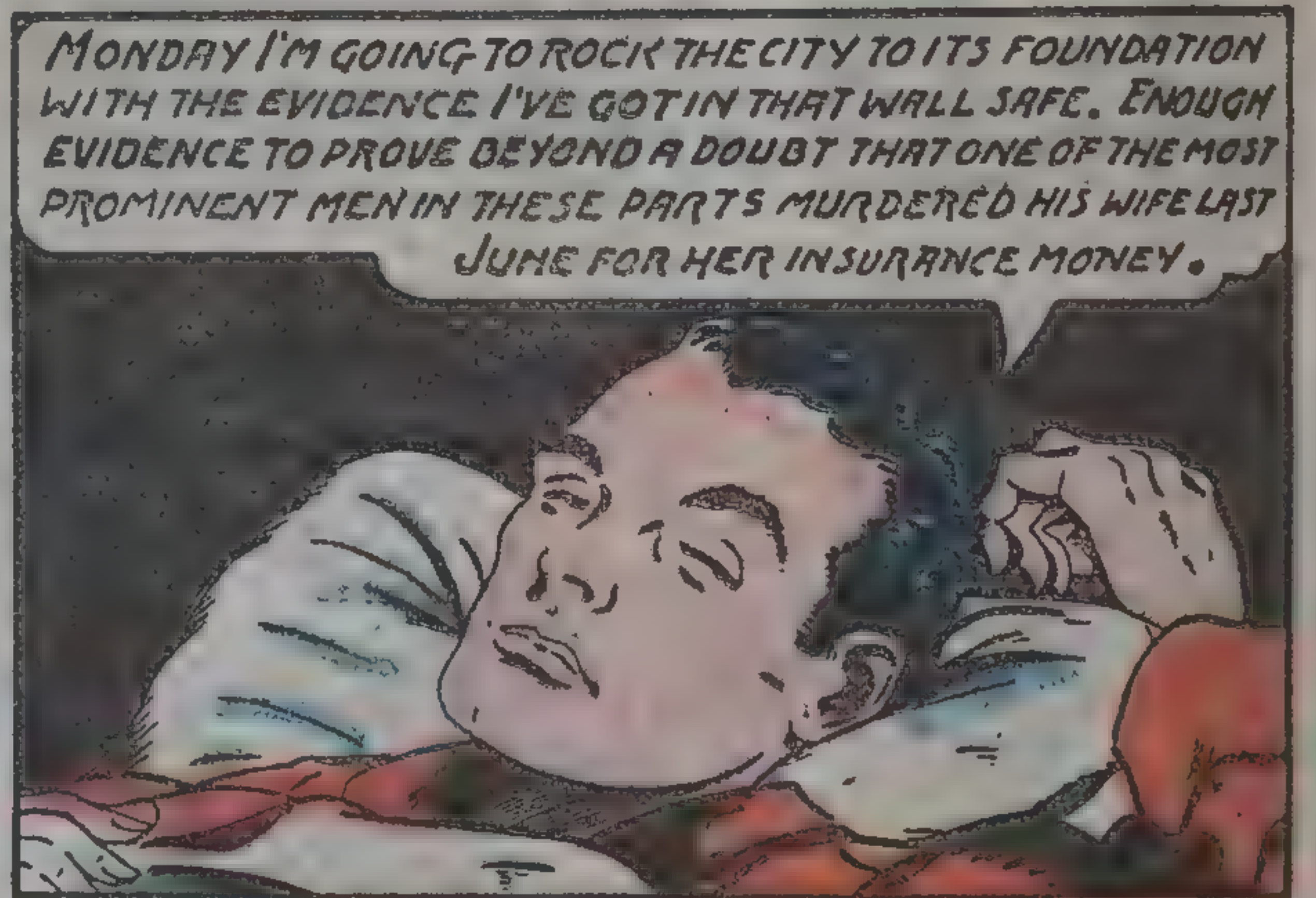
I WON'T CALL YOU UNTIL THE TRIAL, JOE -
I GUESS YOU'RE SORRY FOR THE PART
YOU PLAYED. IF YOU TURN STATE'S
EVIDENCE, I THINK I CAN GET YOU
OFF LIGHTLY!



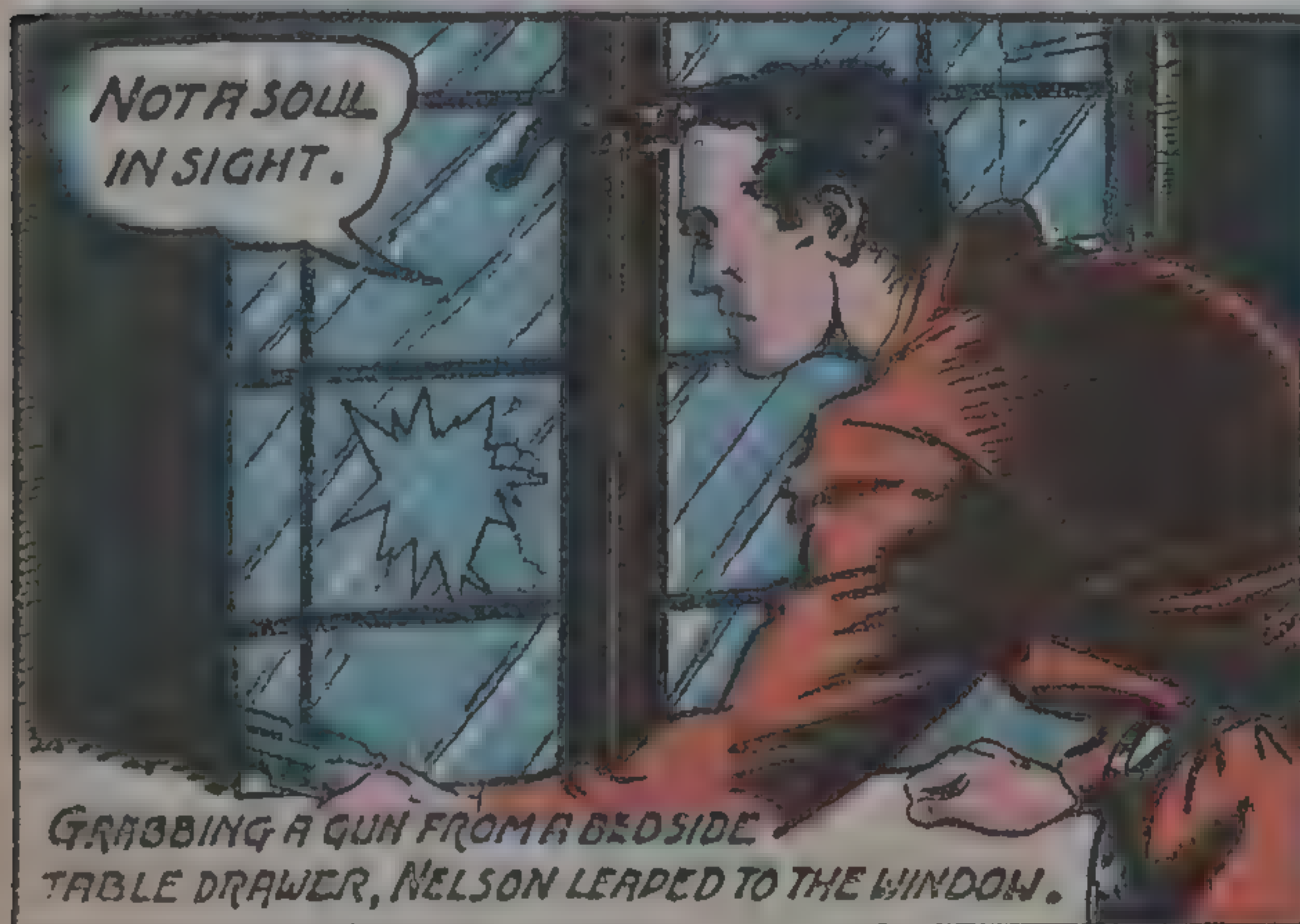
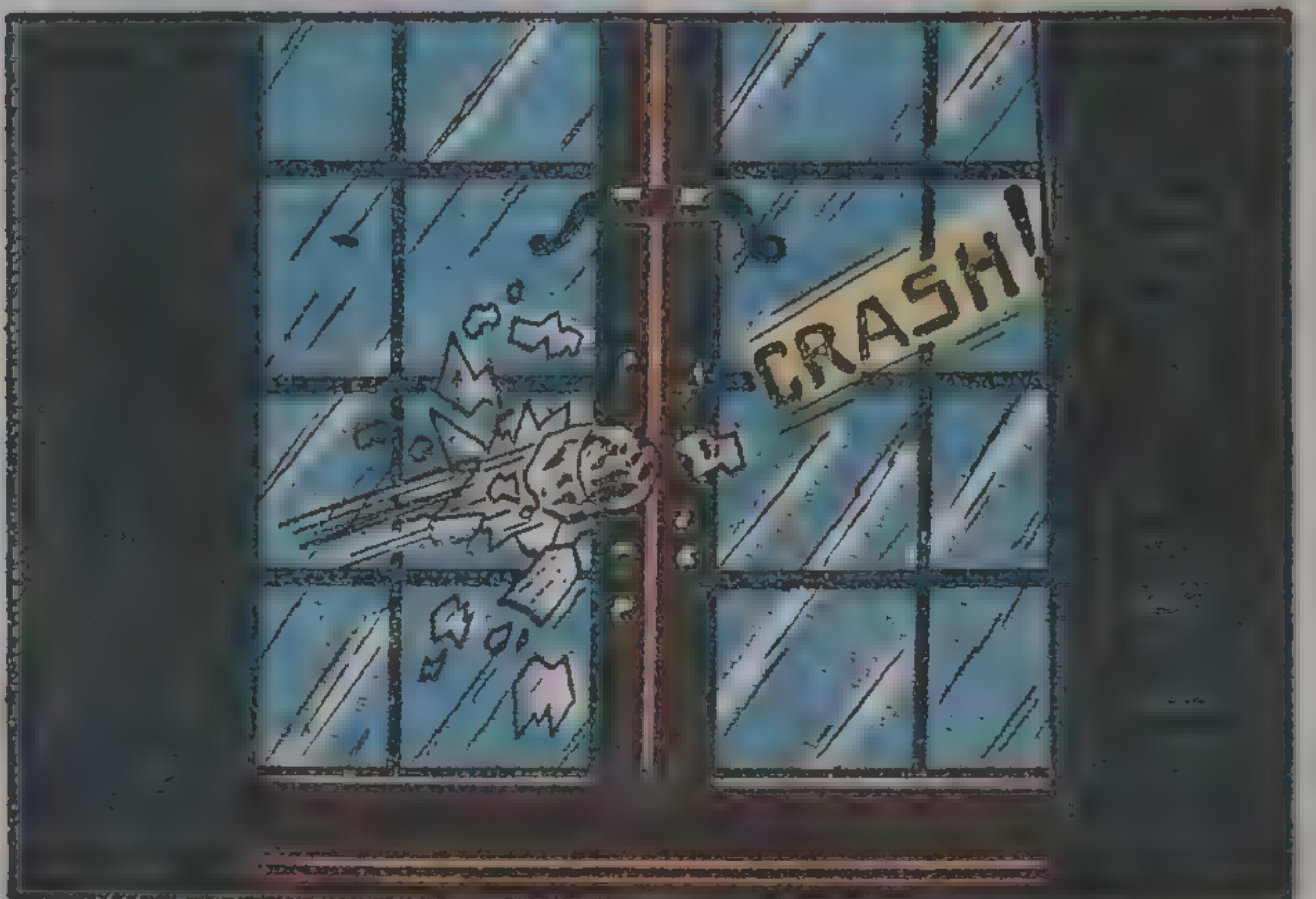
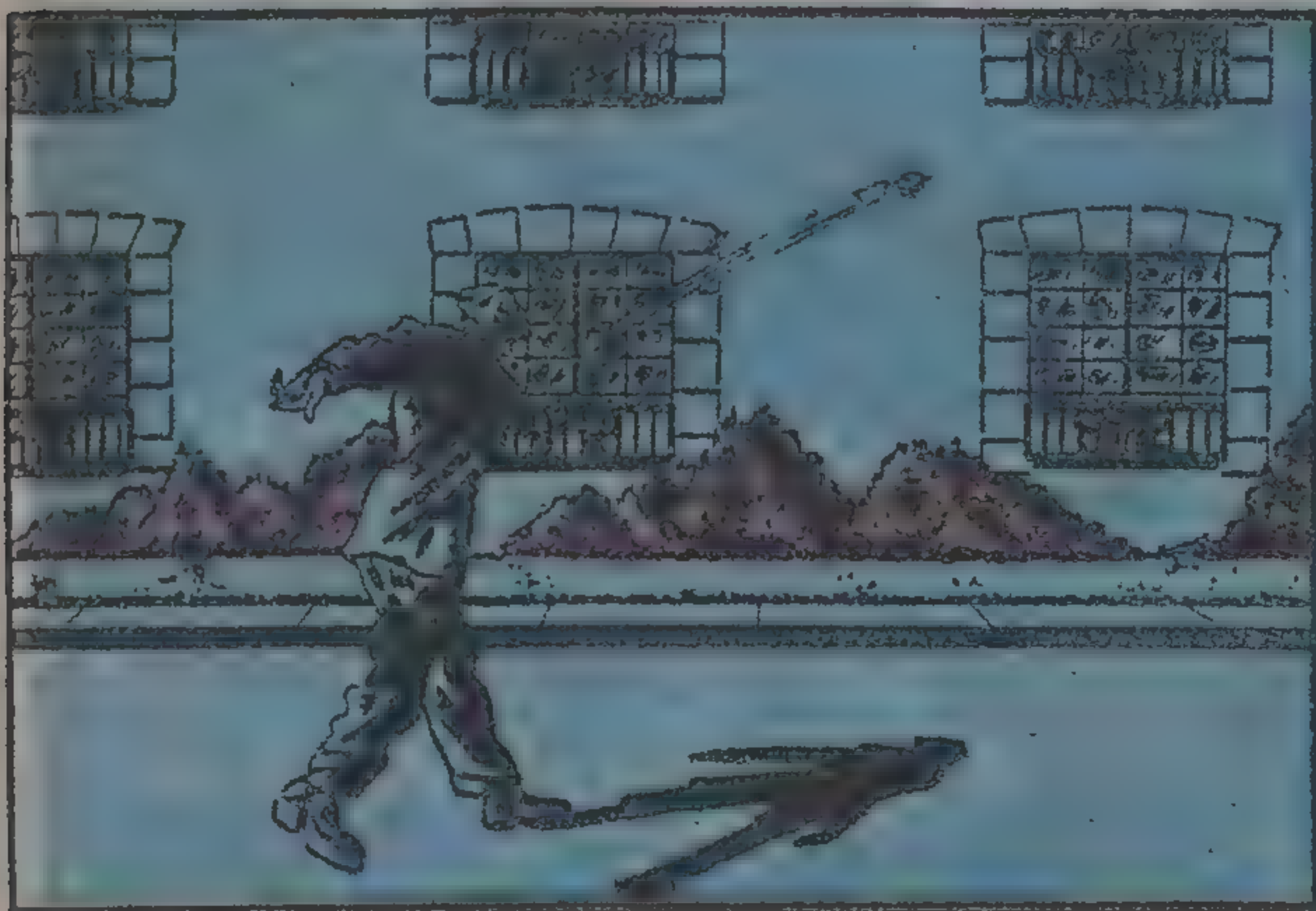
BRUCE NELSON



FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH.
IT'S BEEN A DARN UN-
LUCKY DAY FOR A
CERTAIN SOCIETY
BIG SHOT IN
THIS TOWN.



MONDAY I'M GOING TO ROCK THE CITY TO ITS FOUNDATION
WITH THE EVIDENCE I'VE GOT IN THAT WALL SAFE. ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO PROVE BEYOND A DOUBT THAT ONE OF THE MOST
PROMINENT MEN IN THESE PARTS MURDERED HIS WIFE LAST
JUNE FOR HER INSURANCE MONEY.



NOT A SOUL
IN SIGHT.

GRABBING A GUN FROM A BEDSIDE
TABLE DRAWER, NELSON LEAPED TO THE WINDOW.



HMM! A ROCK WITH
A NOTE ATTACH-
ED TO IT. LET'S
SEE WHAT IT
SAYS.

BY ~ TOM HICKEY.

"IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S HEALTHY FOR YOU STAY AWAY FROM COLONEL LONSDALE'S PARTY THIS WEEKEND".

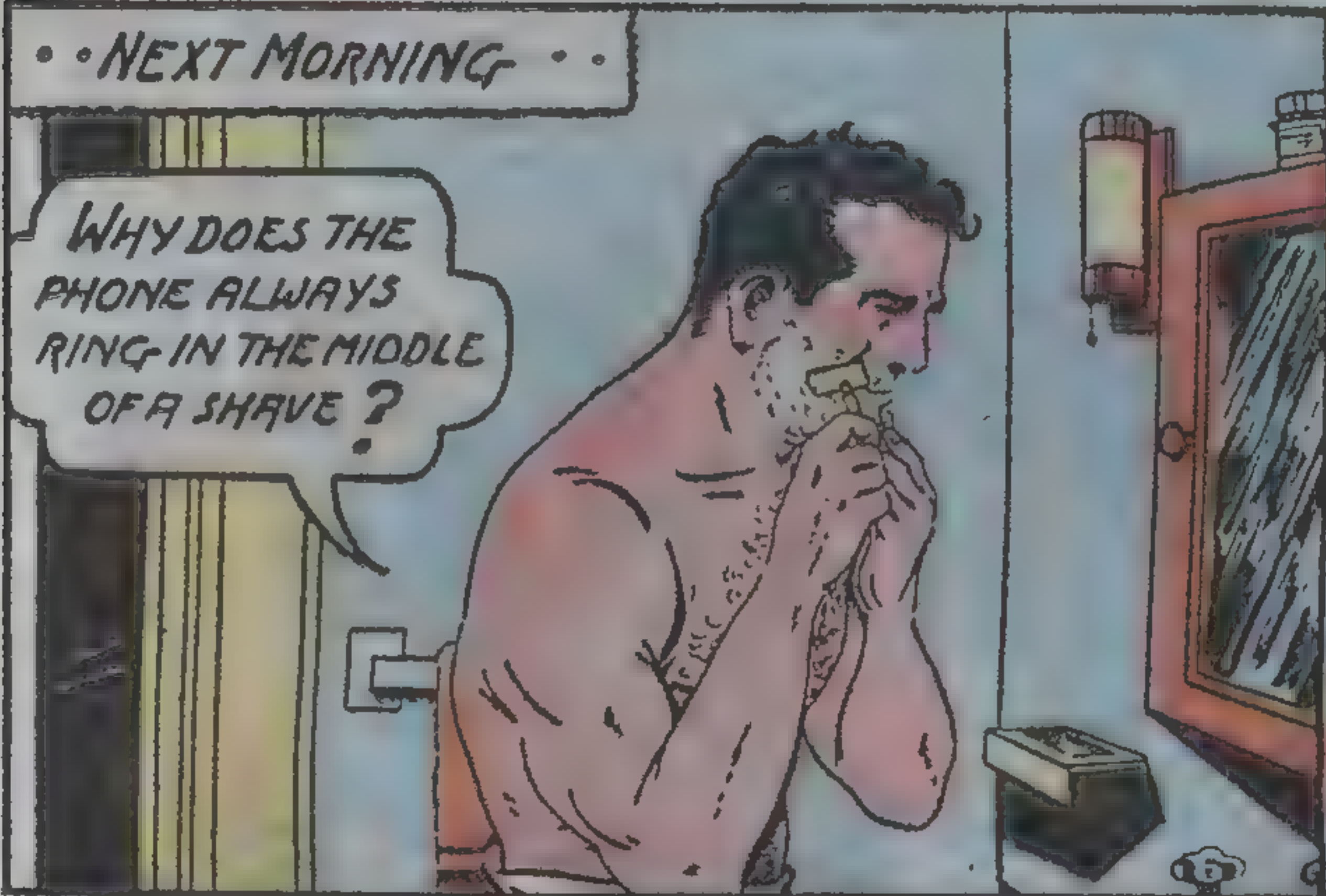


WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY? COLONEL LONSDALE'S PARTY THIS WEEKEND? WHY I HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN INVITED!



•• NEXT MORNING ••

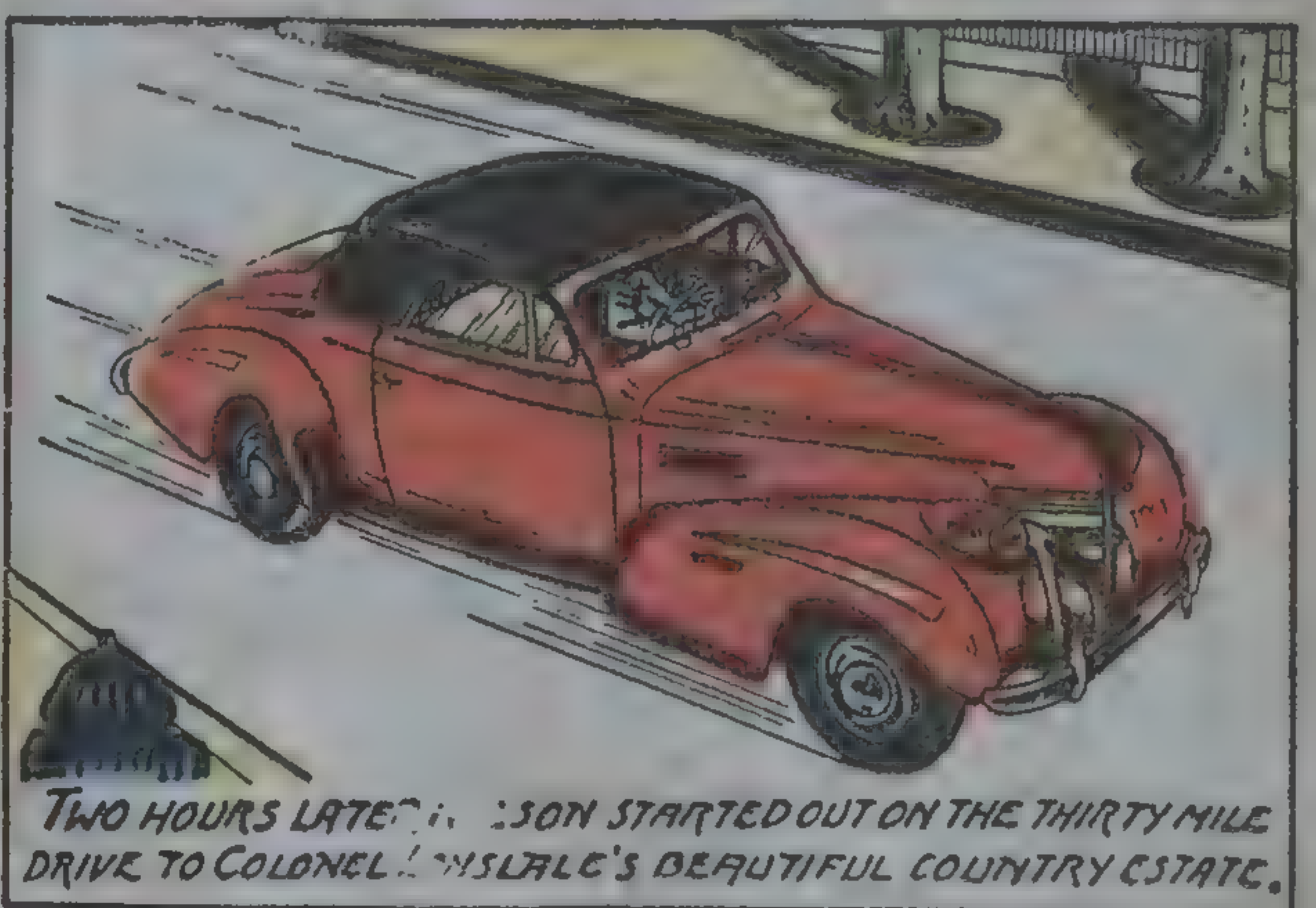
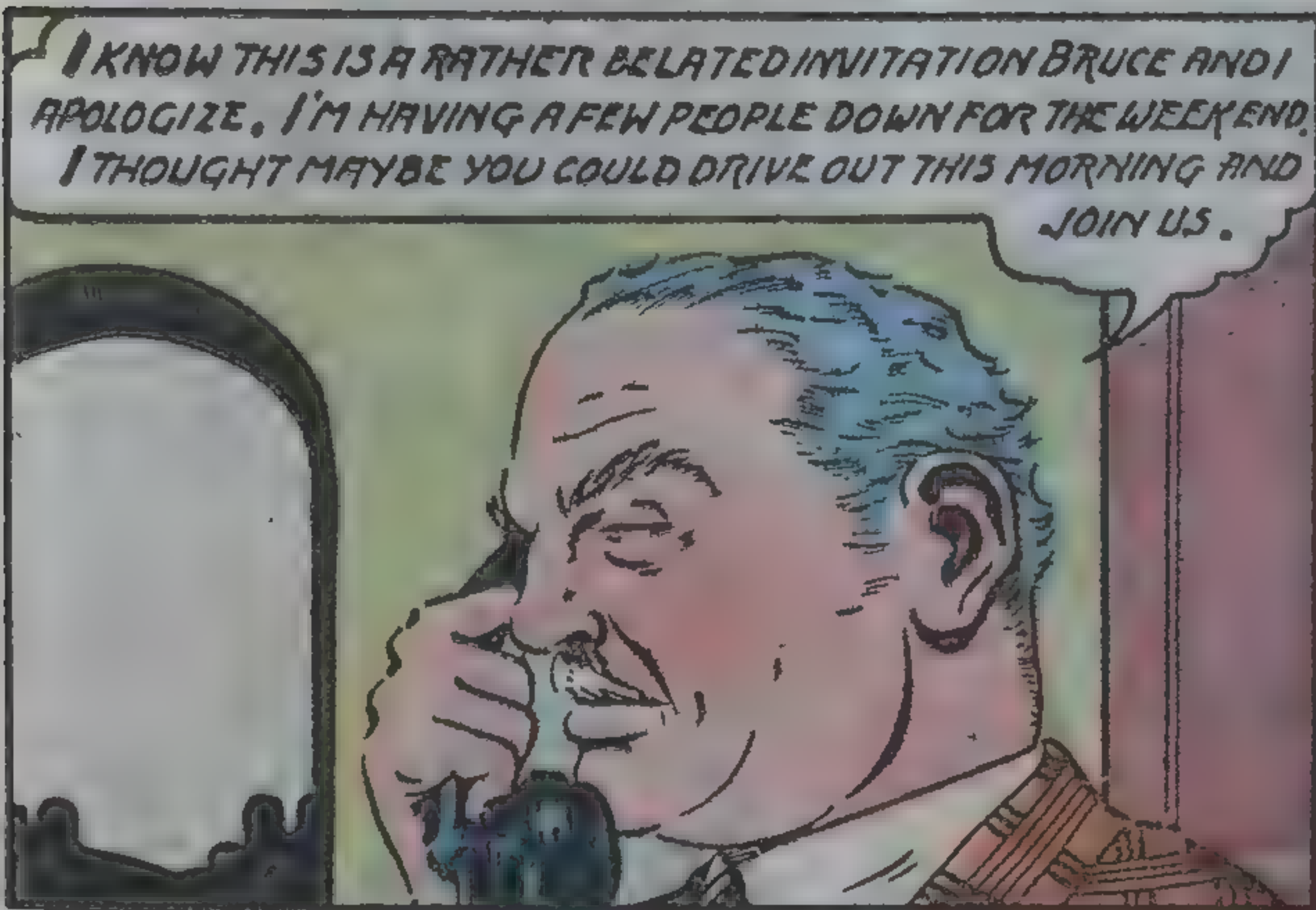
WHY DOES THE PHONE ALWAYS RING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SHAVE?



OH, COLONEL LONSDALE! HOW ARE YOU? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE KENTUCKY DERBY.

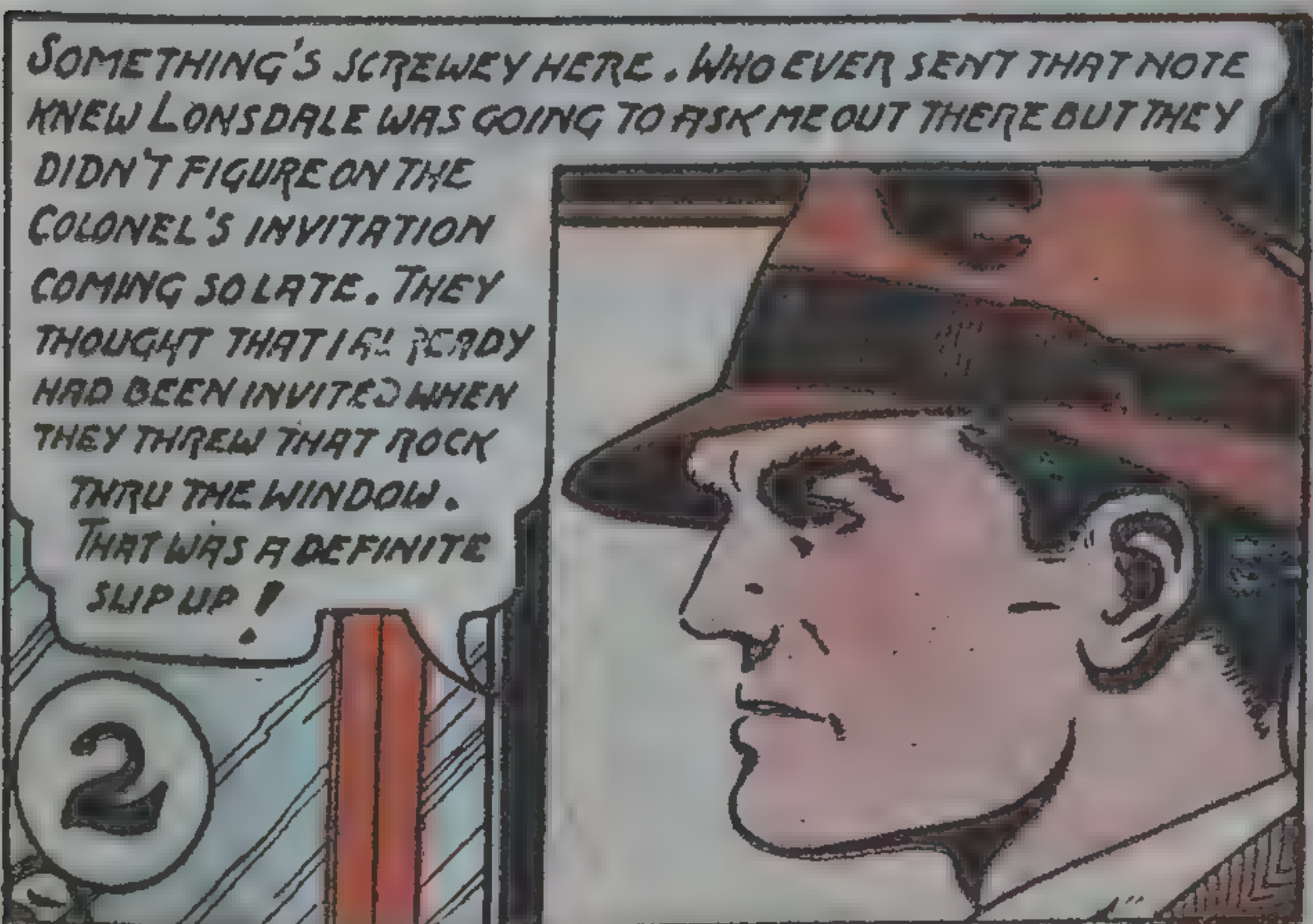


I KNOW THIS IS A RATHER BELATED INVITATION BRUCE AND I APOLOGIZE. I'M HAVING A FEW PEOPLE DOWN FOR THE WEEKEND. I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD DRIVE OUT THIS MORNING AND JOIN US.

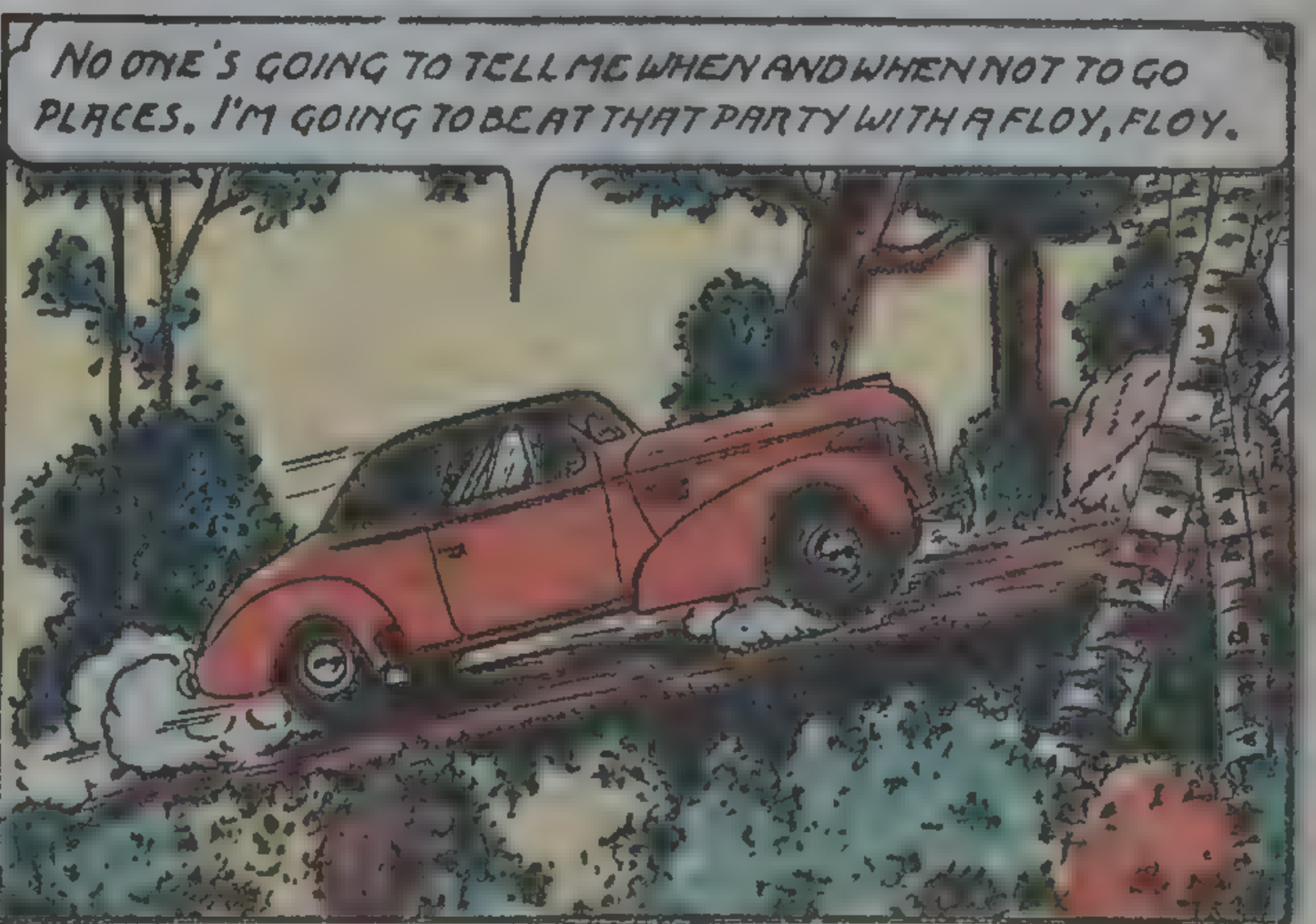


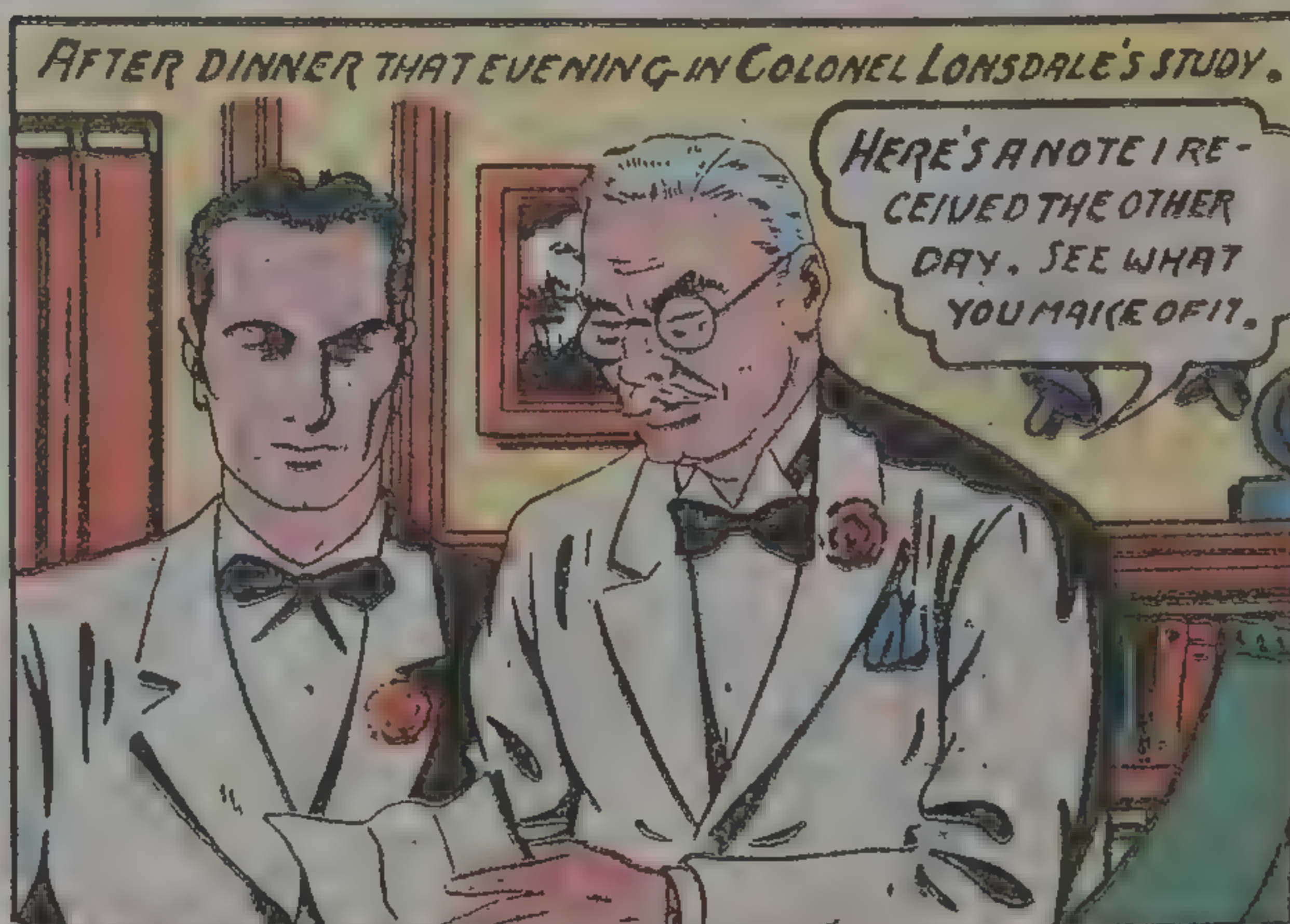
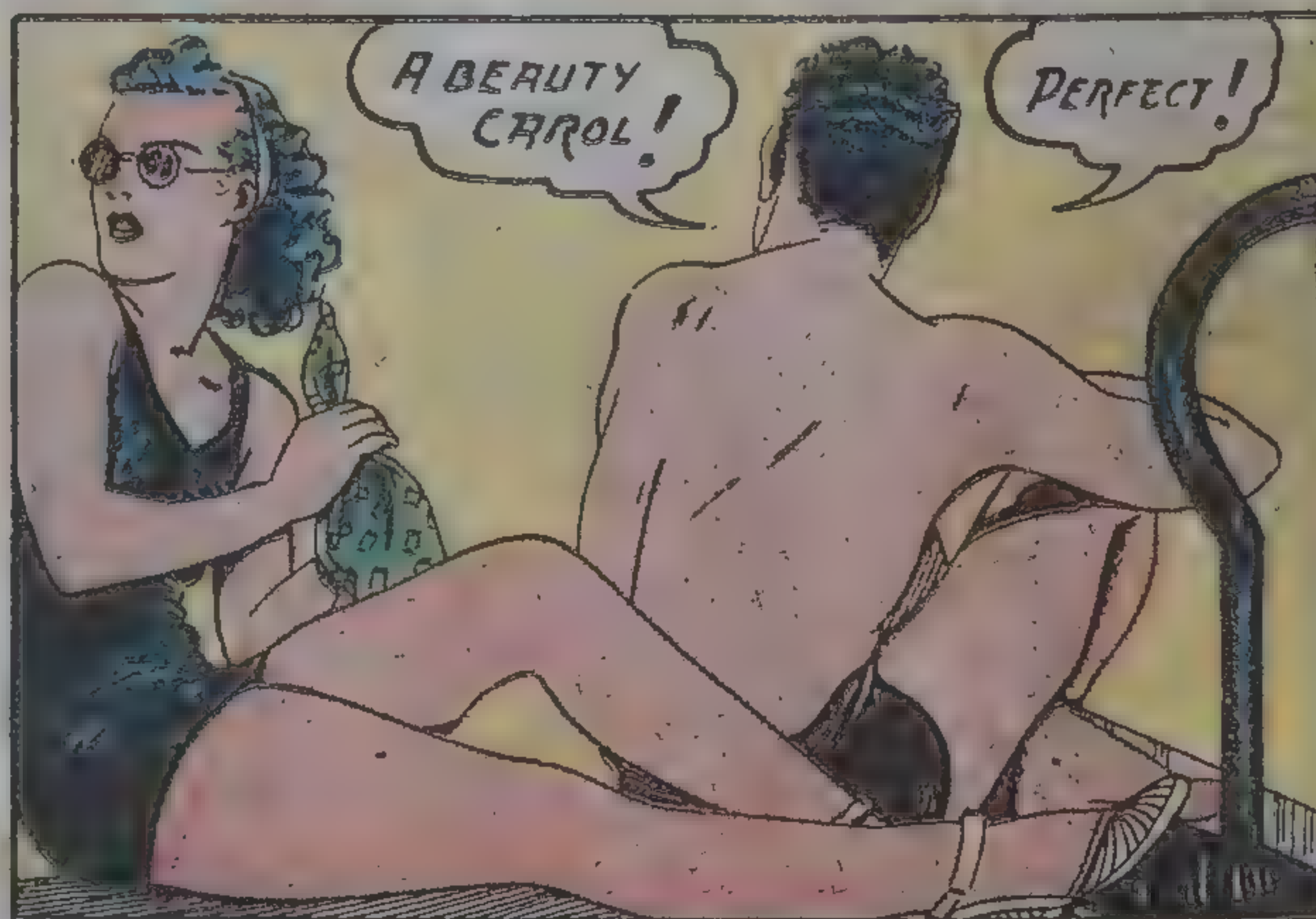
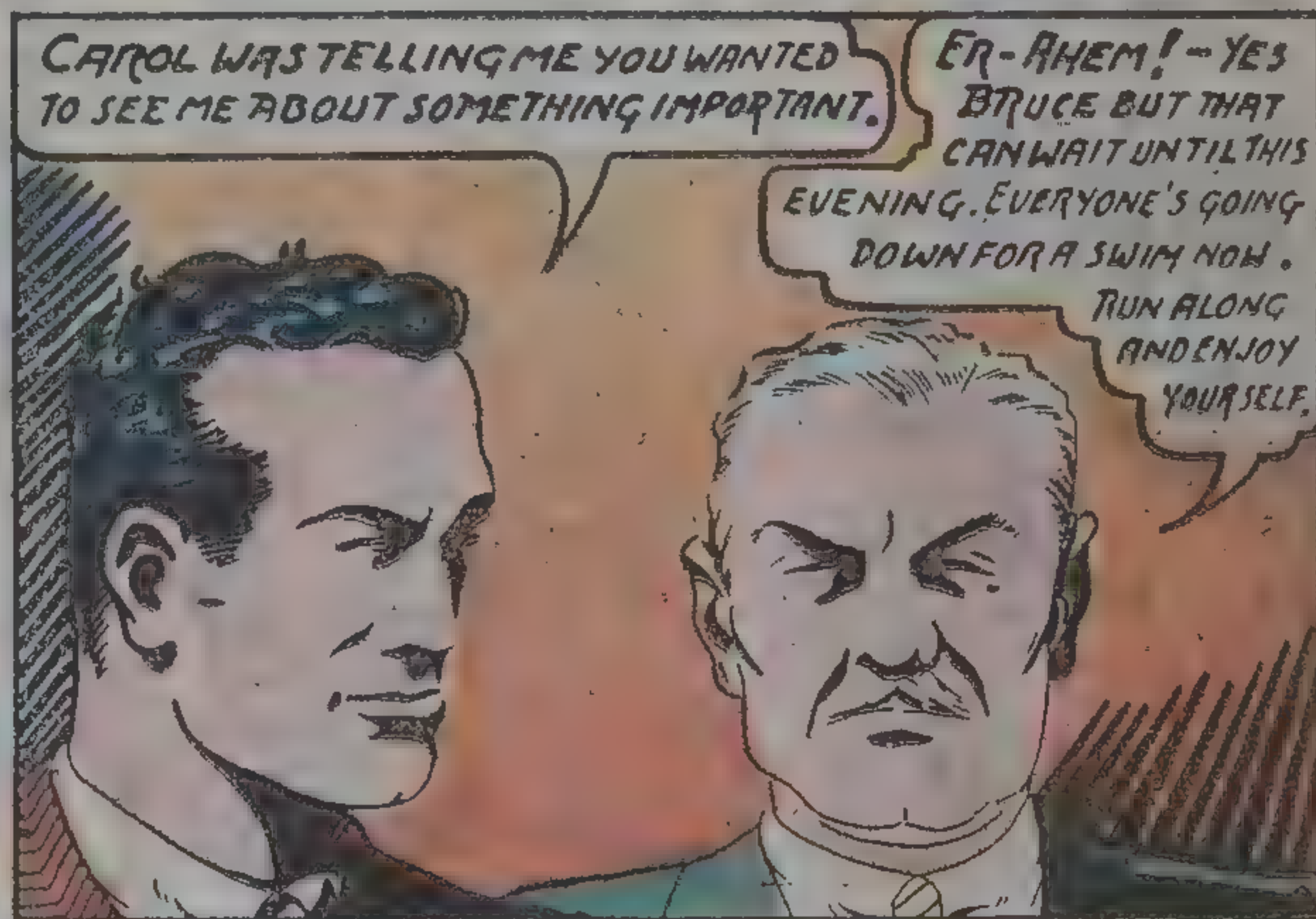
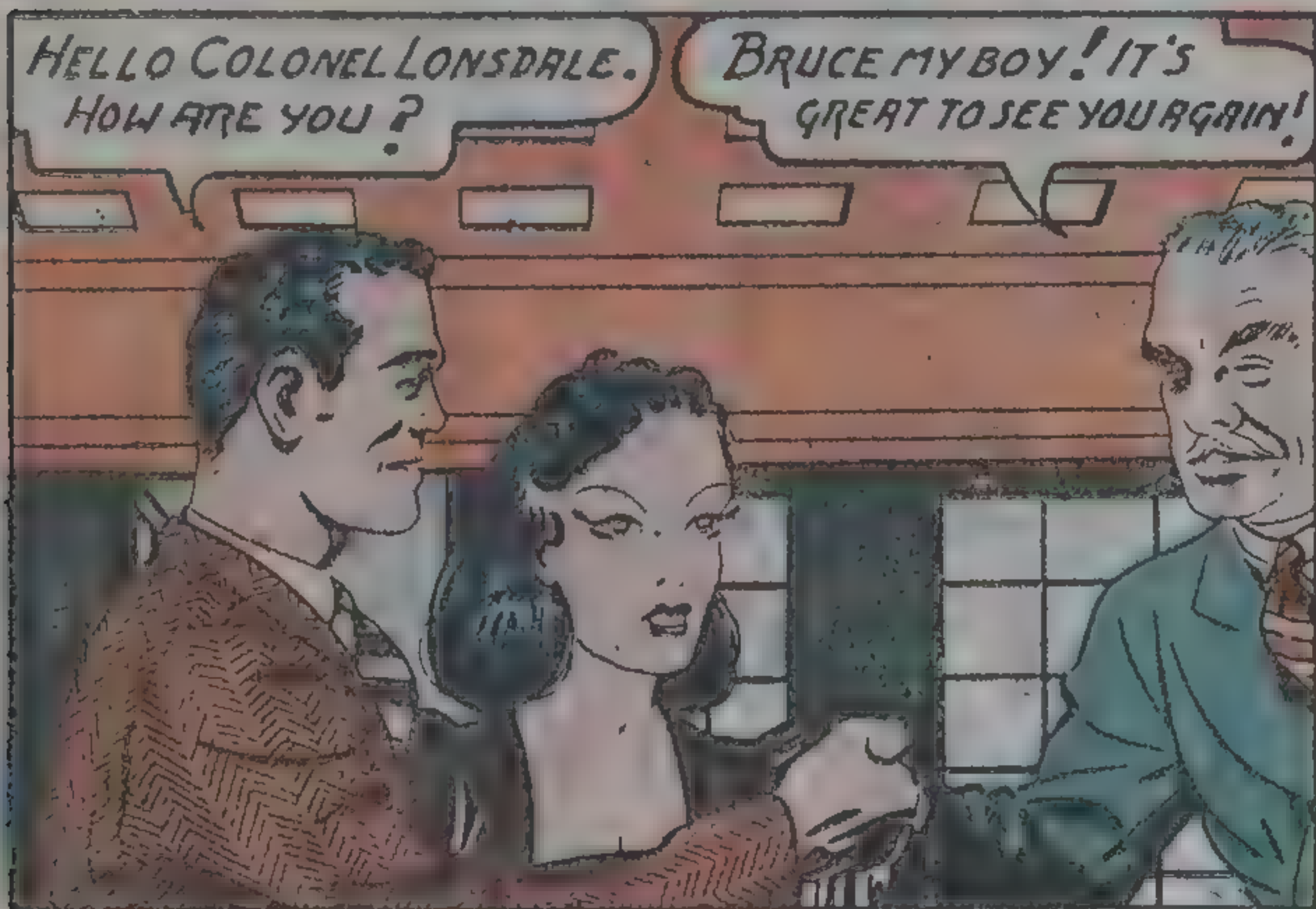
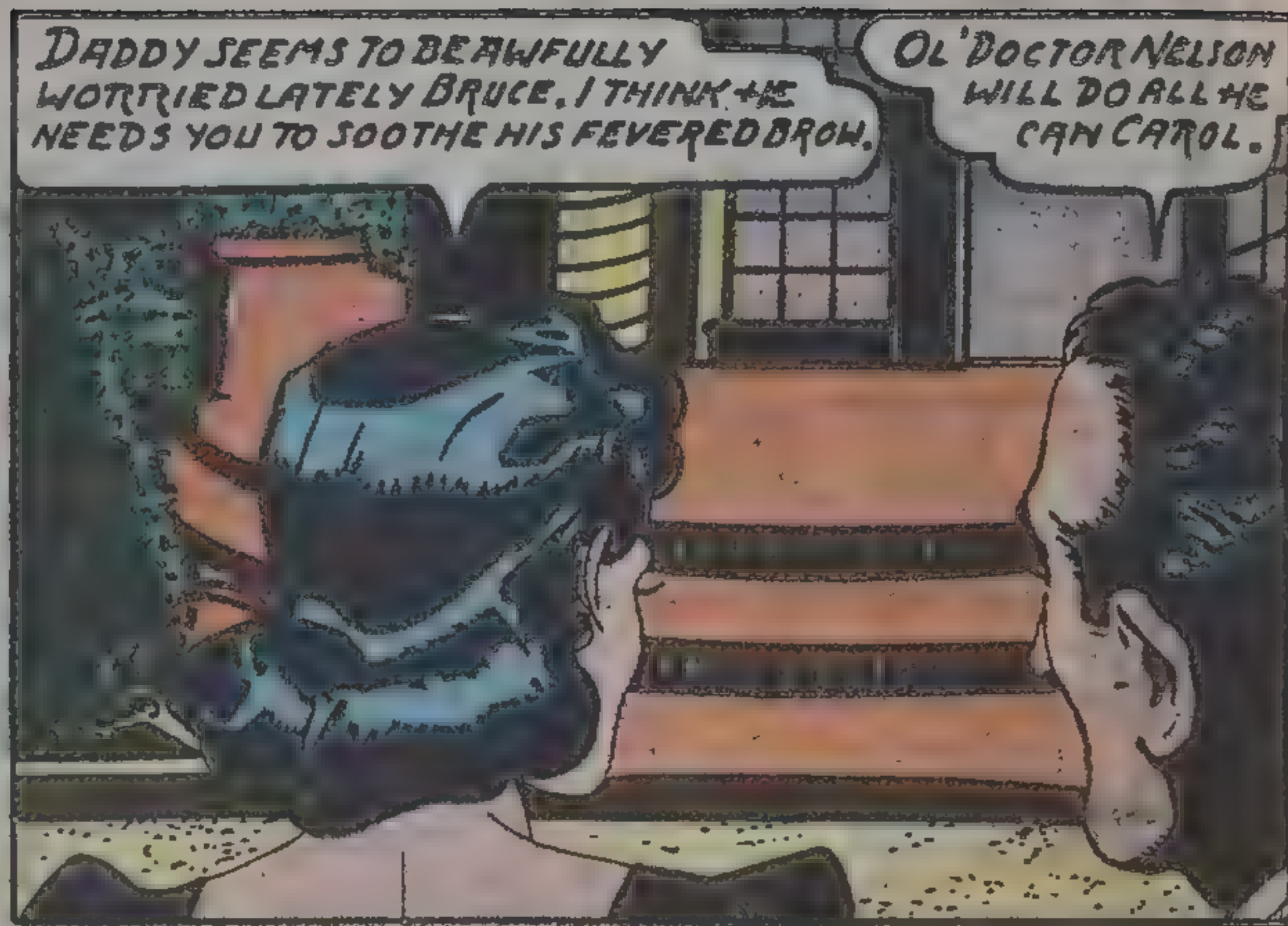
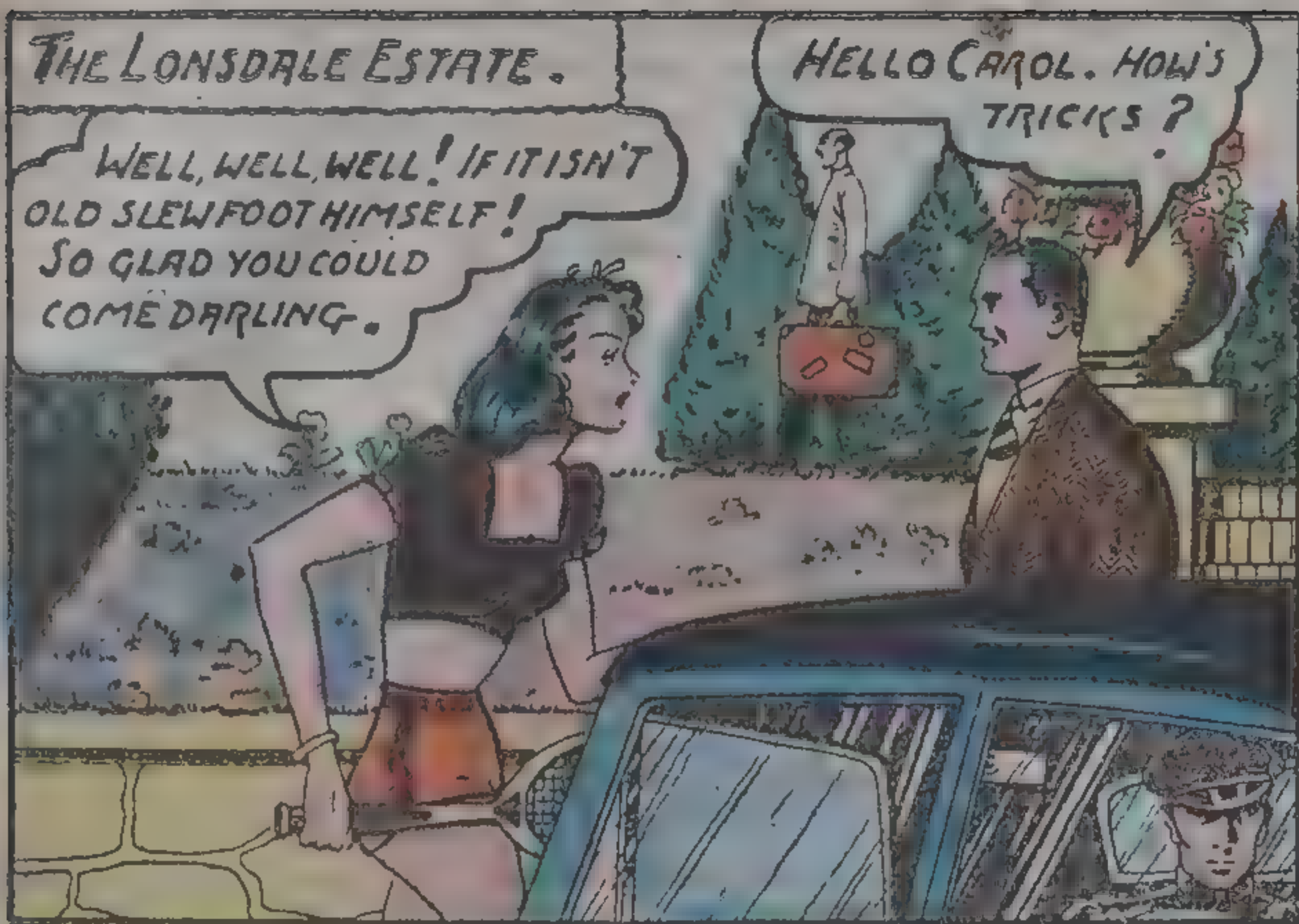
TWO HOURS LATER, BRUCE STARTED OUT ON THE THIRTY MILE DRIVE TO COLONEL LONSDALE'S BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ESTATE.

SOMETHING'S SCREWY HERE. WHO EVER SENT THAT NOTE KNEW LONSDALE WAS GOING TO ASK ME OUT THERE BUT THEY DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE COLONEL'S INVITATION COMING SO LATE. THEY THOUGHT THAT I WAS READY HAD BEEN INVITED WHEN THEY THREW THAT ROCK THRU THE WINDOW. THAT WAS A DEFINITE SLIP UP!



NO ONE'S GOING TO TELL ME WHEN AND WHEN NOT TO GO PLACES. I'M GOING TO BE AT THAT PARTY WITH A FLOY, FLOY.





"UNLESS YOU LEAVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE TRUNK OF THE HOLLOW OAK TREE ON OLD MILL ROAD SATURDAY NIGHT YOUR PRIZED ART COLLECTION WILL BE DESTROYED BEFORE MONDAY MORNING. ACT WISELY! THIS IS NOT A CRANK LETTER".



I SHOWED THIS TO MY ATTORNEY FREDERIC PEARCE. HE SUGGESTED THAT I GET YOU TO COME OUT AND TAKE CHARGE OF THINGS. HE SAID HE WAS SURE YOU WOULD KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT.



DID YOU SAY FREDERIC PEARCE? HE SUGGESTED MY COMING OUT HERE?

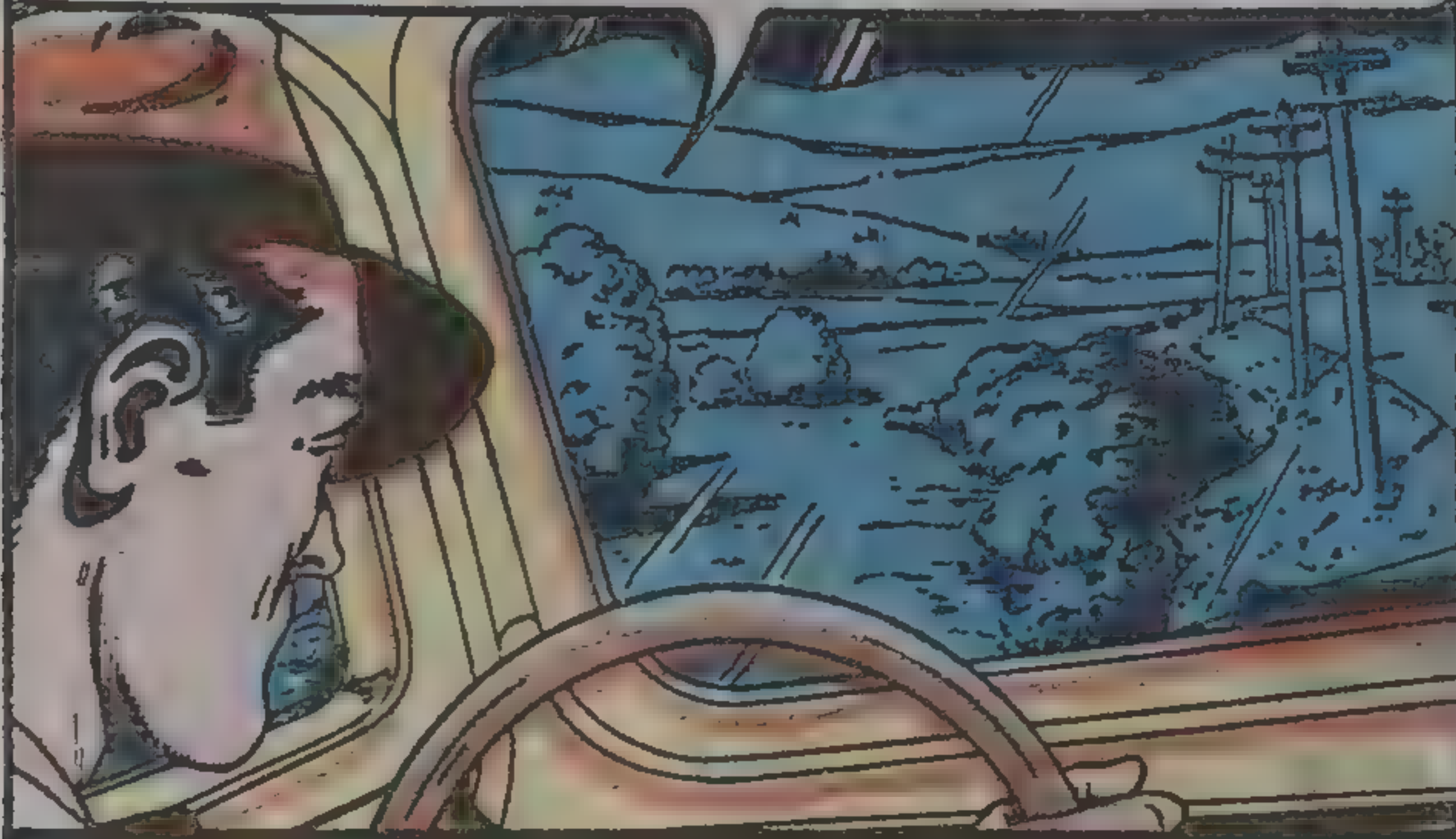
WHY YES. B-BUT WHY SO ASTONISHED?



COLONEL I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT! CAN'T STAY ANOTHER MINUTE! I MUST GET BACK TO TOWN IMMEDIATELY.



I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM CREDIT. HE'S SHARP. IT WAS A CLEVER RUSE TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY. AND I FELL FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!



NELSON'S POWERFULL CAR, GUIDED BY EXPERT HANDS, ROARED TOWARDS THE CITY AT A MAD PACE.

HE GROUND TO A STOP IN FRONT OF HIS APARTMENT HOUSE AND TORE INTO THE BUILDING.



HE UNLOCKED HIS DOOR CAUTIOUSLY, DREW HIS GUN AND TIPTOED ACROSS THE HALL.



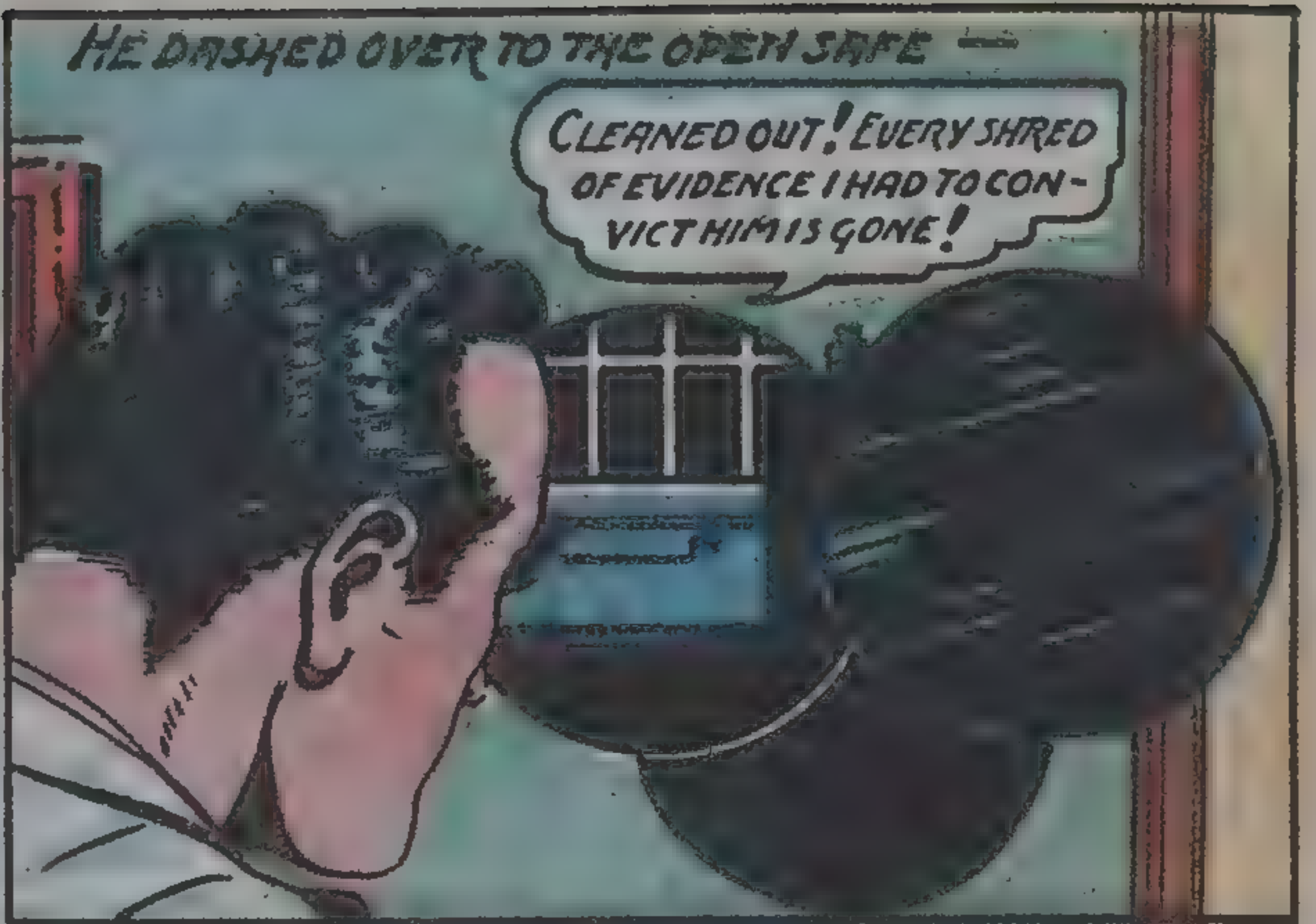
HE REACHED INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM DOOR AND SNAPPED ON THE LIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT! THE SAFE IS OPEN! HE'S BEEN HERE!

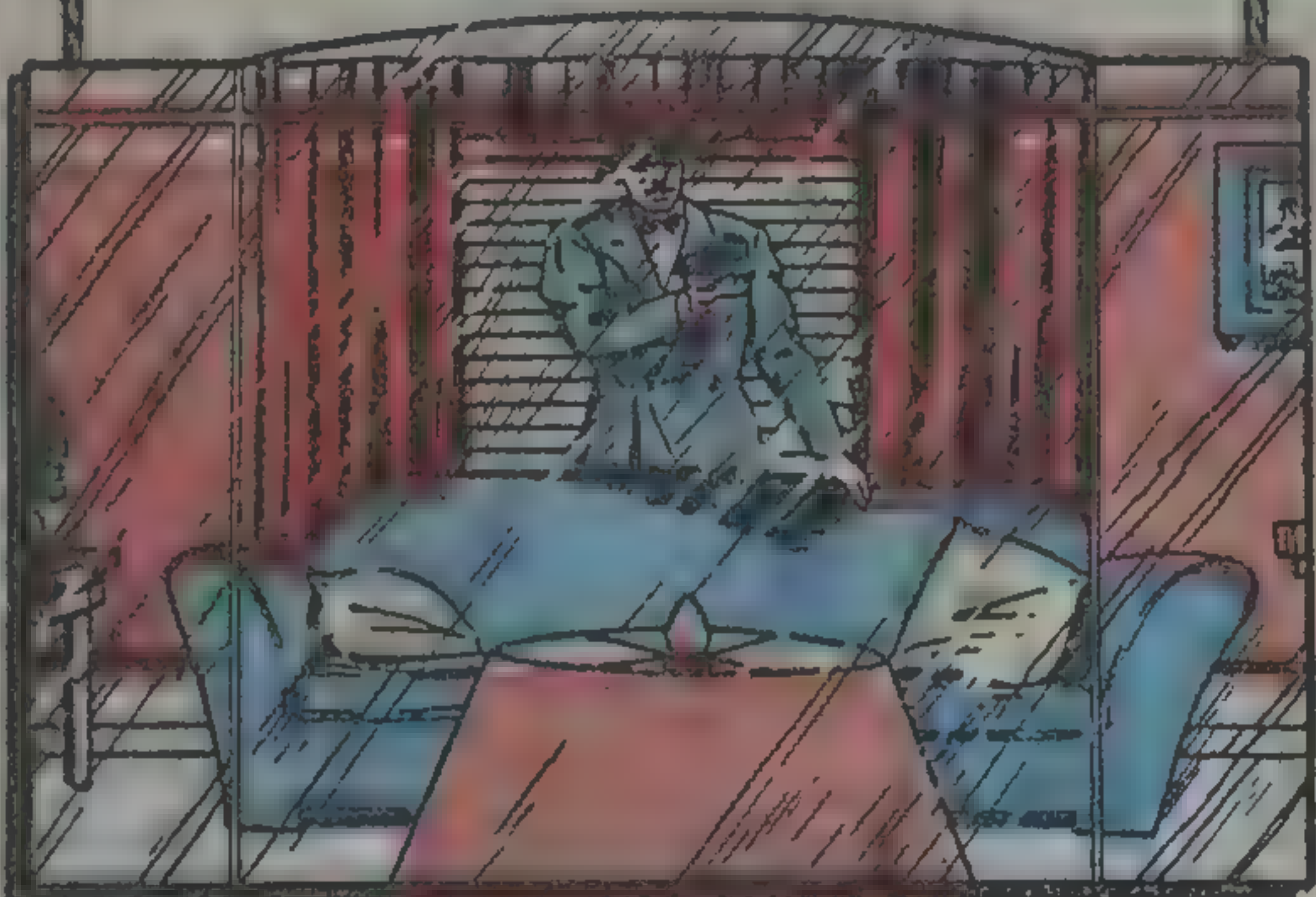


HE DASHED OVER TO THE OPEN SAFE —

CLEANED OUT! EVERY SHRED OF EVIDENCE I HAD TO CONVICT HIM IS GONE!



UNCONSCIOUSLY HIS GLANCE CAME TO REST ON A WALL MIRROR.



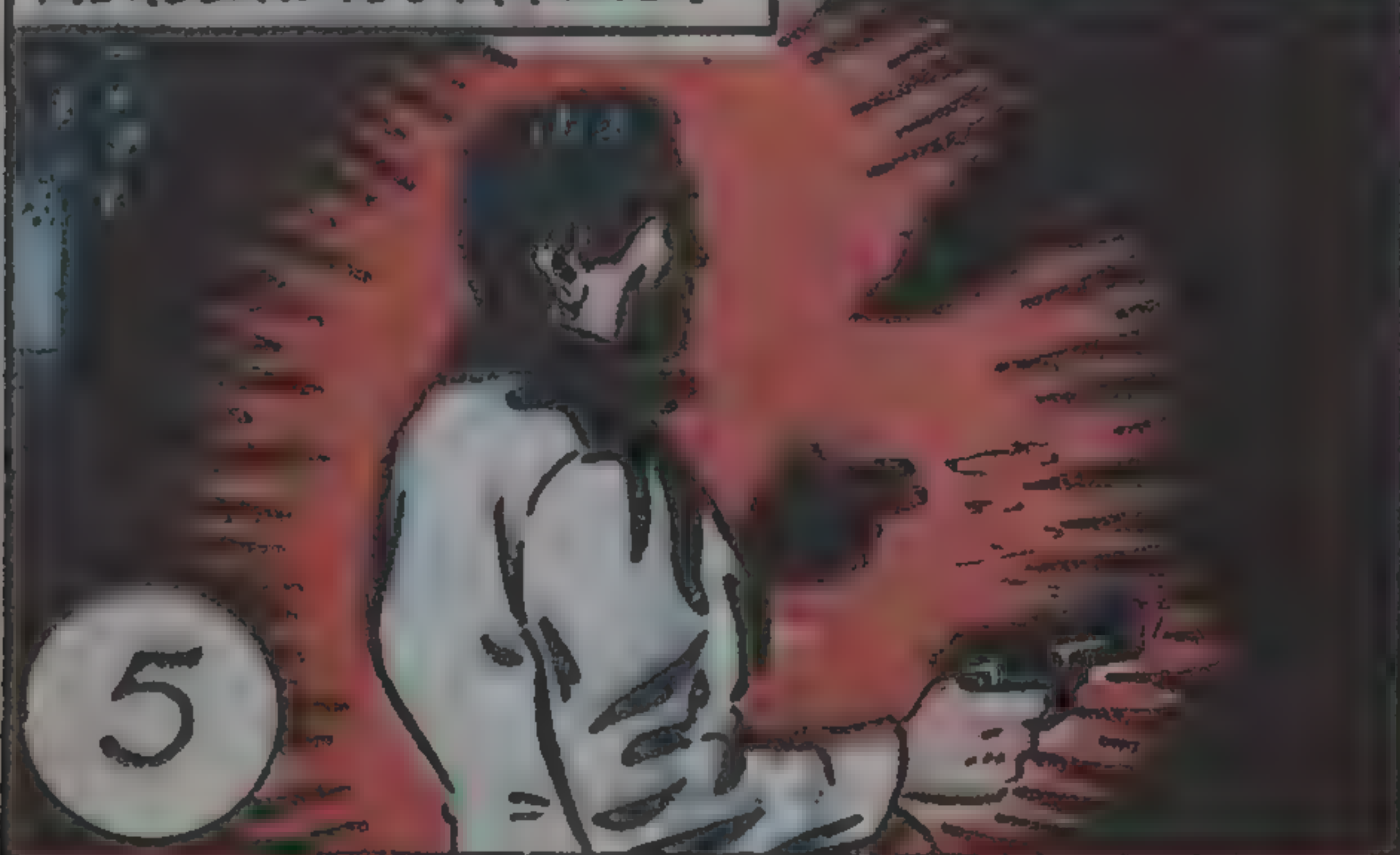
WHAT HE SAW BROUGHT HIM WHIRLING ABOUT, GUN BLAZING.



THE MAN WHO HAD RISEN FROM BEHIND THE DIVAN FIRED SIMULTANEOUSLY.

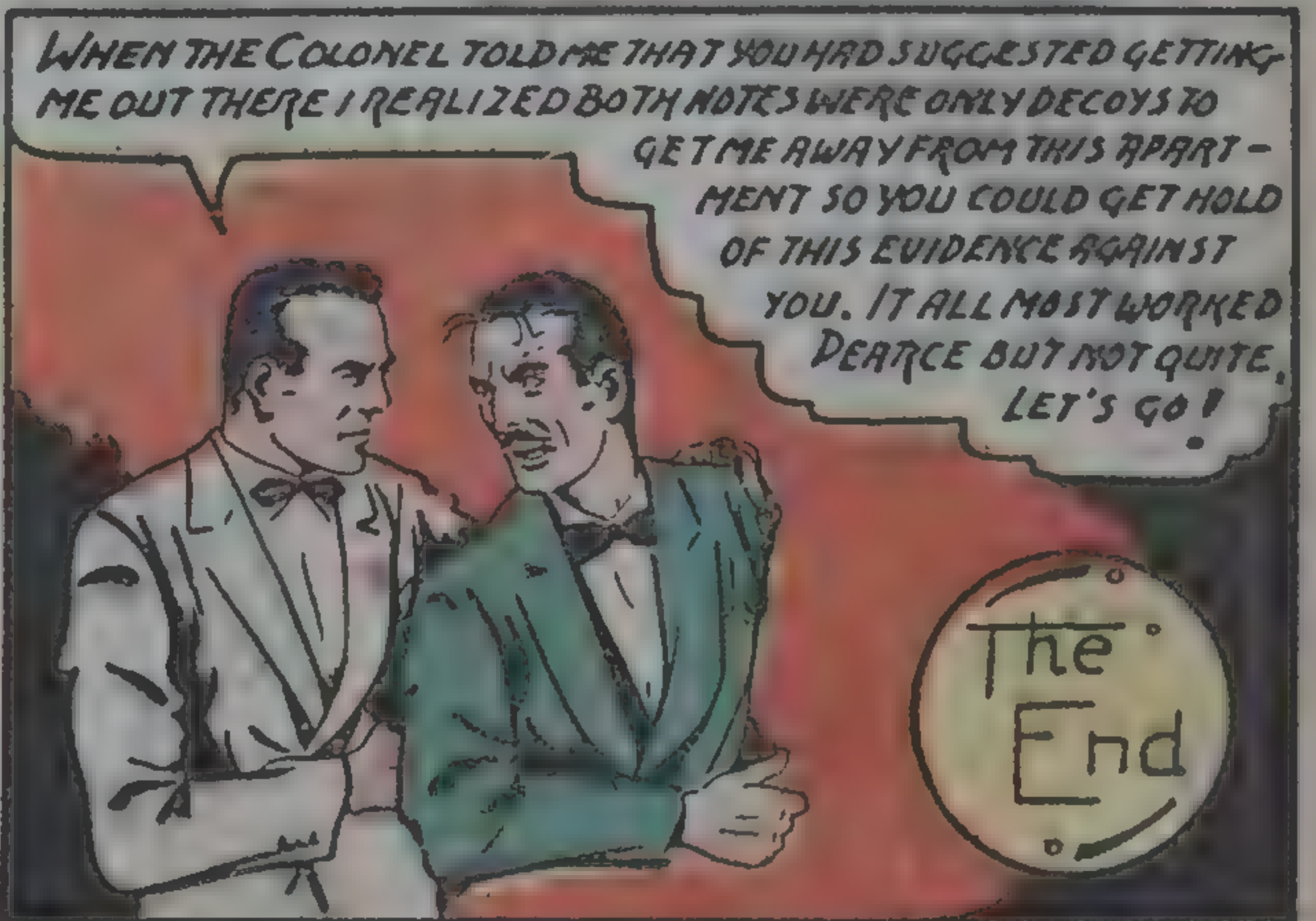
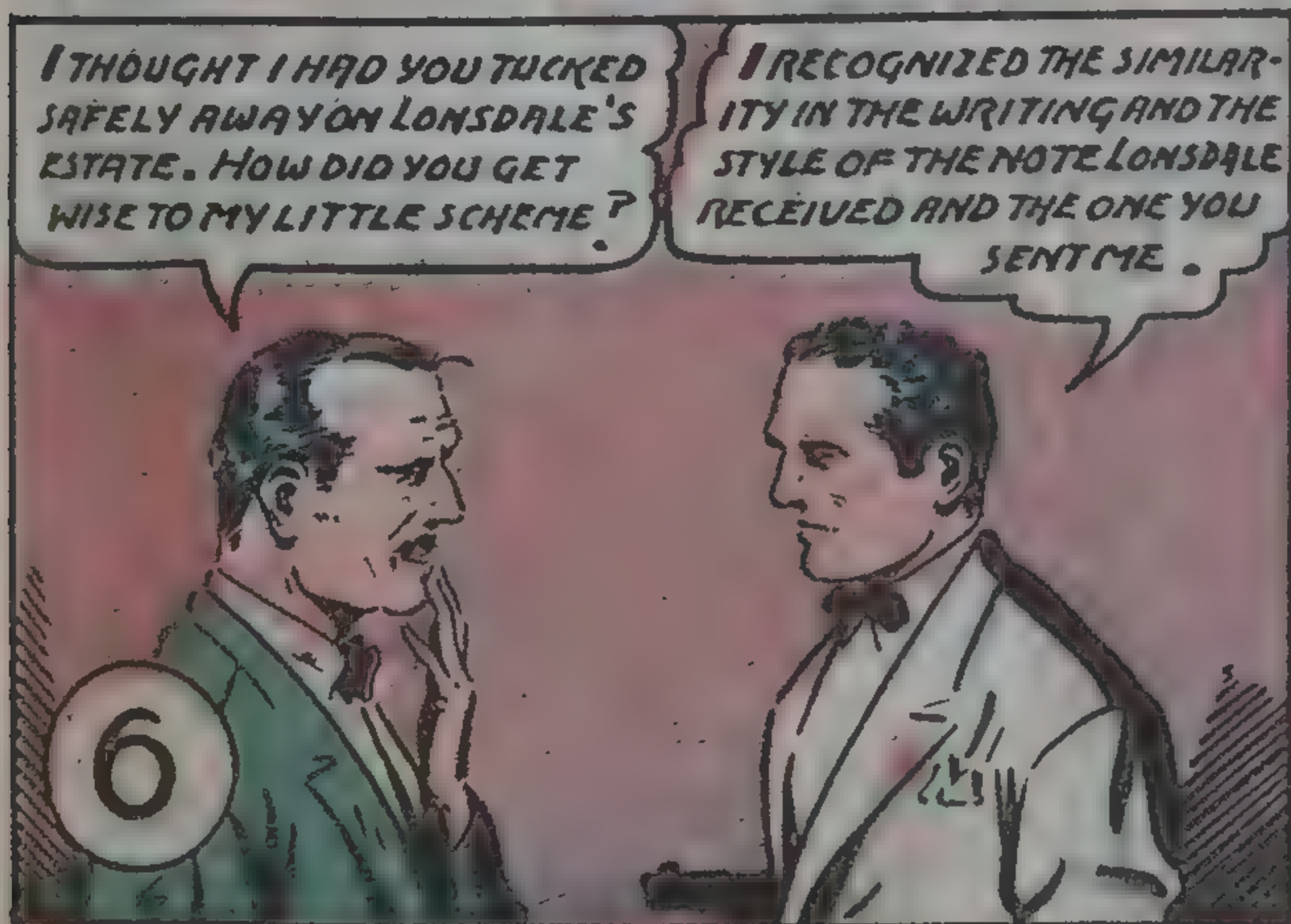
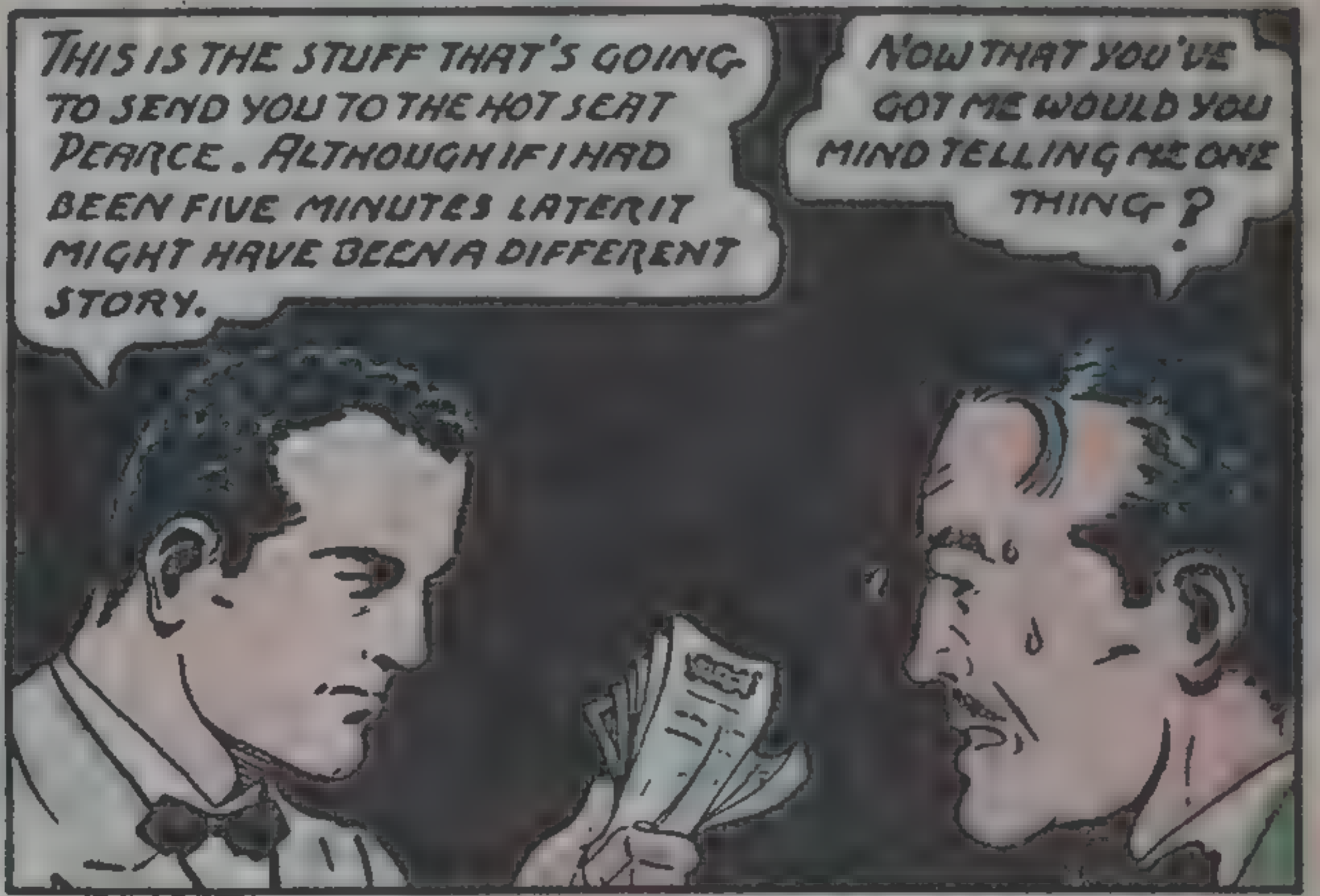
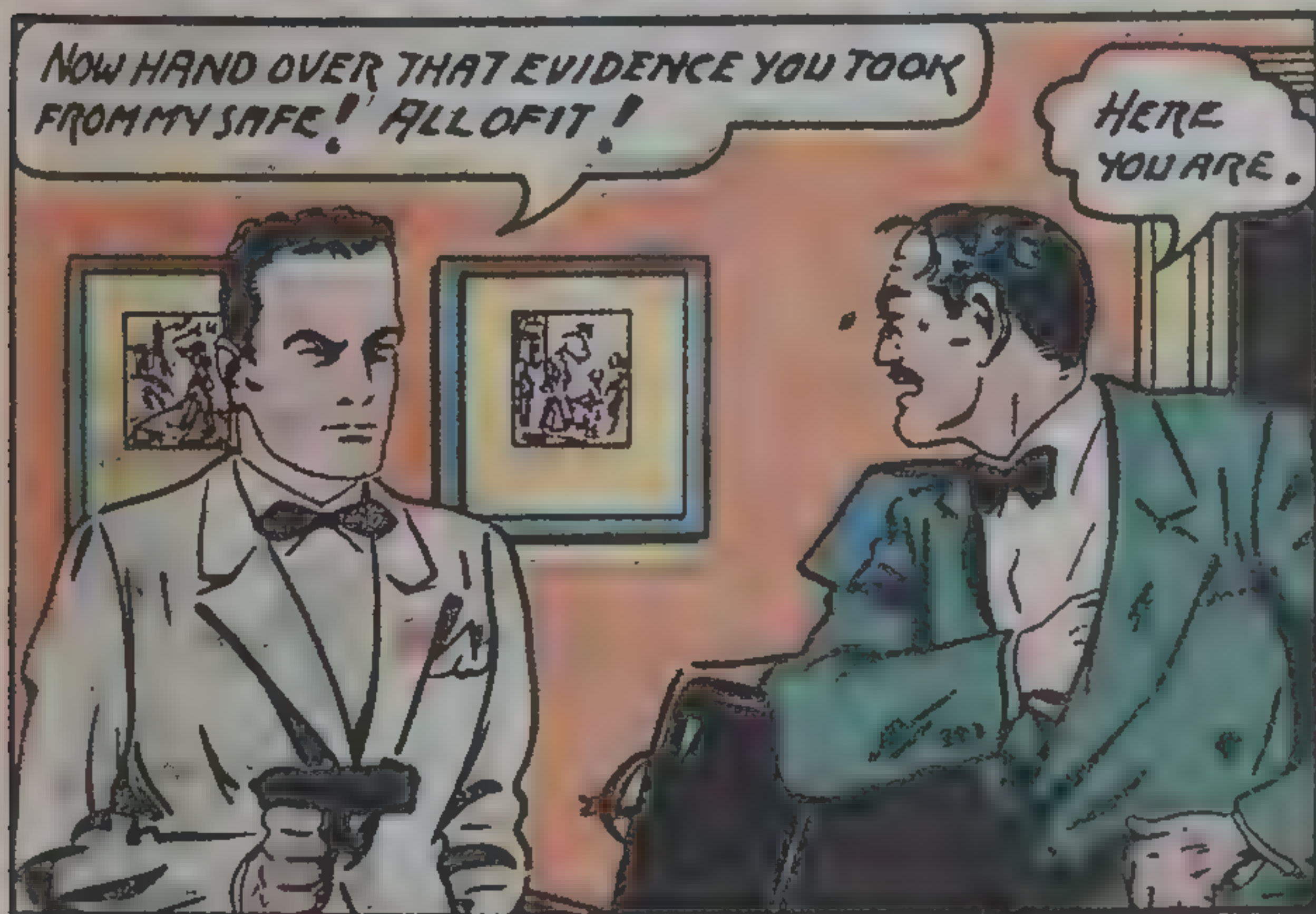
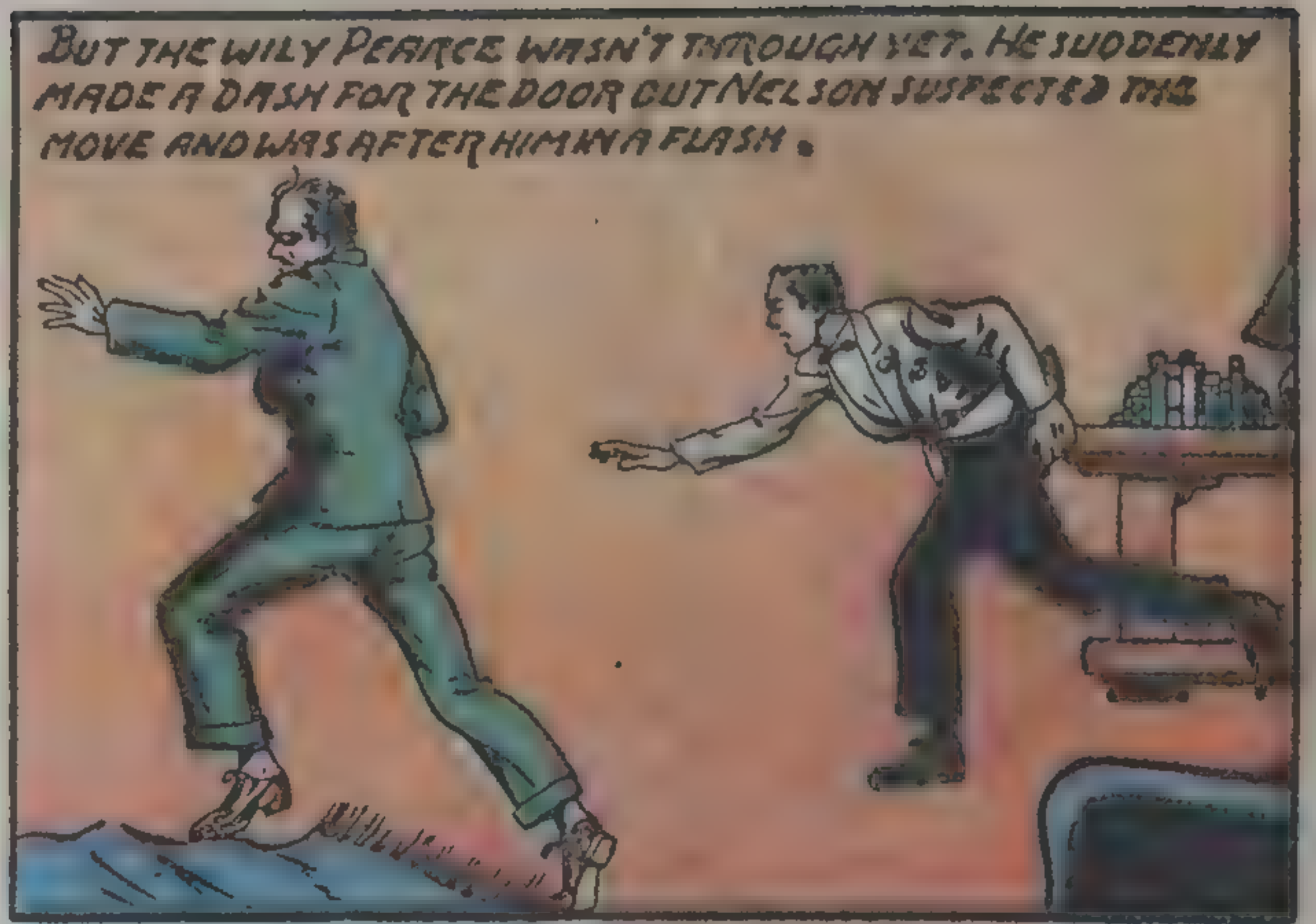


HIS SHOT MISSED NELSON AND HIT THE LIGHT, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS.



NELSON'S AIM WAS MORE ACCURATE. HE STRUCK THE MAN'S RIGHT ARM RENDERING IT USELESS. HIS GUN CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR.







COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

COSMO FINDS A NOTE IN THE DAY'S MAIL OF GREAT INTEREST.

HM, WHAT'S THIS?

DEAR COSMO;

I'VE HEARD OF YOUR BRILLIANT WORK AS A DETECTIVE. I'VE SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU ABOUT. WILL YOU KINDLY CALL ON ME AT TWO O'CLOCK WEDNESDAY?

YOUR'S TRULY
J. BRIGG M.D.

DOCTOR BRIGG?
LET'S SEE --
HE'S THE MAN
WHO LECTURED
ON BRAINS AND
BIOCHEMISTRY
LAST SPRING.
A REMARK-
ABLE MIND

NEXT DAY COSMO CALLS ON THE DOCTOR.

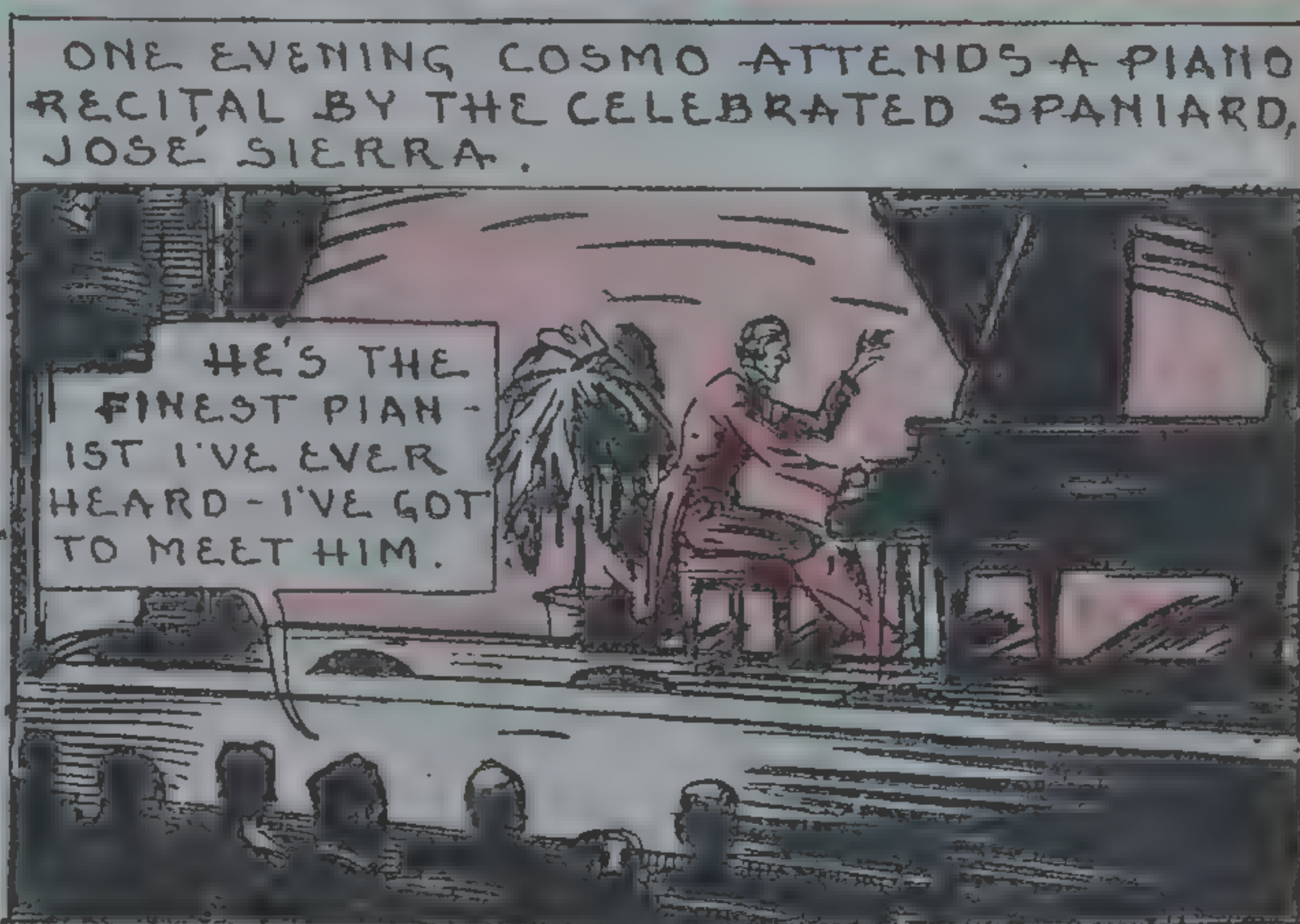
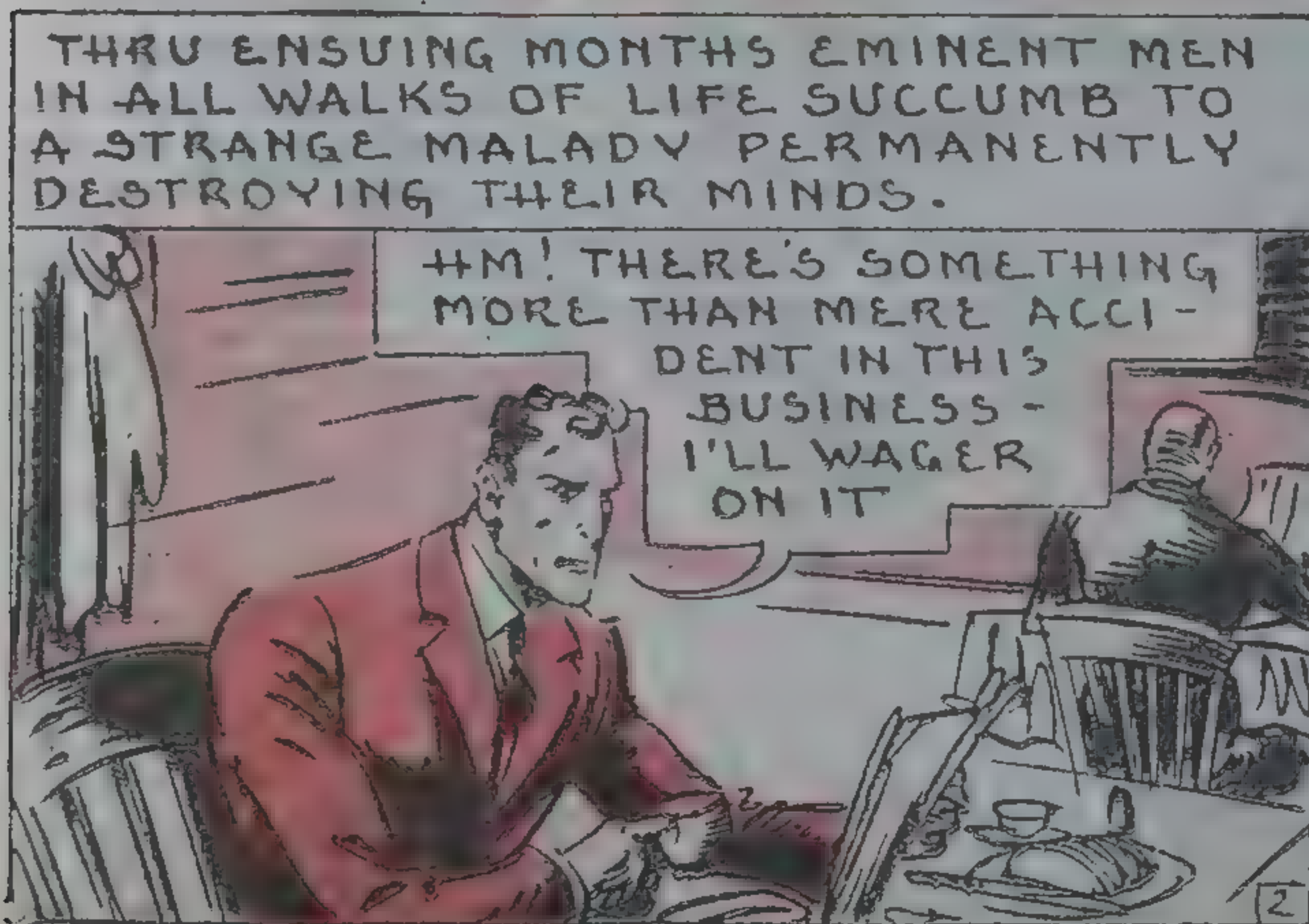
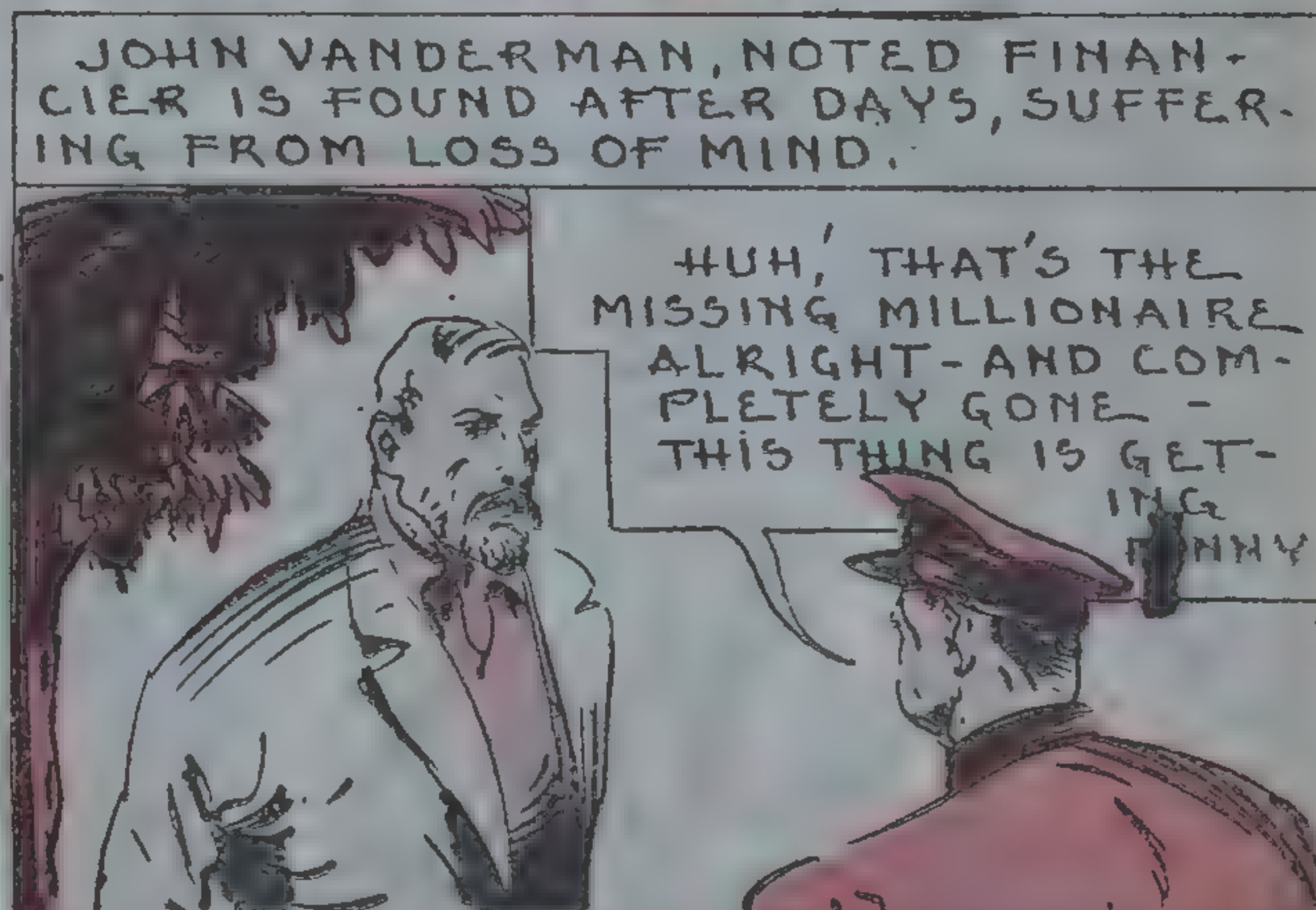
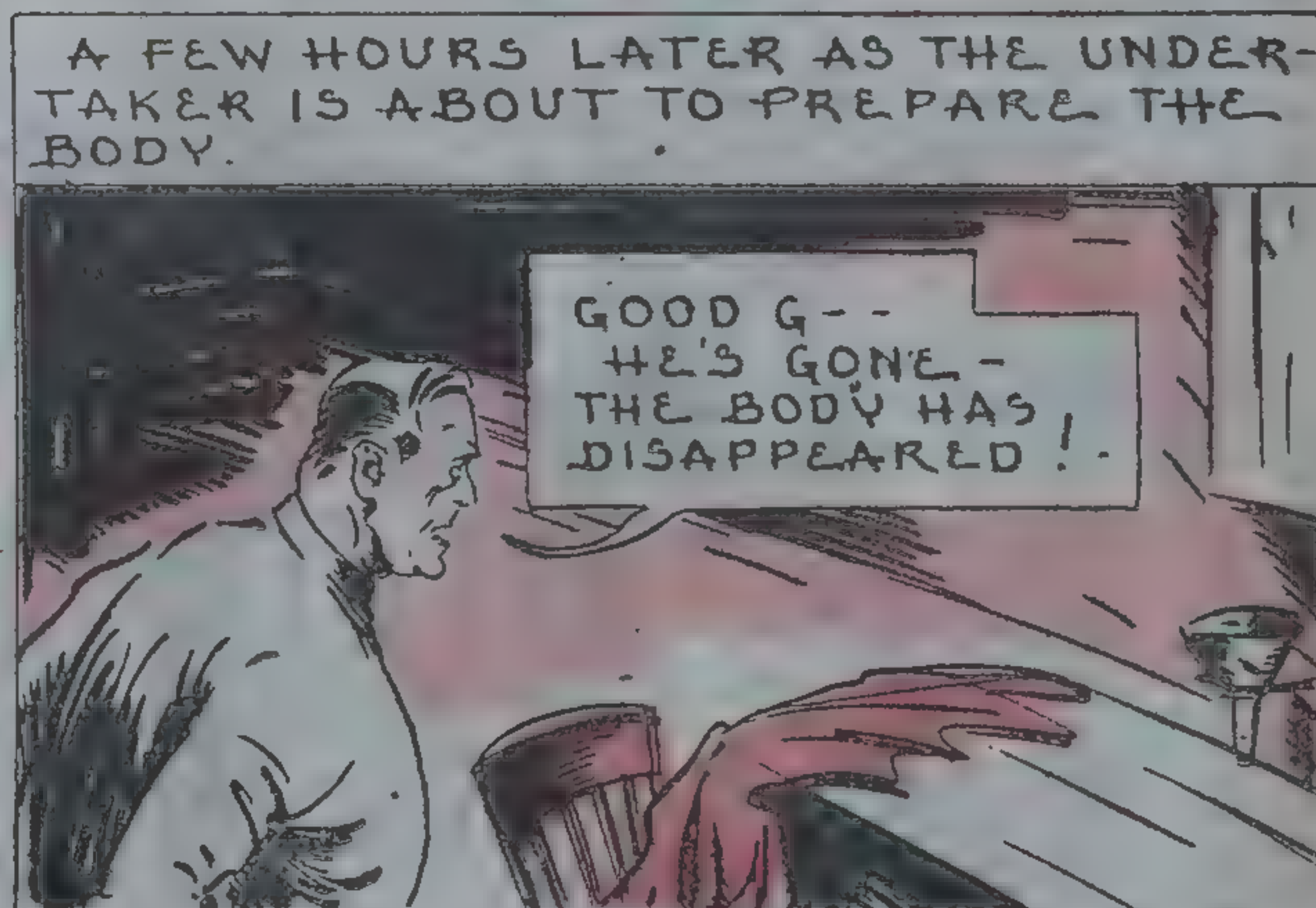
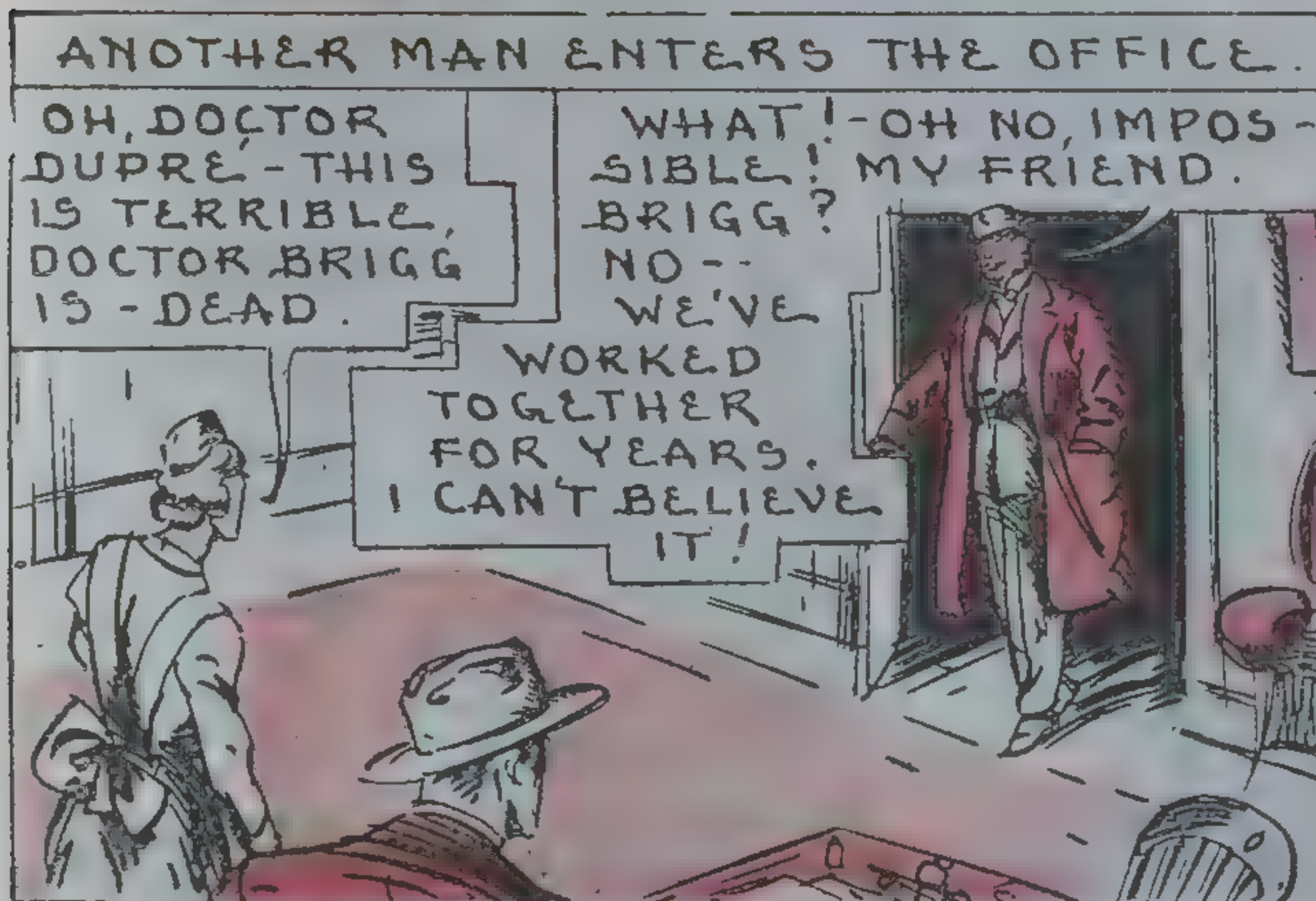
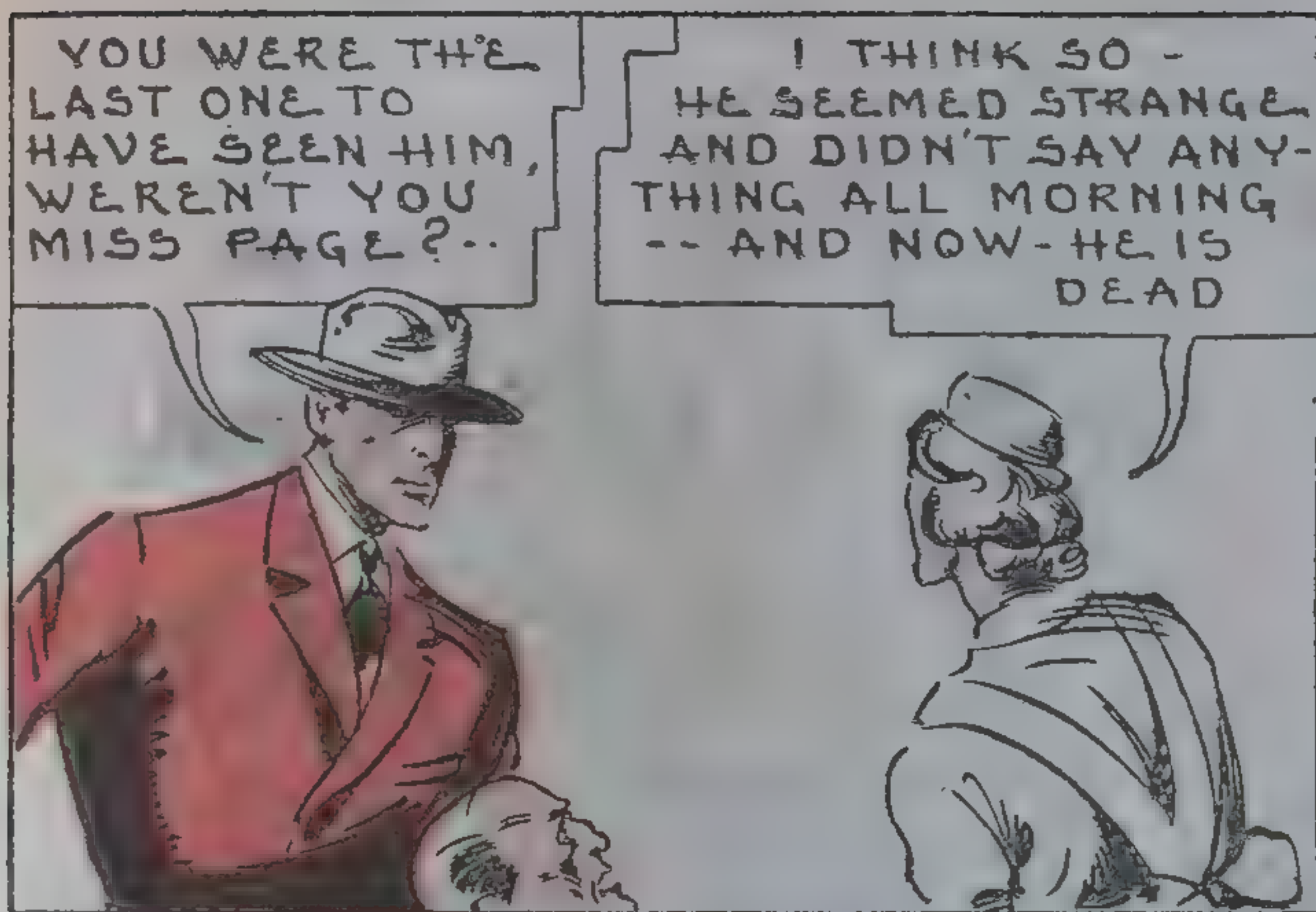
I AM COSMO.
WILL YOU TELL
DOCTOR BRIGG
I'M HERE?

YES, SIR.
JUST STEP INTO
THE WAITING
ROOM. I'LL TELL
HIM.

OH! - COME - COME
HERE! SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH THE
DOCTOR!

WHY - I
THINK HE'S
DEAD -

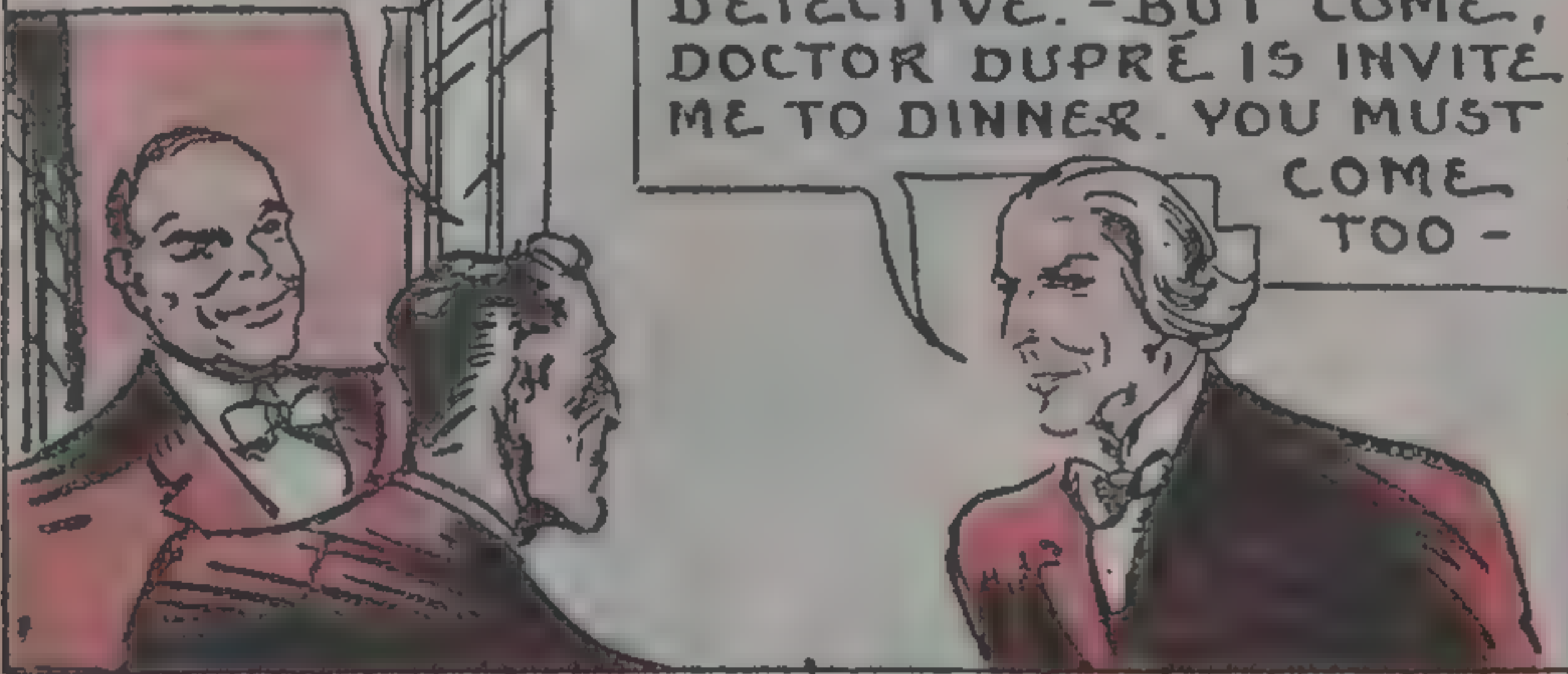
HOW
AWFUL!



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE COSMO IS INTRODUCED TO THE MUSICIAN.

YOUR PLAYING IS INCOMPARABLE, SENOR SIERRA.

AH, BUT I HAVE HEARD YOU ARE THE GREAT DETECTIVE, YES? RATHER I WOULD BE THE DETECTIVE. - BUT COME, DOCTOR DUPRÉ IS INVITE ME TO DINNER. YOU MUST COME TOO -



AH, I'M DELIGHTED TO FIND YOU HERE, COSMO - WON'T YOU JOIN US?

WITH PLEASURE, DOCTOR, LEAD THE WAY.



COSMO IS AMAZED AT THE MENTAL POWERS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE DOCTOR.

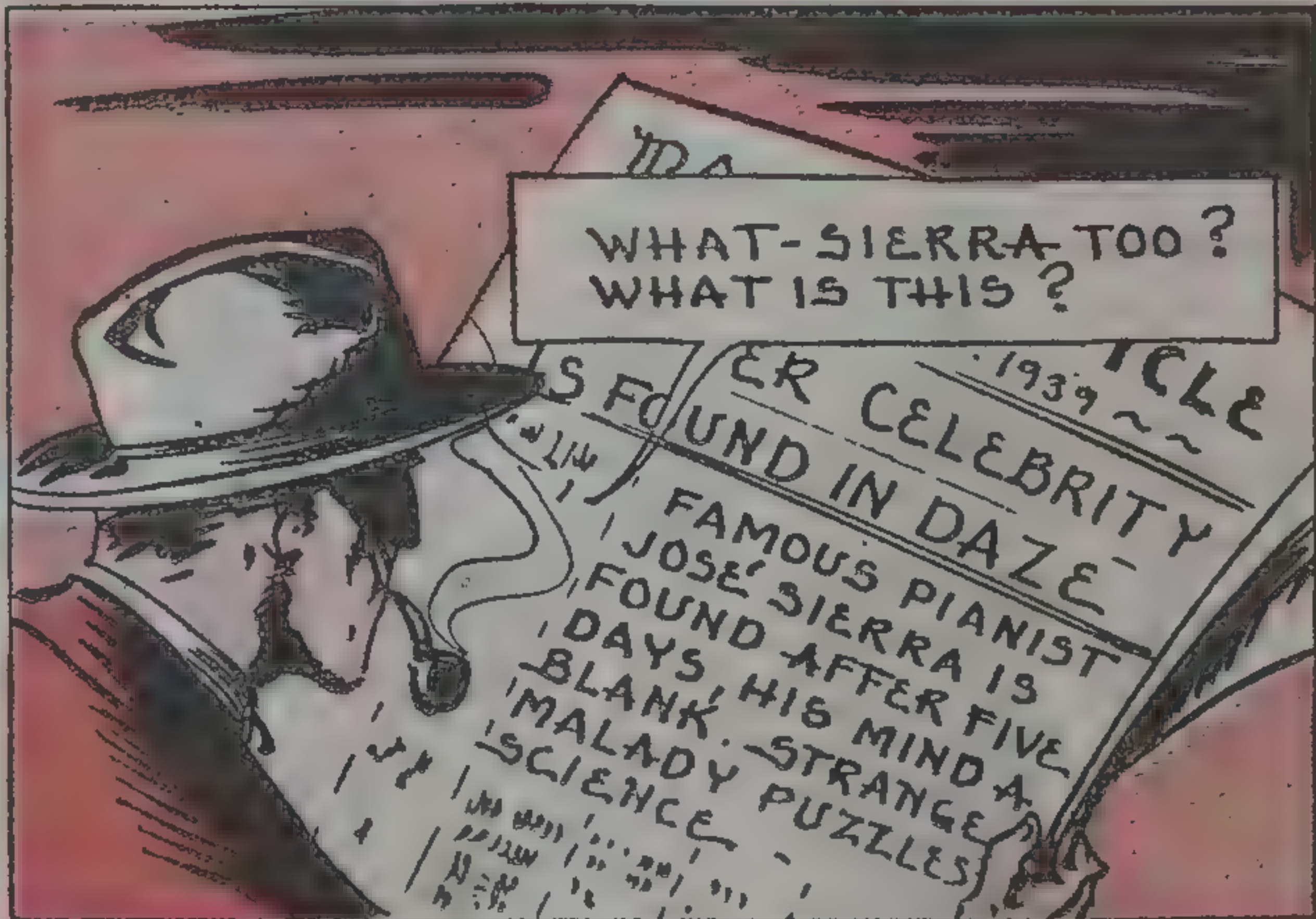
YOU ARE REMARKABLY LEARNED IN EVERY WAY, DOCTOR DUPRÉ.

OH, BUT I STILL ENVY JOSÉ'S PLAYING AND YOUR ANALYTICAL MIND, COSMO -



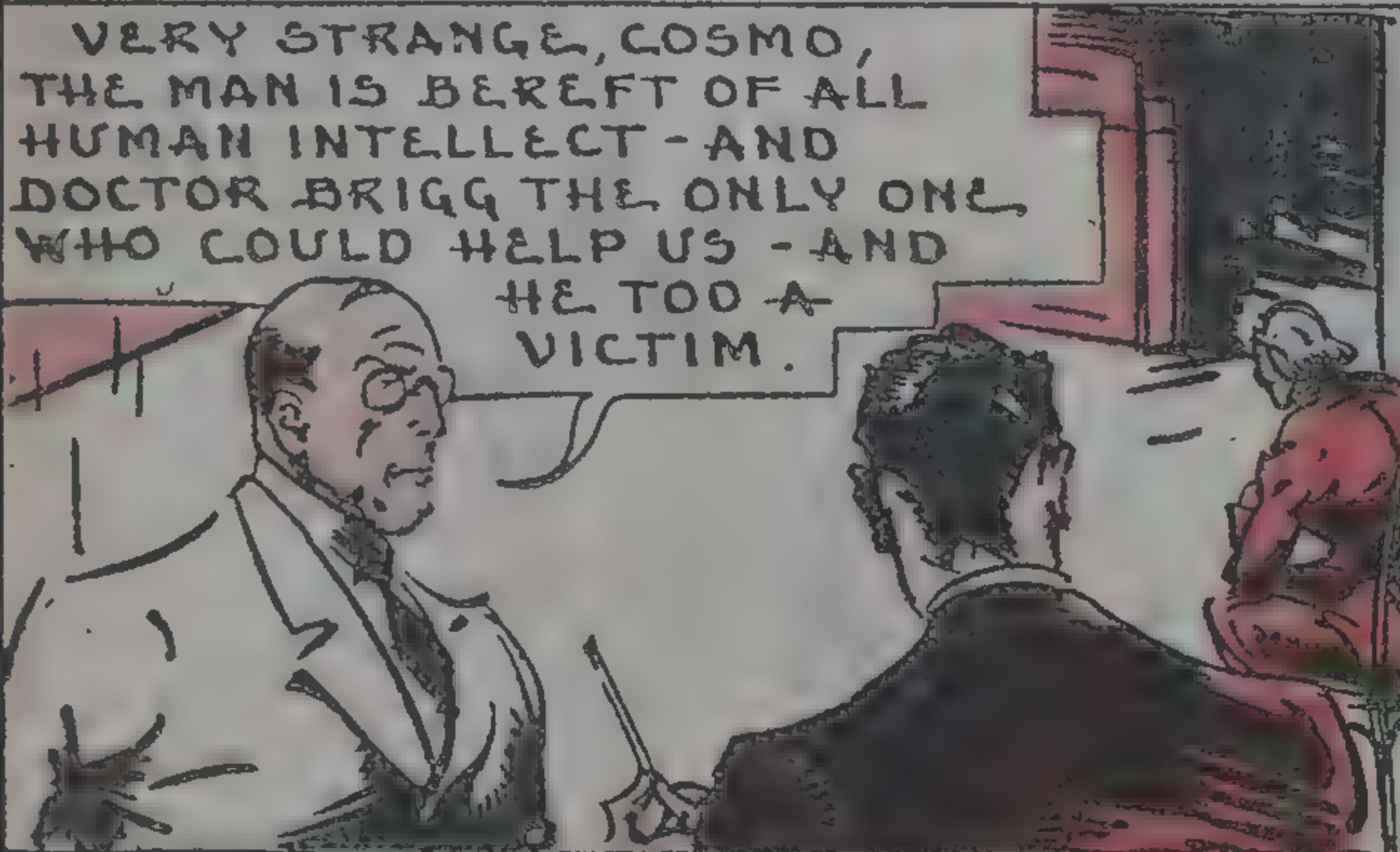
WHAT-SIERRA TOO? WHAT IS THIS?

1939
FAMOUS PIANIST
JOSE SIERRA IS
FOUND IN DAZE
DAYS AFTER FIVE
BLANK - STRANGE
MALADY - PUZZLES
SCIENCE



COSMO GOES TO SEE SIERRA AT THE PSYCHOPATHIC HOSPITAL.

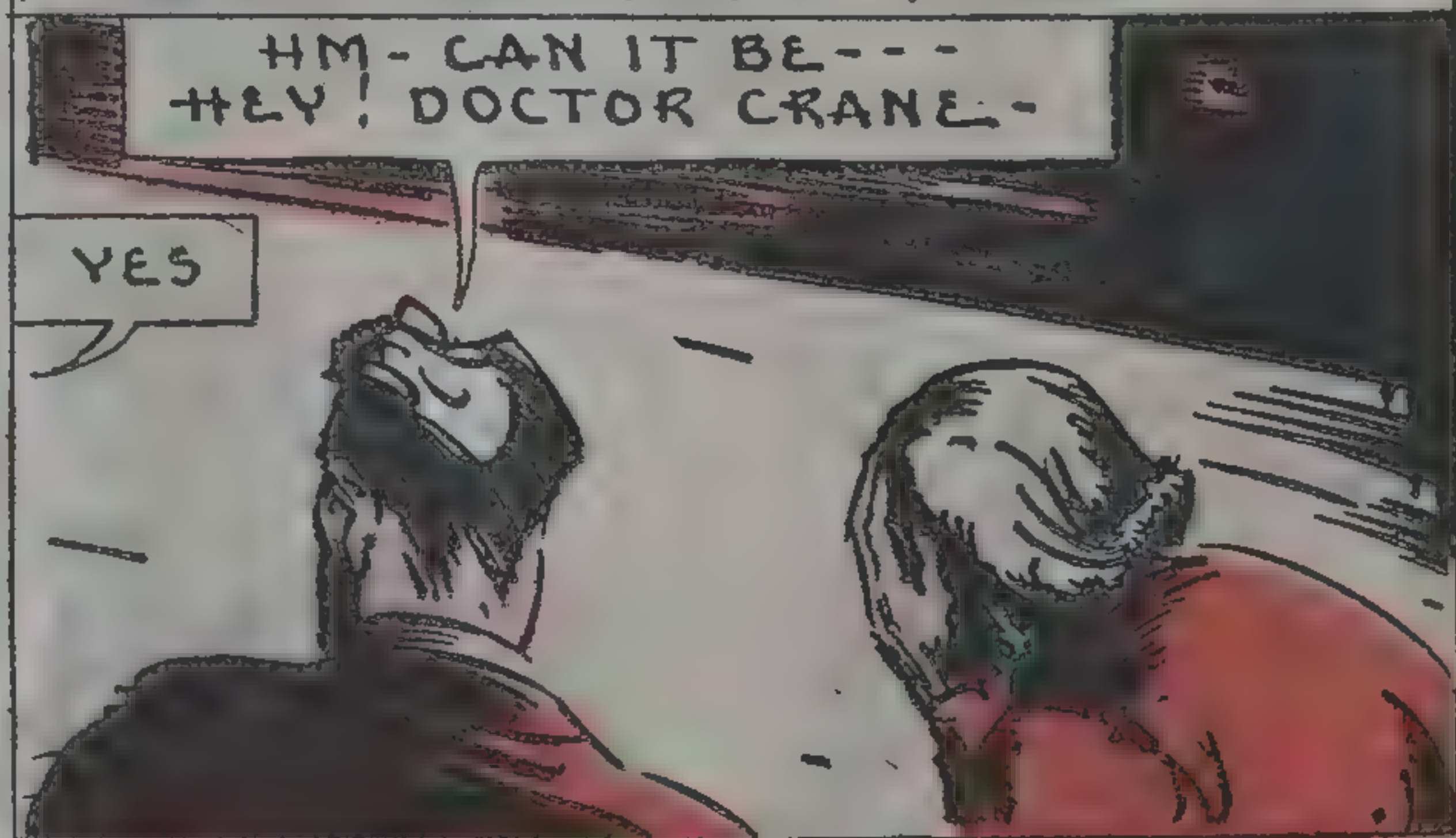
VERY STRANGE, COSMO, THE MAN IS BEREFT OF ALL HUMAN INTELLECT - AND DOCTOR BRIGG THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HELP US - AND HE TOO A VICTIM.



THE VICTIM PRESSES HIS HAND AGAINST HIS HEAD AS THO IN PAIN. - COSMO STEPS OVER AND EXAMINES HIM CAREFULLY.

HM - CAN IT BE - - - HEY! DOCTOR CRANE -

YES



I WANT TO SEE ALL THE OTHER MEN WITH THIS AFFLICTION

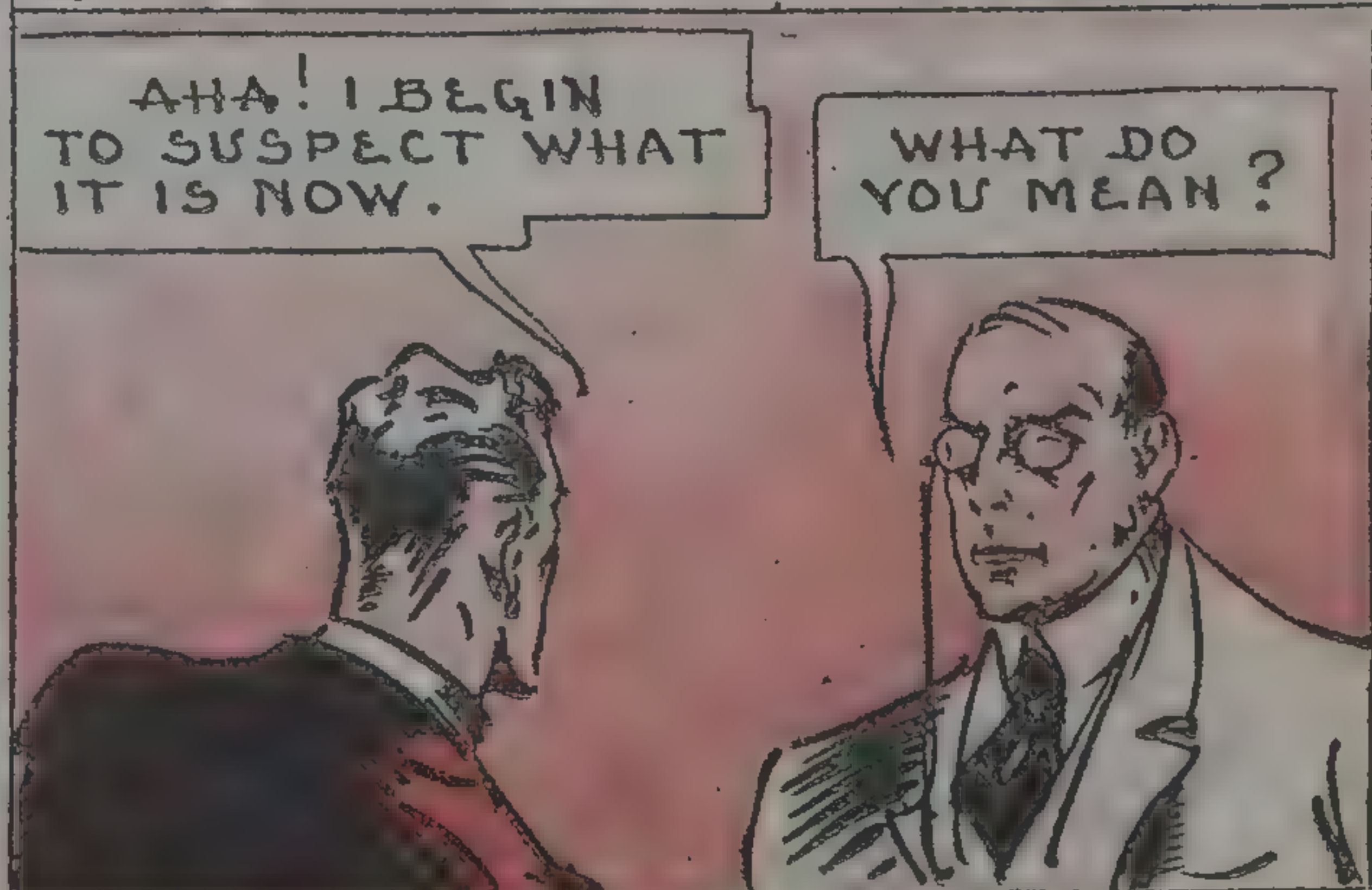
WHY, YES - THEY'RE UP IN THE THIRD WARD.

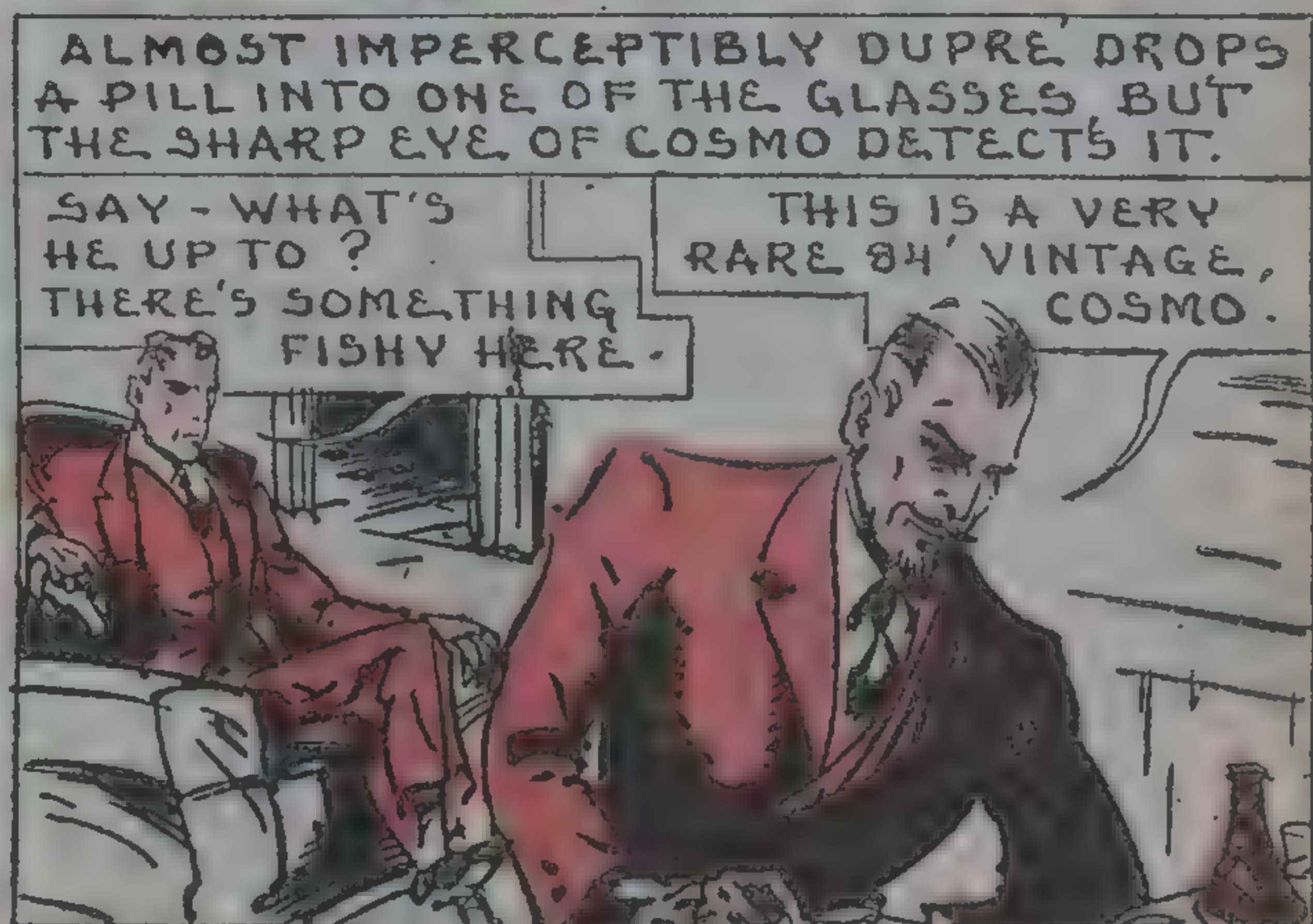
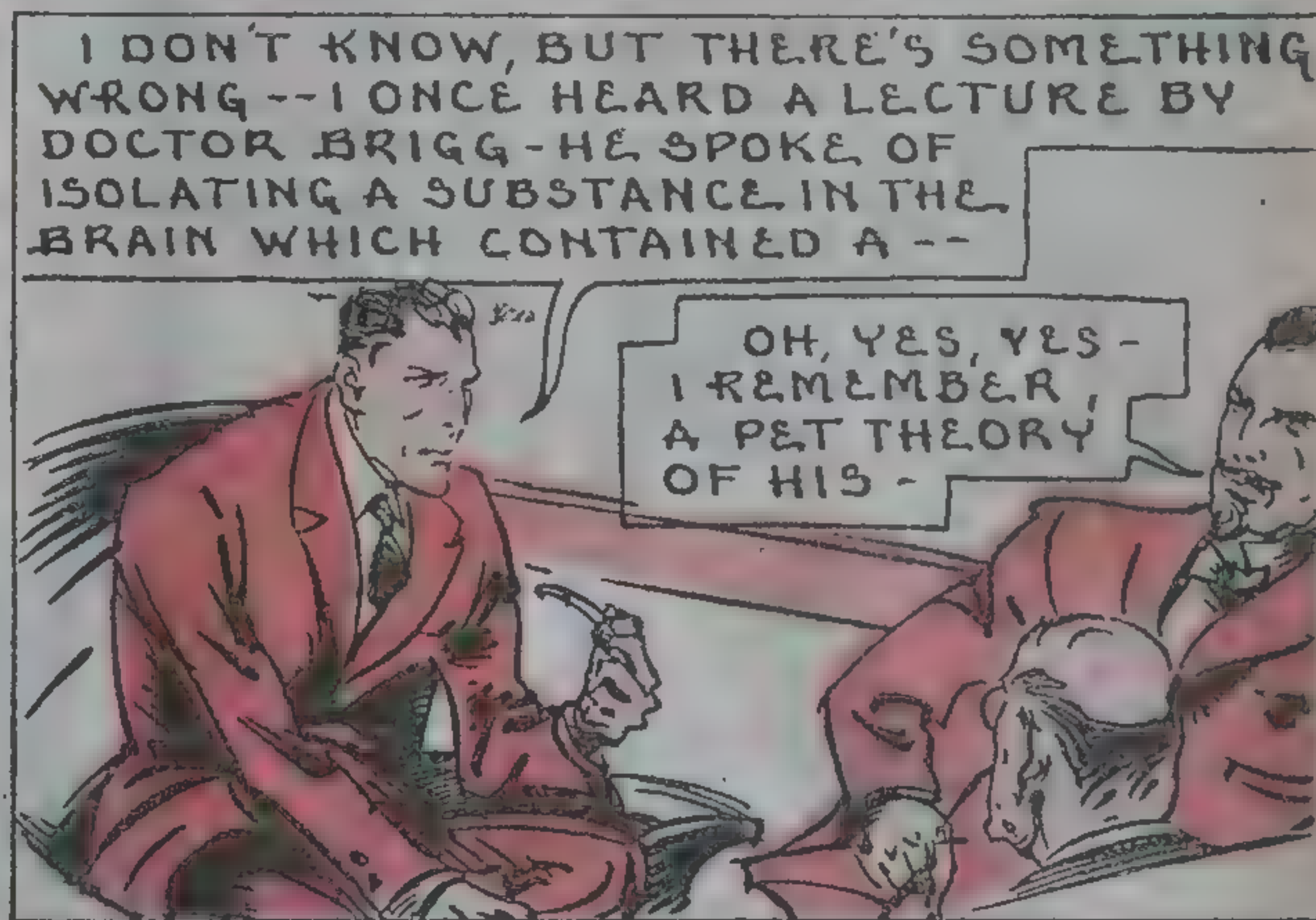
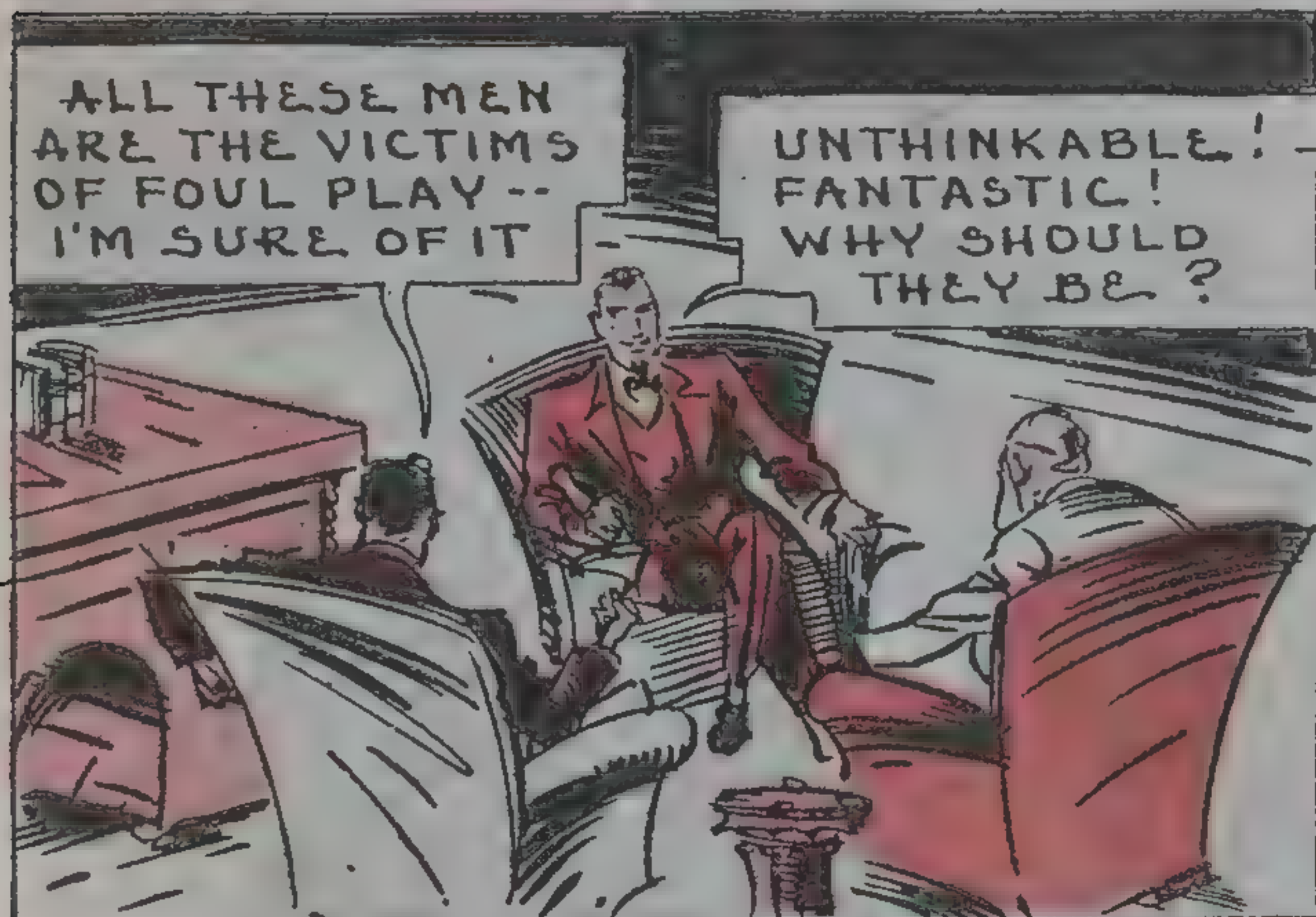
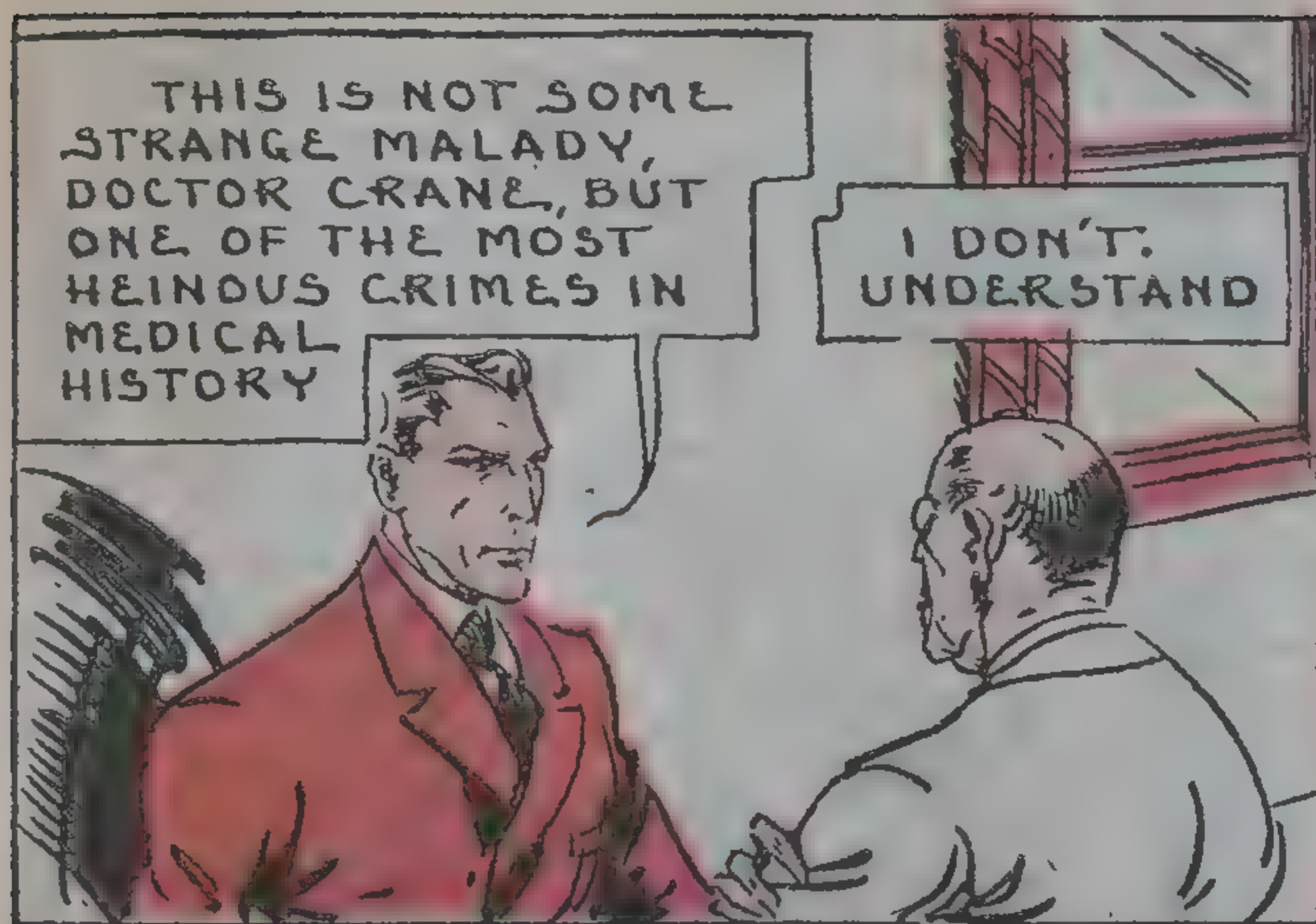


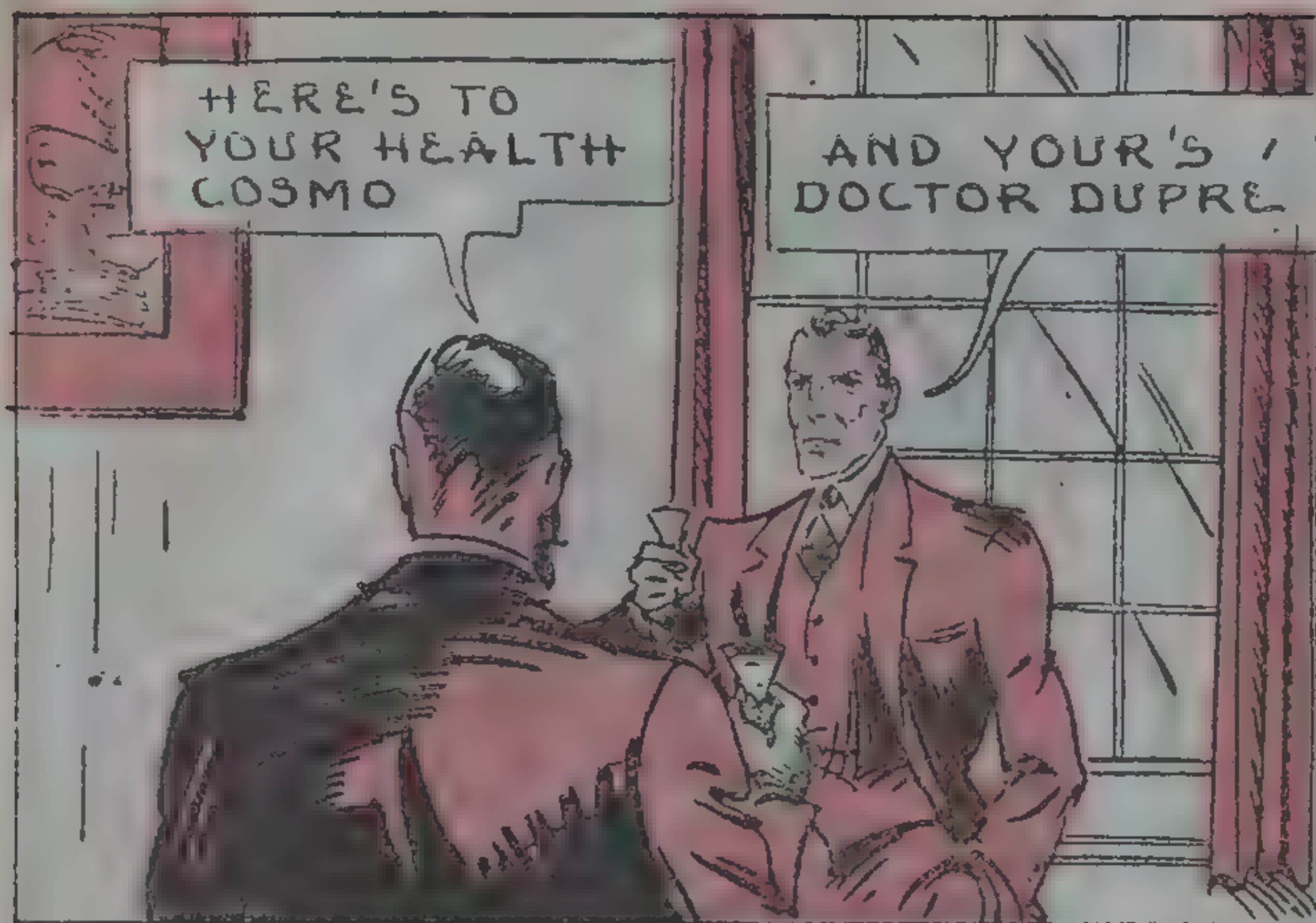
QUICKLY COSMO EXAMINES EACH ONE.

AHA! I BEGIN TO SUSPECT WHAT IT IS NOW.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

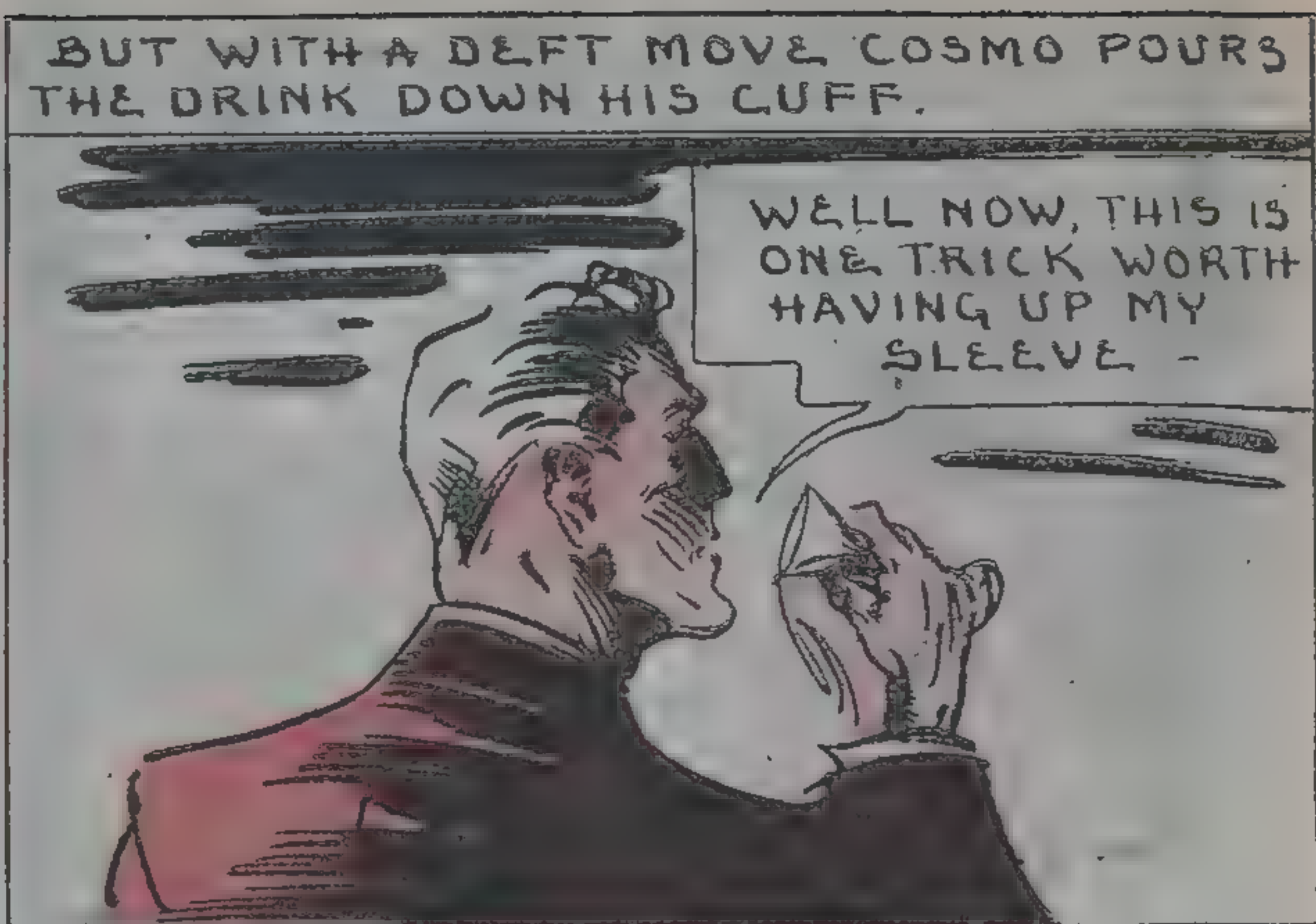




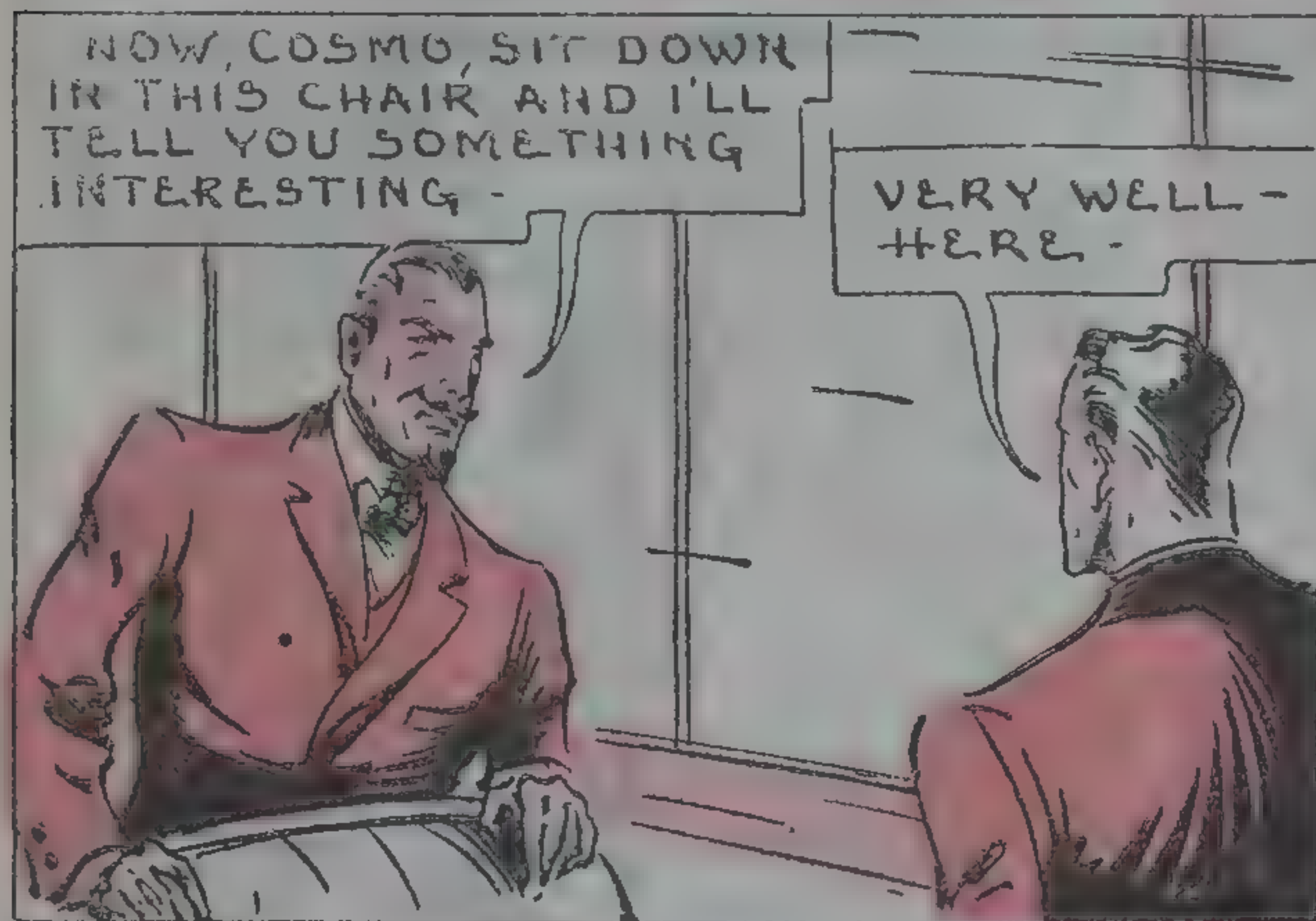


HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH COSMO

AND YOUR'S / DOCTOR DUPRE



WELL NOW, THIS IS ONE TRICK WORTH HAVING UP MY SLEEVE -



NOW, COSMO, SIT DOWN IN THIS CHAIR AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING INTERESTING -

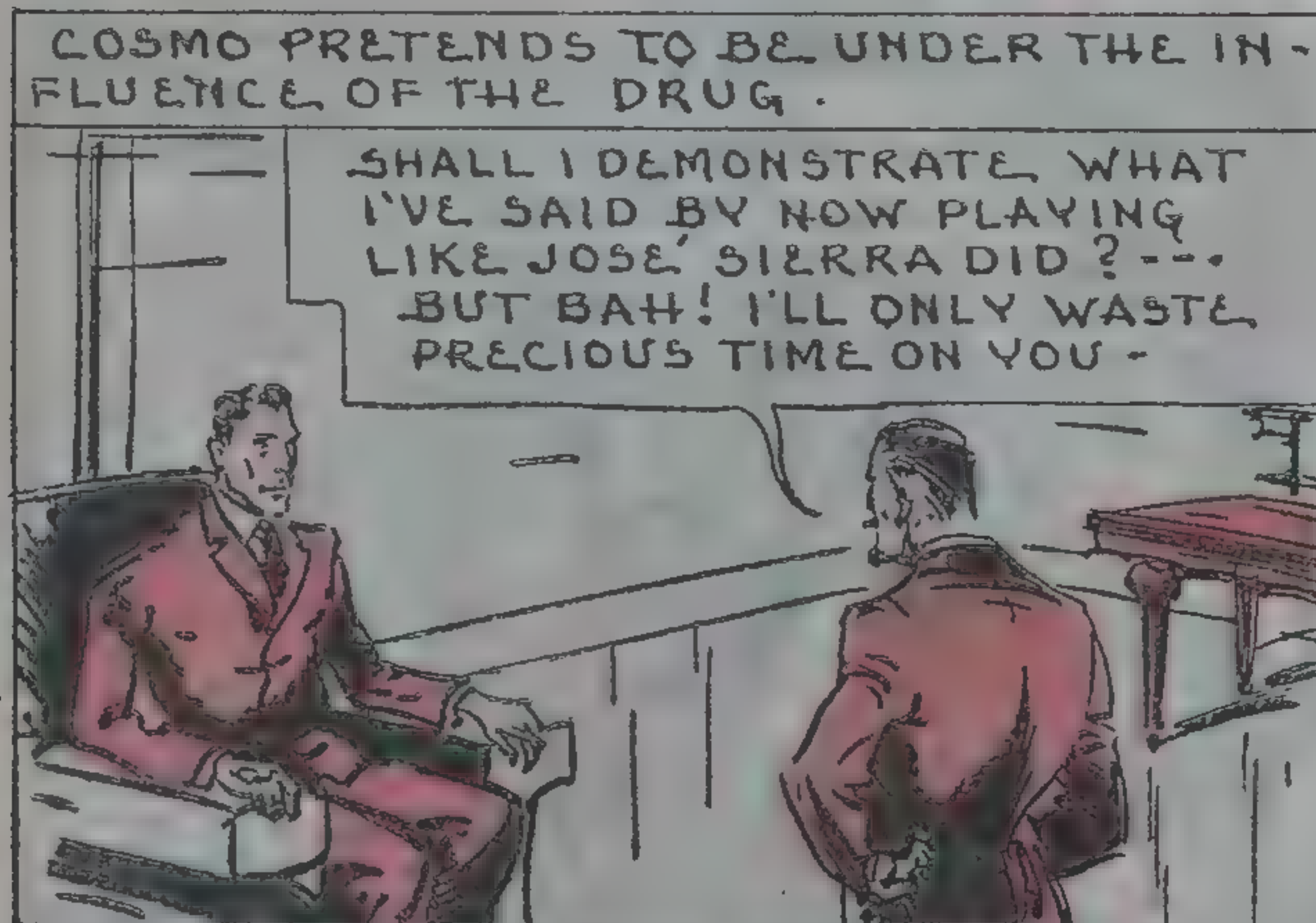
VERY WELL - HERE -

DUPRE DISCLOSES HIS DIABOLICAL PRACTISE ---

" IN TWO MINUTES YOU'LL BE TEMPORARILY PARALYZED THO RETAINING YOUR FACULTIES. - YOU WERE RIGHT IN SUSPECTING CRIME IN THESE STRANGE CASES ---AND, YOU'RE TO BE MY NEXT VICTIM

WITH DOCTOR BRIGG I DISCOVERED A WAY TO ISOLATE THE ESSENCE OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE BRAIN. BY OBTAINING THIS SUBSTANCE I CAN INJECT IT INTO MY OWN SYSTEM AND THEREBY POSSESS MYSELF OF ALL THE KNOWLEDGE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE MOST BRILLIANT MINDS OF TODAY -- I WANT TO ADD YOUR'S TO MY COLLECTION -- I WILL BE THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH - I WILL RULE IT.

DOCTOR BRIGG, AS YOU MAY GUESS WAS MY FIRST VICTIM AND AS HE WAS THE REAL DISCOVERER OF THIS KNOWLEDGE I HAD TO REMOVE HIM TO PROTECT MY SELF. -- YOU WILL BECOME LIKE AN ANIMAL AND WILL NEVER REALIZE WHO YOU WERE BEFORE. "



COSMO PRETENDS TO BE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUG .

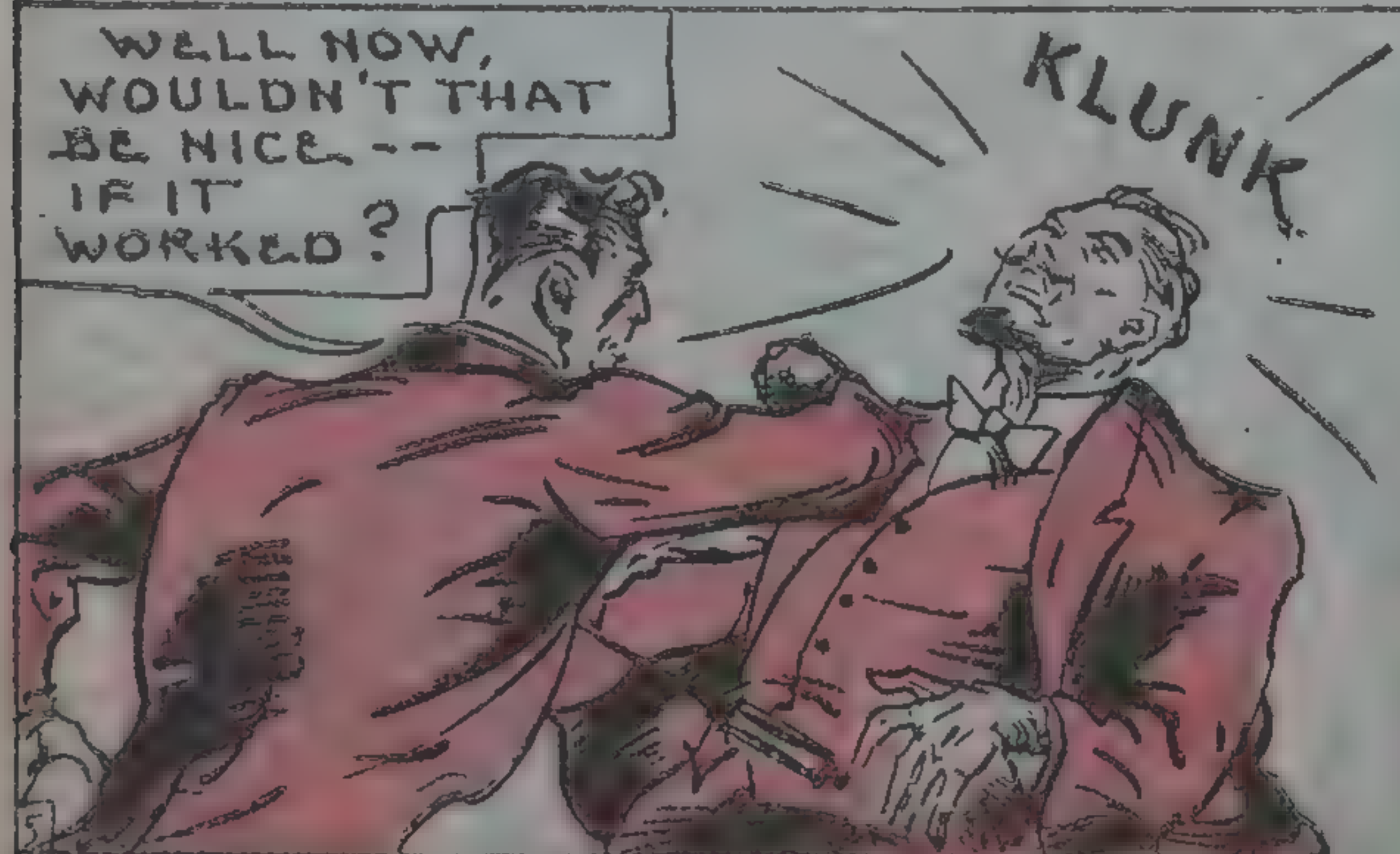
SHALL I DEMONSTRATE WHAT I'VE SAID BY NOW PLAYING LIKE JOSE' SIERRA DID ? --- BUT BAH! I'LL ONLY WASTE PRECIOUS TIME ON YOU -



A SLIGHT PUNCTURE BEHIND YOUR EAR AND YOUR MENTAL POWERS WILL BE MINE.

FOR A FEW HOURS YOU'LL SEEM DEAD JUST AS THE OTHERS DID.

THEN, AS THE DOCTOR BENDS OVER HIM COSMO LASHES OUT --



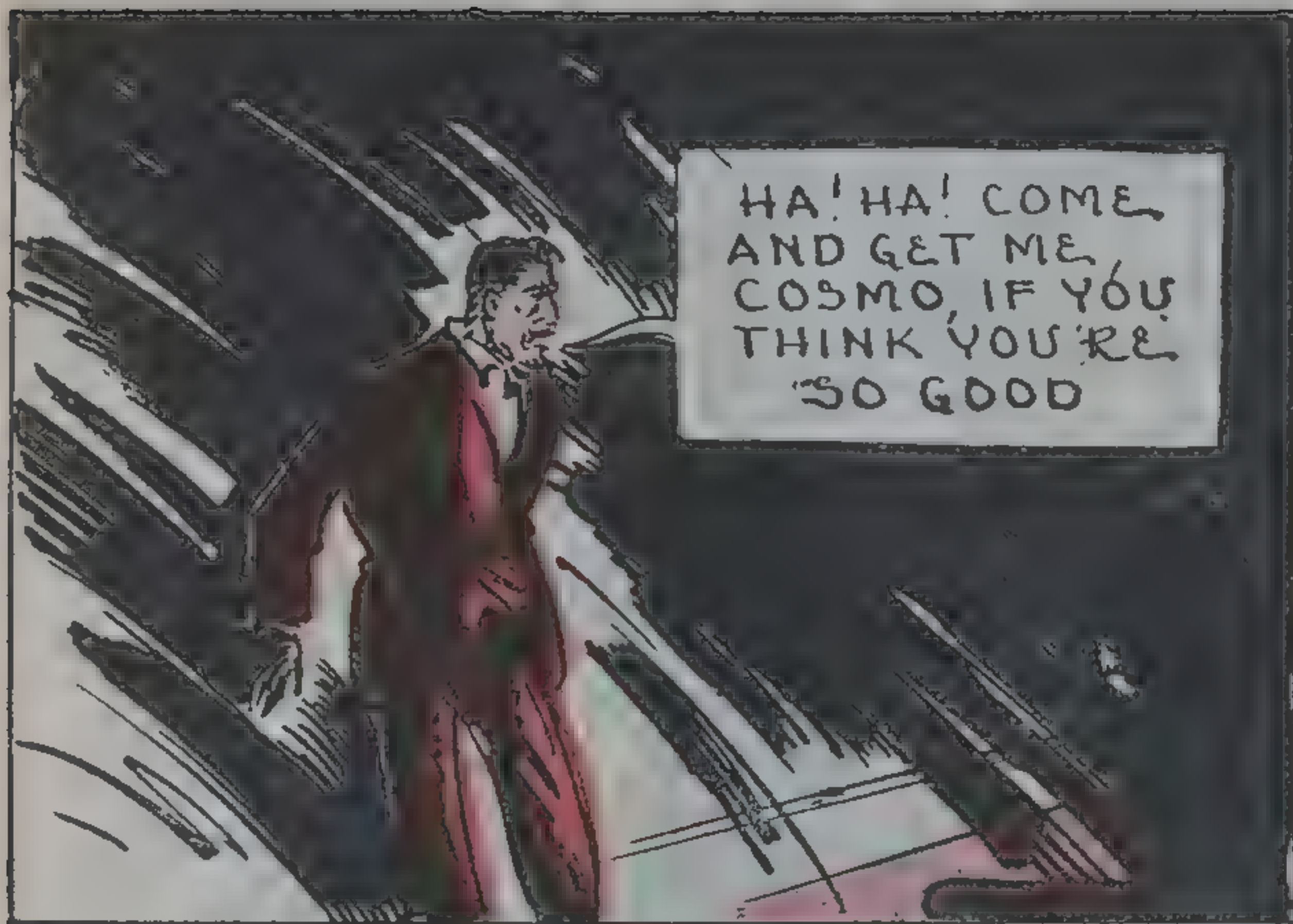
WELL NOW, WOULDN'T THAT BE NICE -- IF IT WORKED?

KLUNK

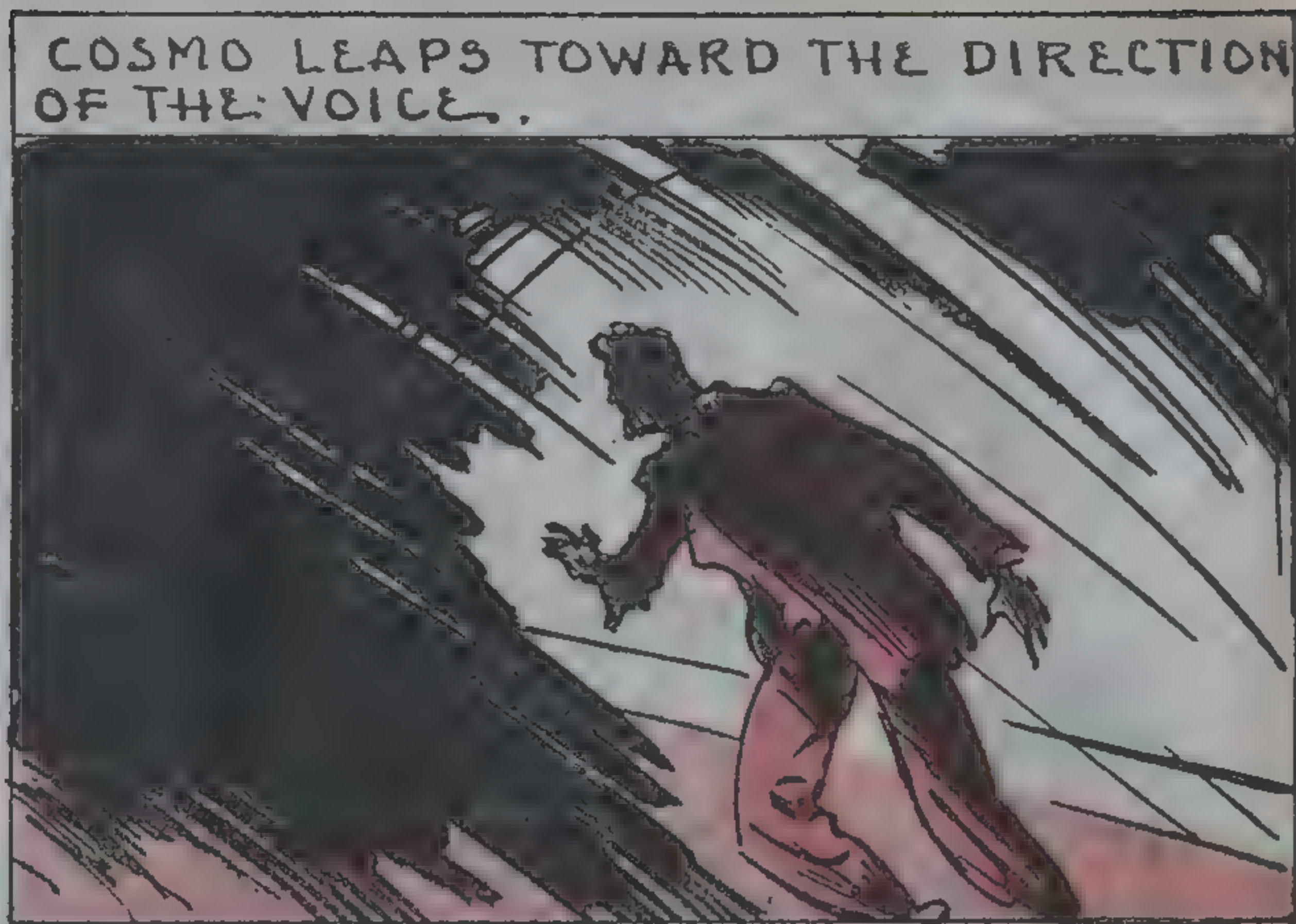
AS DUPRE STRIKES AGAINST THE WALL HE SNAPS OFF THE LIGHTS



YOU -- * K!



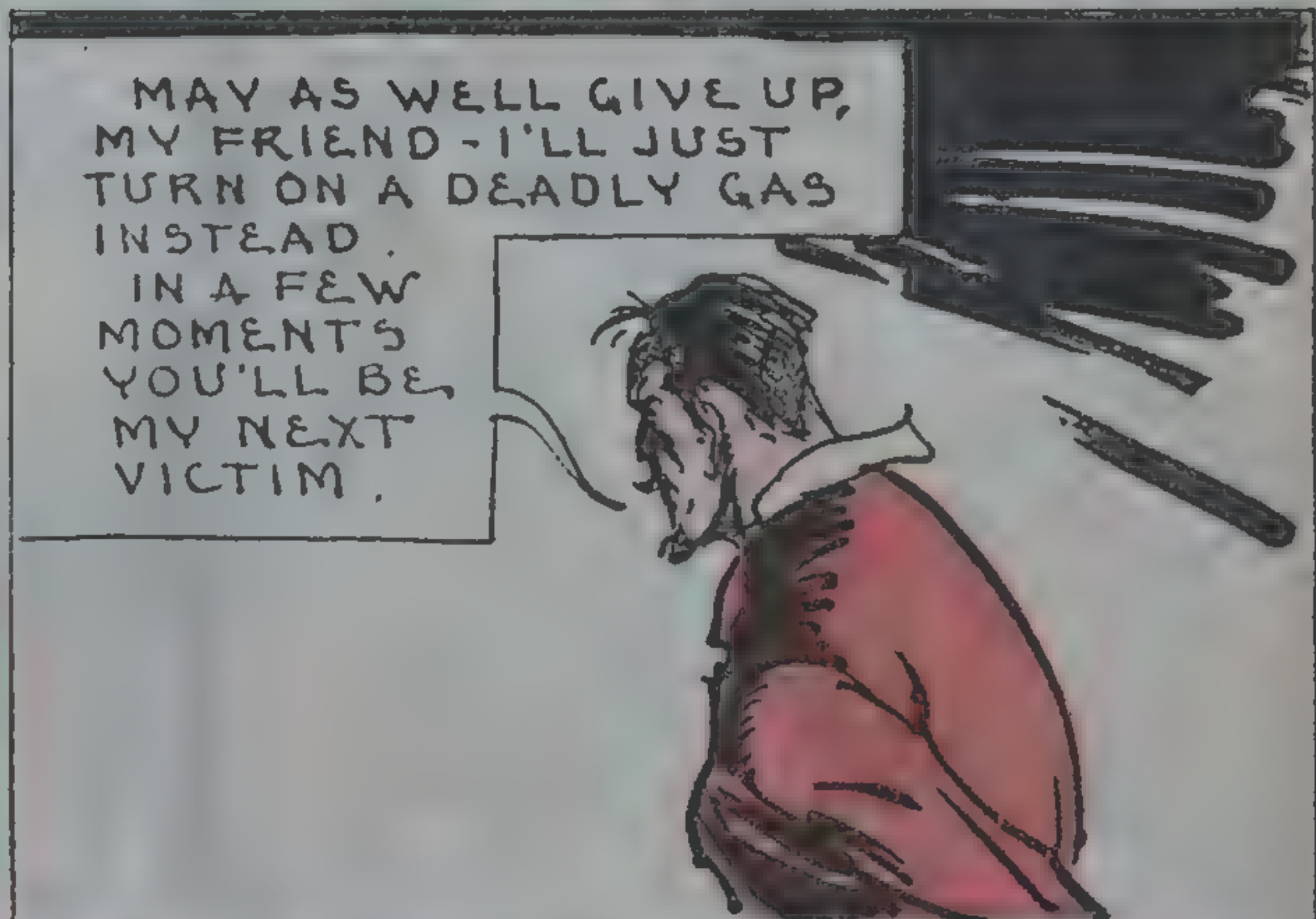
HA! HA! COME
AND GET ME,
COSMO, IF YOU
THINK YOU'RE
SO GOOD



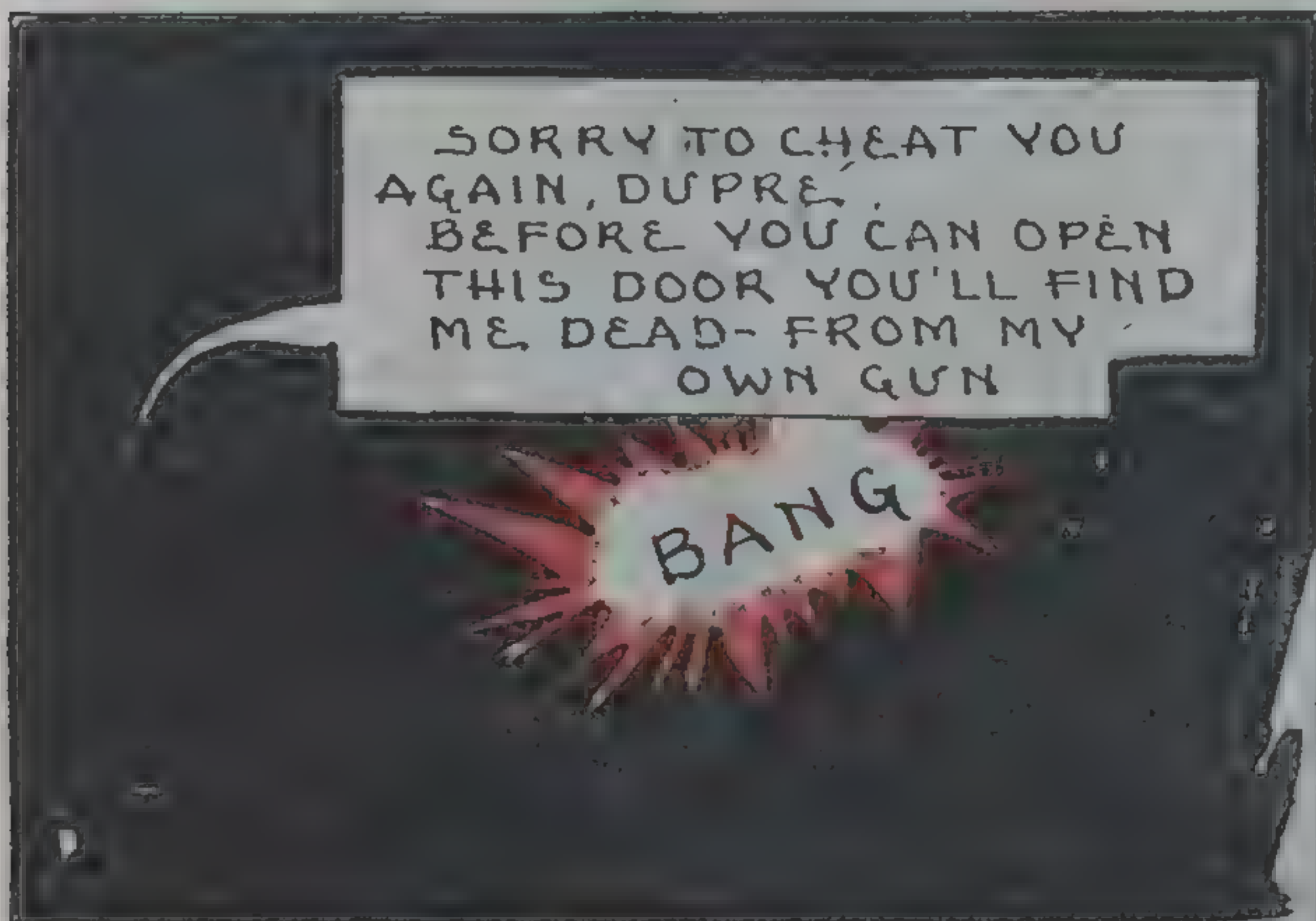
COSMO LEAPS TOWARD THE DIRECTION
OF THE VOICE.



AS HE STRIKES AGAINST THE WALL
A TRAP DOOR SWALLOWS HIM UP

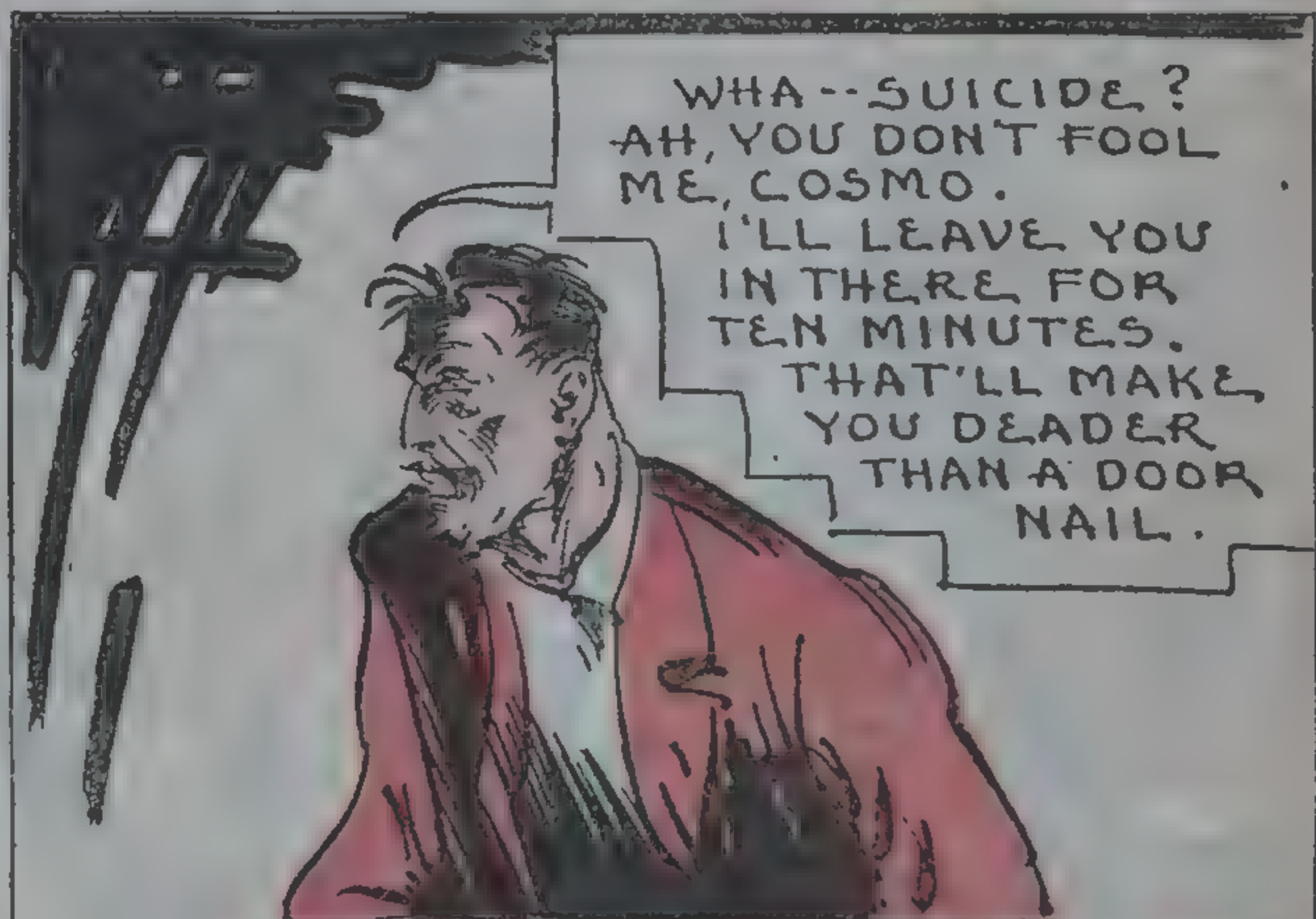


MAY AS WELL GIVE UP,
MY FRIEND - I'LL JUST
TURN ON A DEADLY GAS
INSTEAD.
IN A FEW
MOMENTS
YOU'LL BE
MY NEXT
VICTIM.

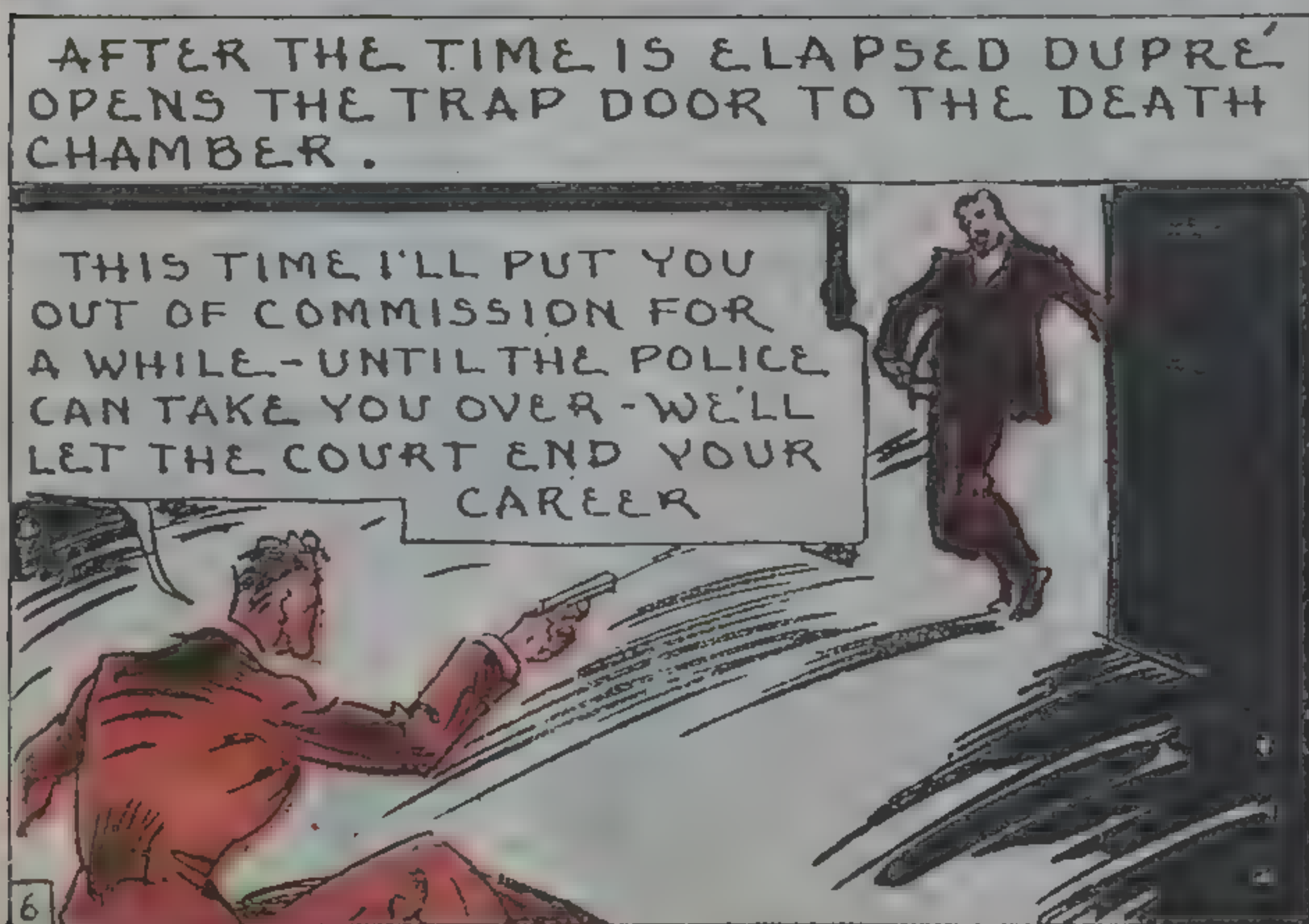


SORRY TO CHEAT YOU
AGAIN, DUPRE.
BEFORE YOU CAN OPEN
THIS DOOR YOU'LL FIND
ME DEAD - FROM MY
OWN GUN

BANG

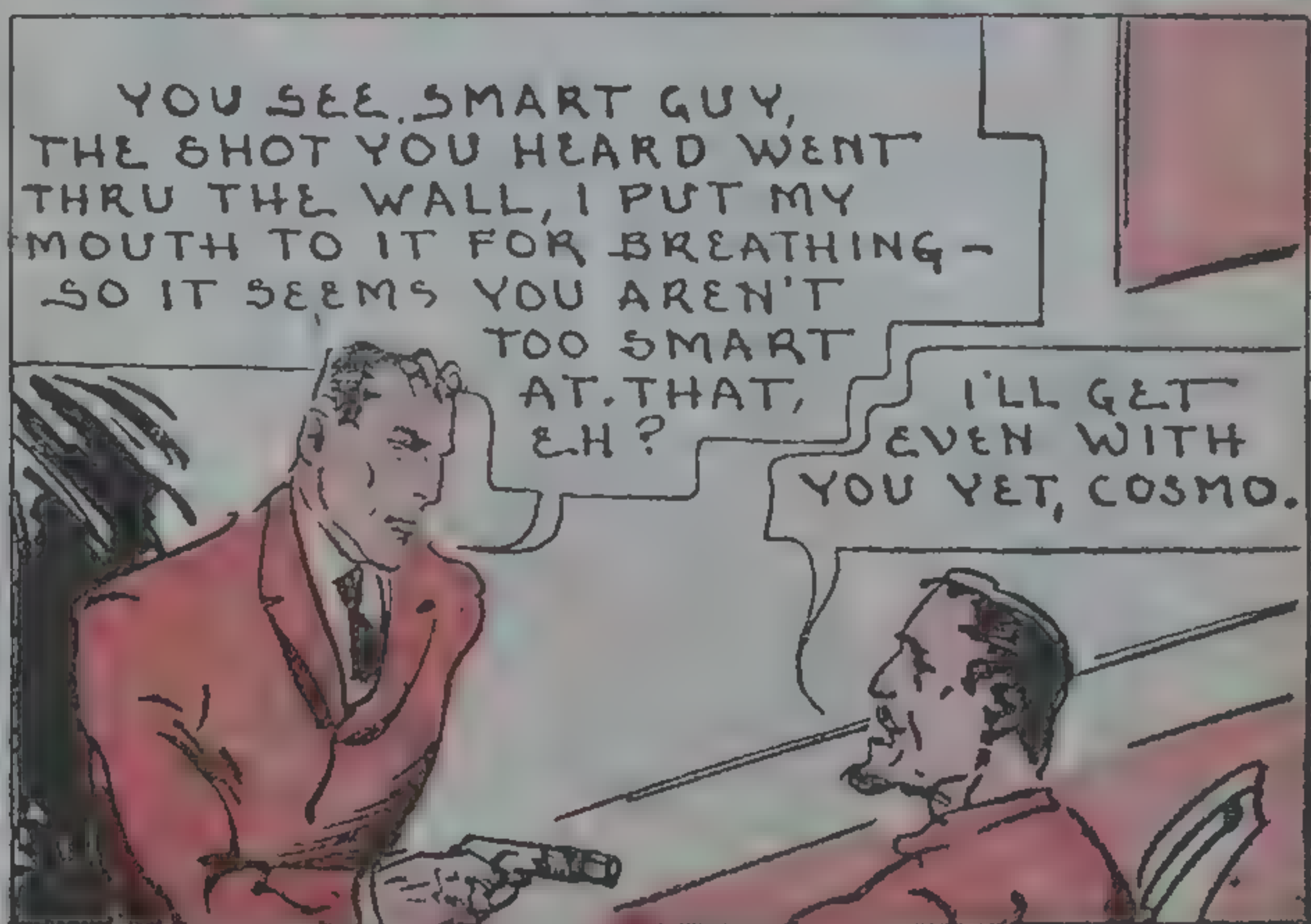


WHA--SUICIDE?
AH, YOU DON'T FOOL
ME, COSMO.
I'LL LEAVE YOU
IN THERE FOR
TEN MINUTES.
THAT'LL MAKE
YOU DEADER
THAN A DOOR
NAIL.



AFTER THE TIME IS ELAPSED DUPRE
OPENS THE TRAP DOOR TO THE DEATH
CHAMBER.

THIS TIME I'LL PUT YOU
OUT OF COMMISSION FOR
A WHILE - UNTIL THE POLICE
CAN TAKE YOU OVER - WE'LL
LET THE COURT END YOUR
CAREER



YOU SEE, SMART GUY,
THE SHOT YOU HEARD WENT
THRU THE WALL, I PUT MY
MOUTH TO IT FOR BREATHING -
SO IT SEEMS YOU AREN'T
TOO SMART
AT THAT,
EH?

I'LL GET
EVEN WITH
YOU YET, COSMO.

SLAM BRADLEY

by
SIEGEL
and
SHUSTER

THOUGHT THAT WAS
FUNNY, EH? WELL, THIS
OUGHTA PUT YOU IN
STITCHES!

FINDING THEMSELVES WITH
AN AFTERNOON FREE, SLAM
AND SHORTY DECIDE TO KILL
TIME BY VISITING THE CITY'S
ZOO. THERE, THEY SIGHT A
CRUEL PRANKSTER FEEDING
A LIGHTED CIGARETTE TO A
HUNGRY ANIMAL. ENRAGED, SLAM
LETS FLY A POWERFUL RIGHT
TO THE MISCREANT'S JAW!

I'M THE KEEPER
HERE-- DUGAN'S
MY NAME.-- AND
LET ME SAY THAT
THAT GUY GOT
WHAT HE
DESERVED.

YOU SHOULD
HIT HIM
HARDER!

I GUESS HE WON'T PULL
THAT STUNT AGAIN...
AT LEAST WHILE I'M
AROUND.

NOTHING'S
LOWER THAN
SOMEONE
WHO WOULD
TORTURE A
HELPLESS
BEAST!

WHAT ABOUT
HIM?

APES!

LET HIM LIE--
HE'LL COME TO
LATER.

EARLY NEXT MORNING OUR FRIENDS ARE AWAKENED
BY AN INSISTANT KNOCKING AT THEIR APARTMENT DOOR

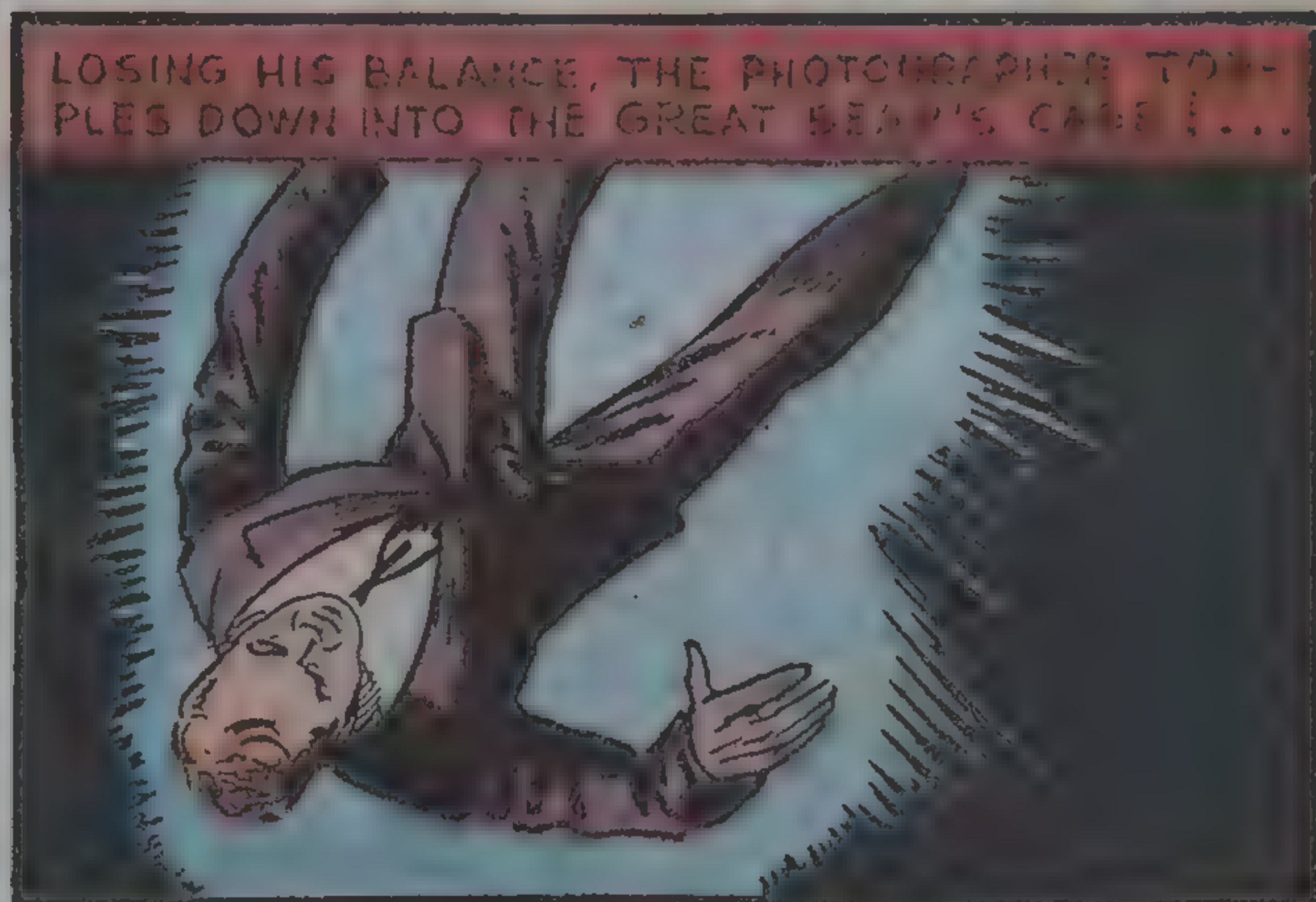
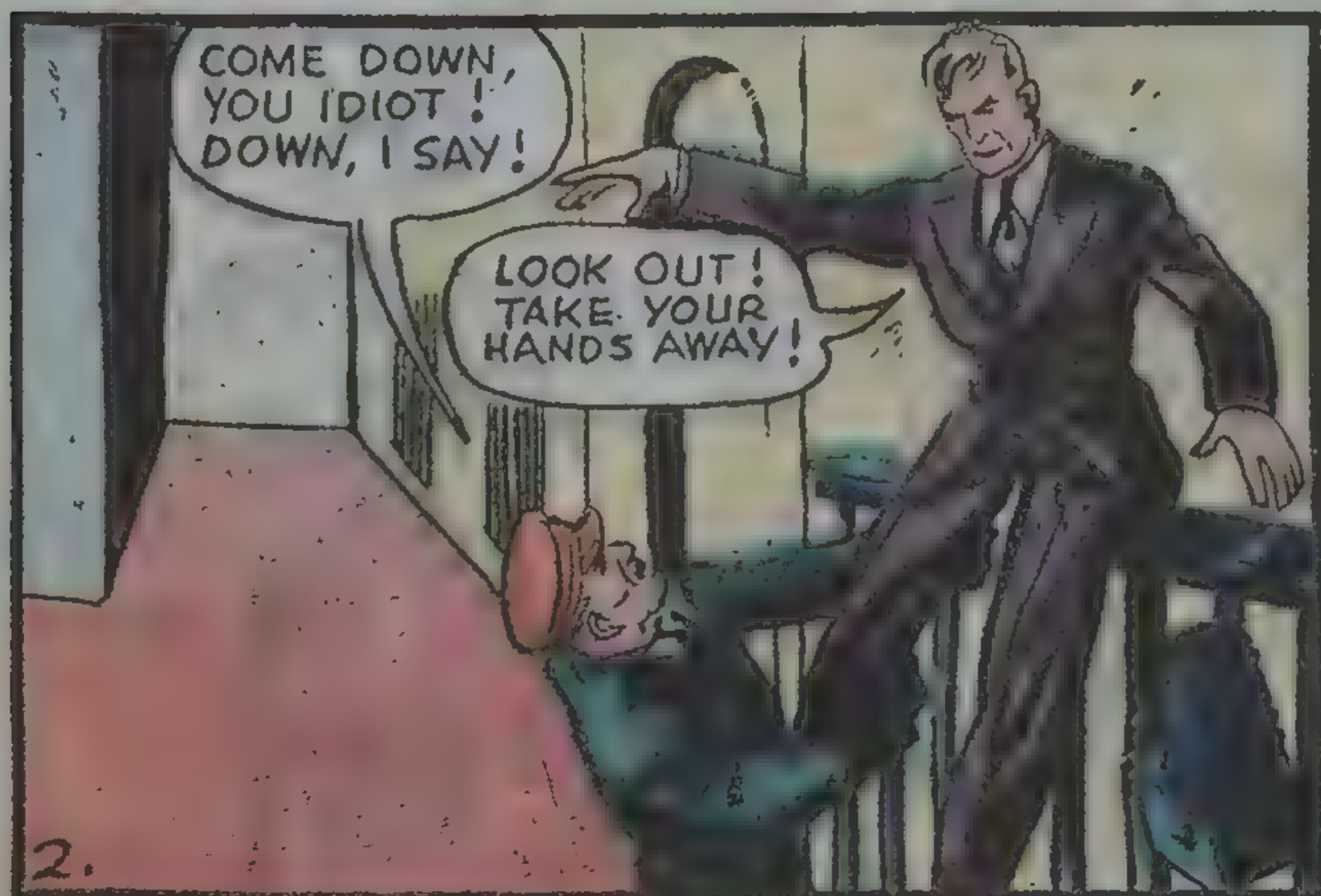
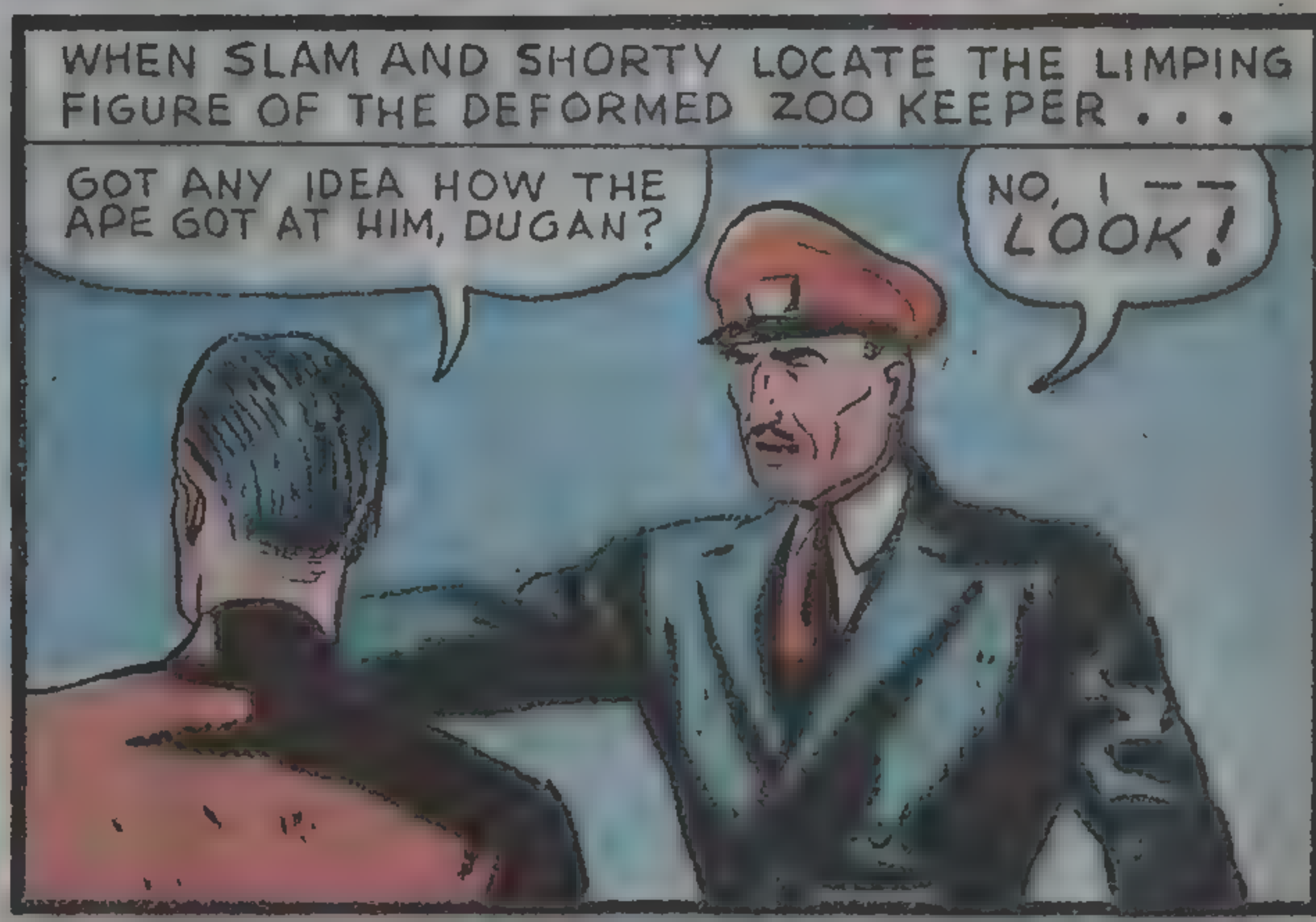
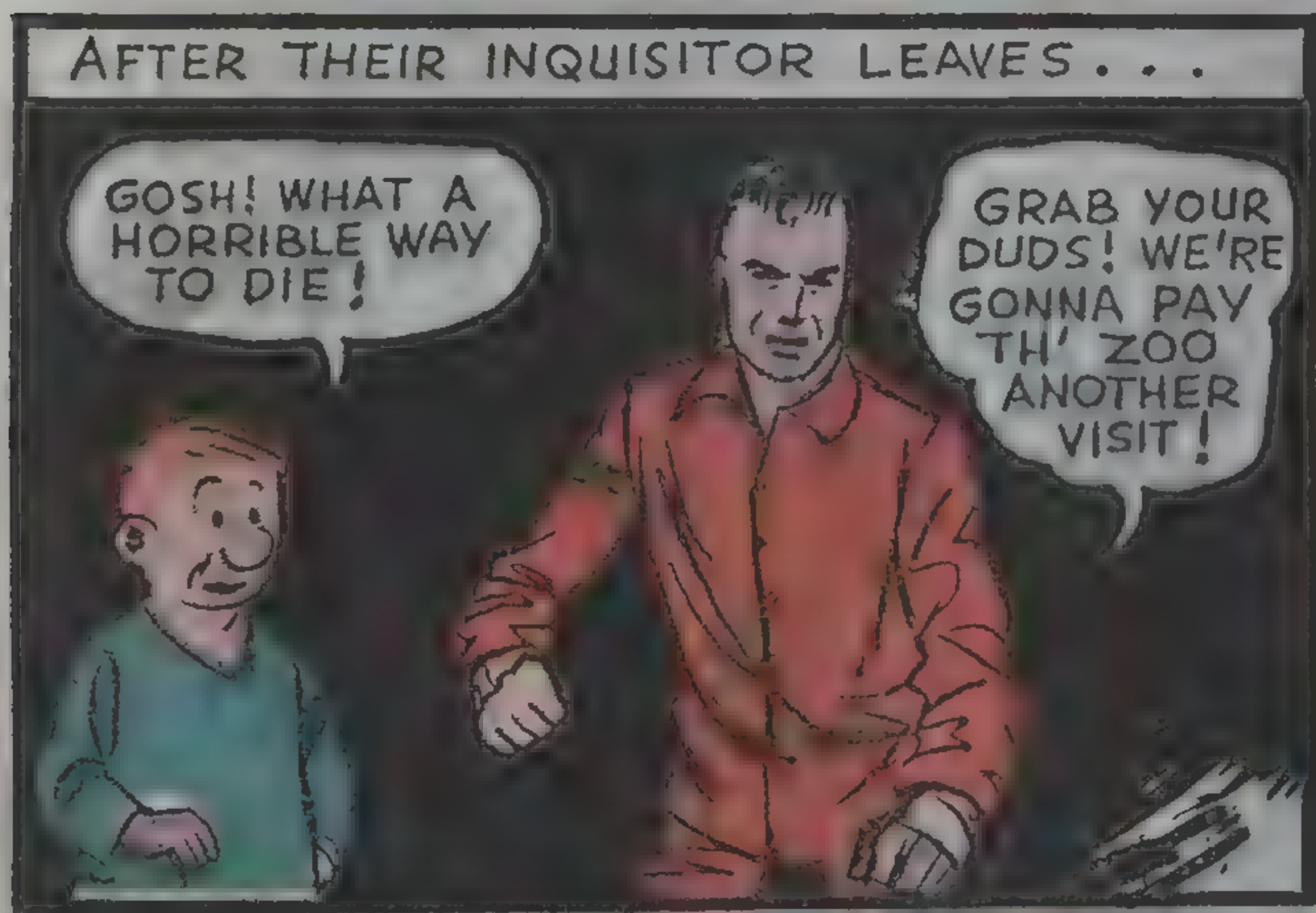
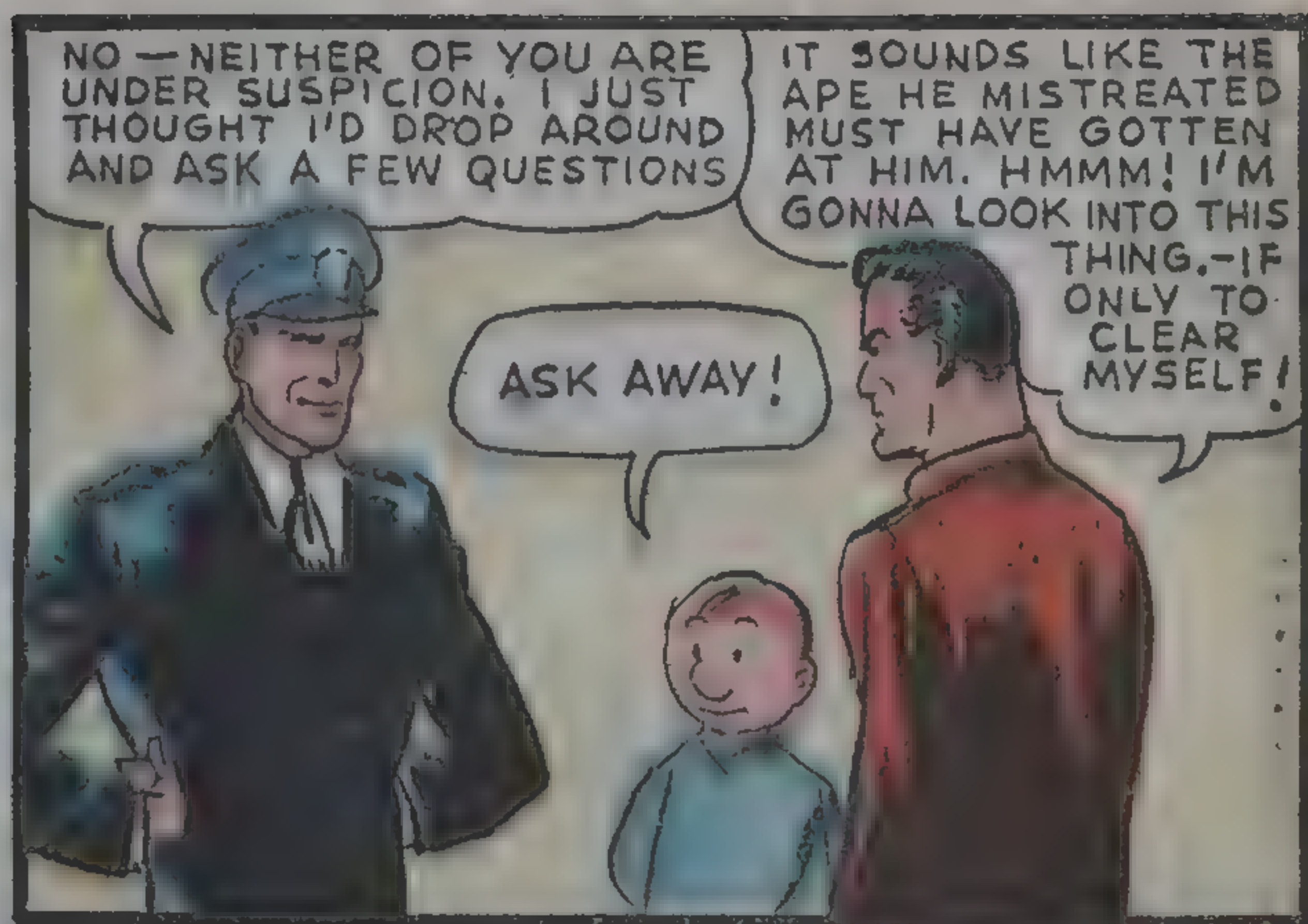
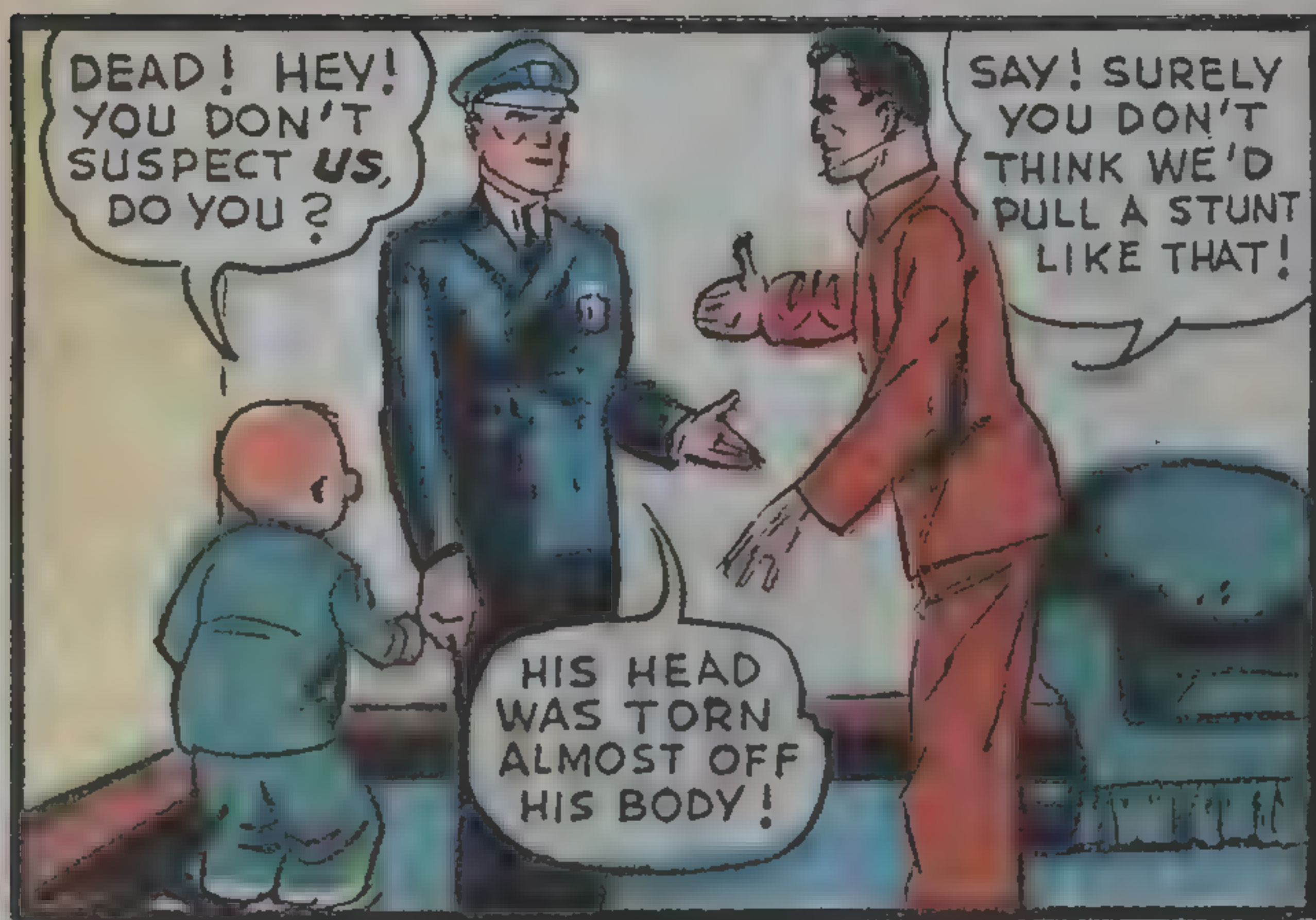
WOTSA IDEA
SPOILIN' MY
BEAUTY
SLEEP?

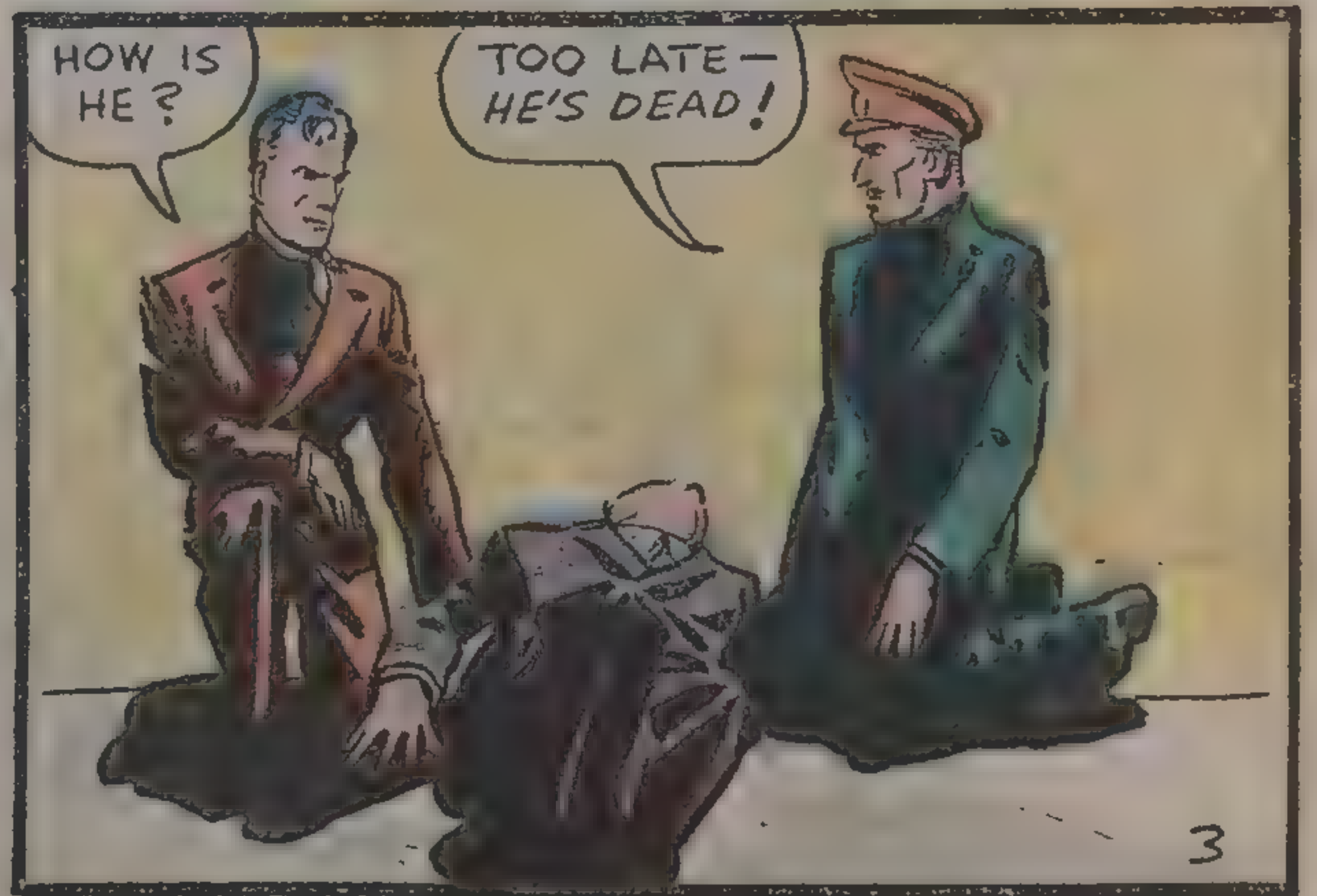
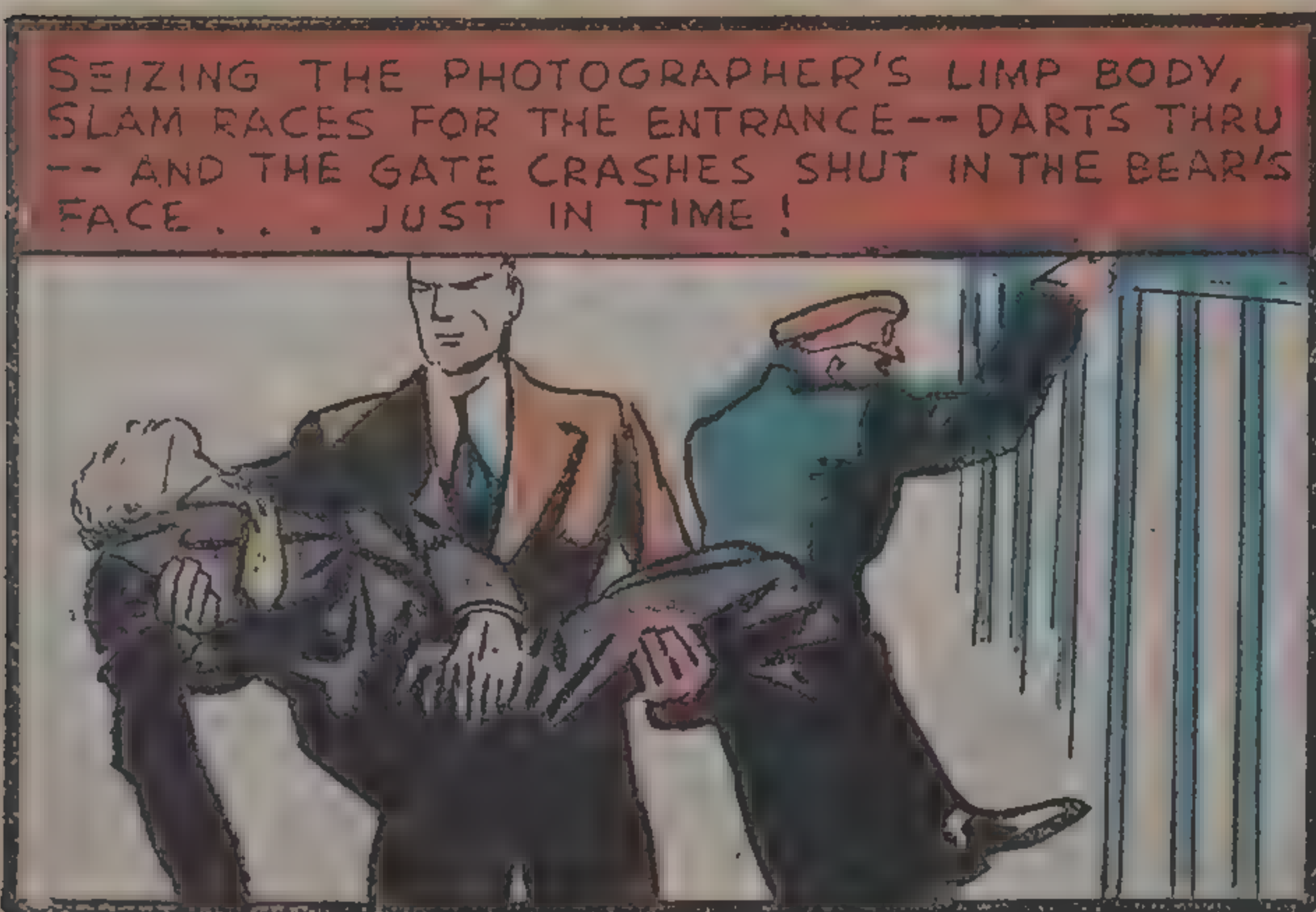
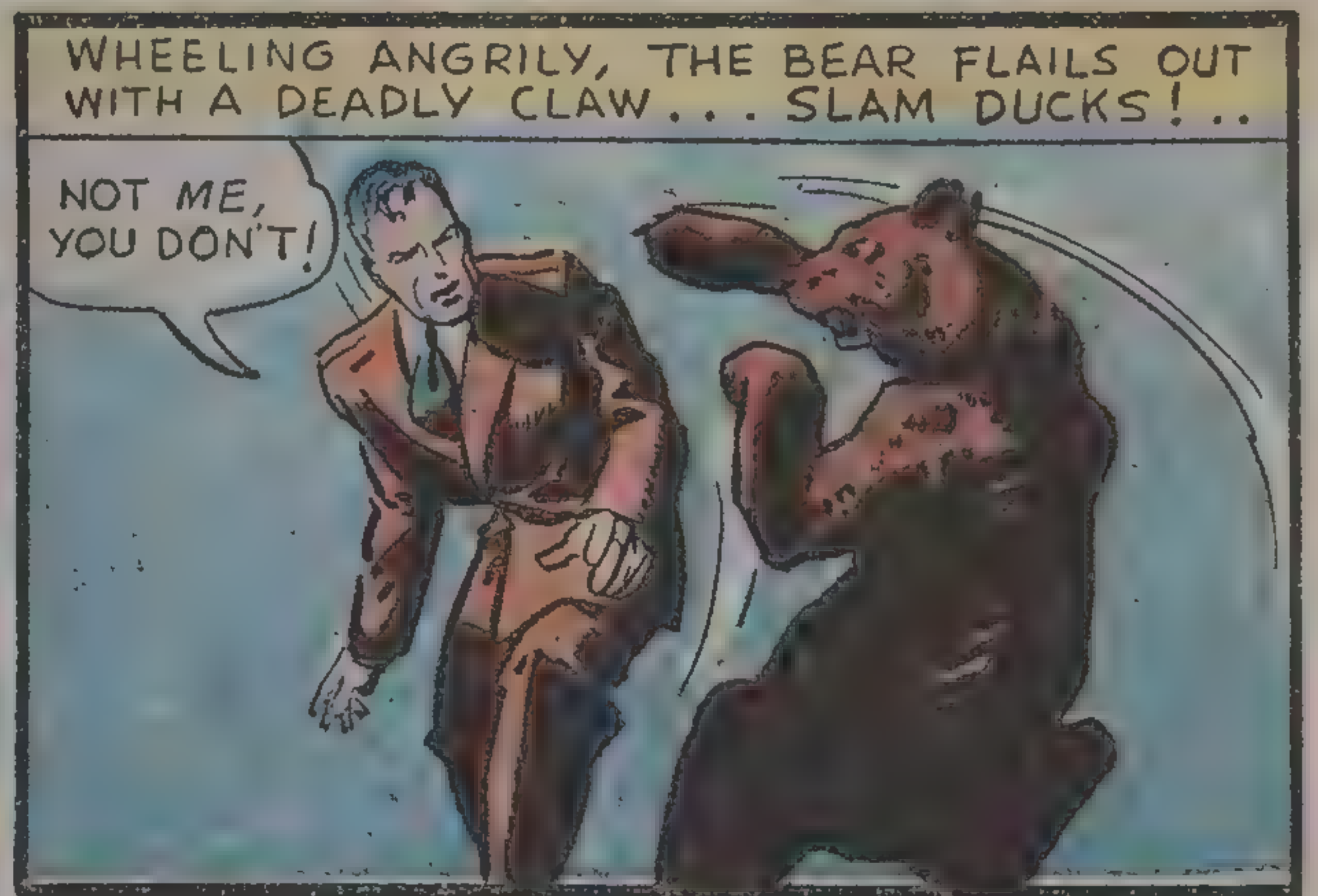
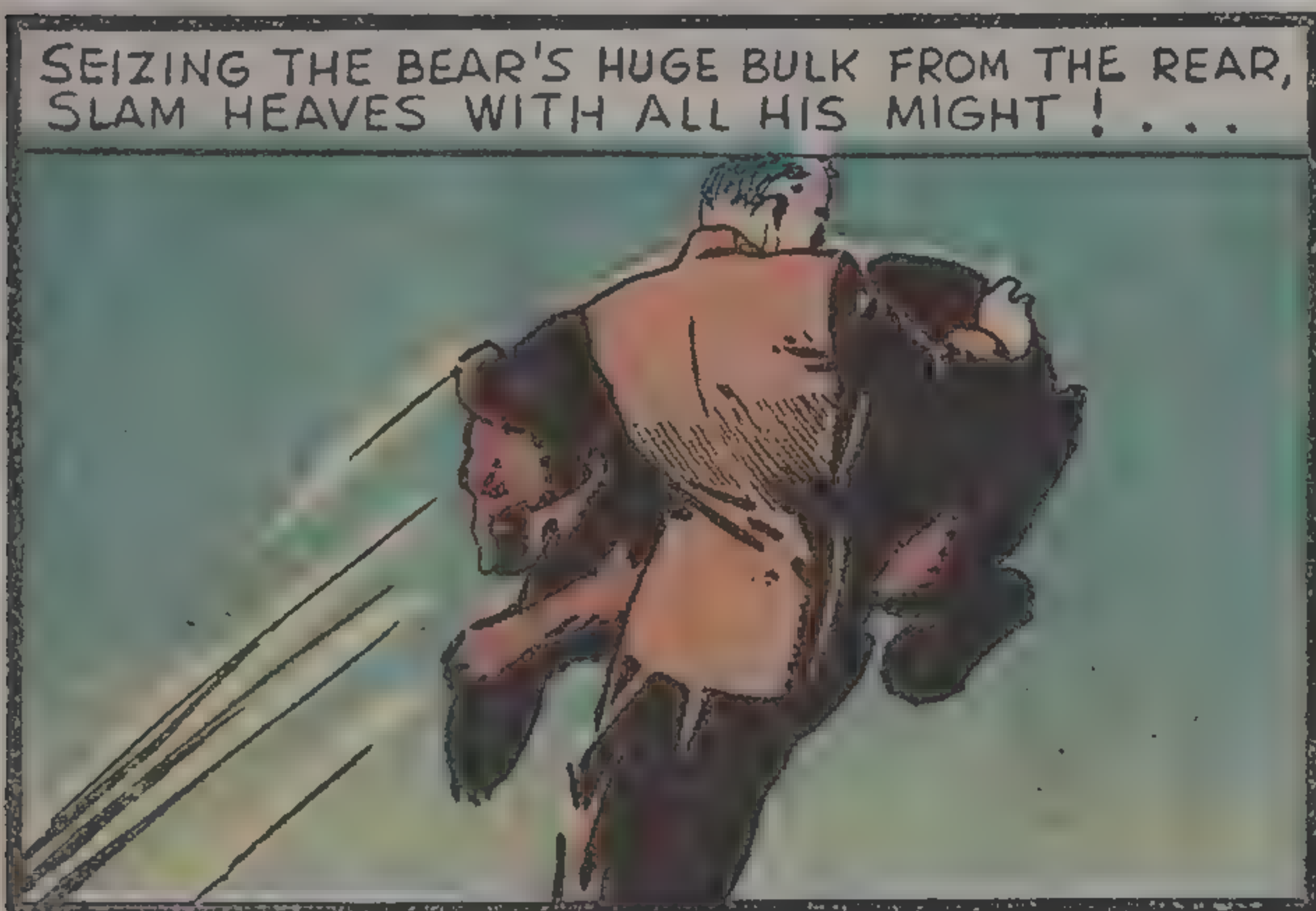
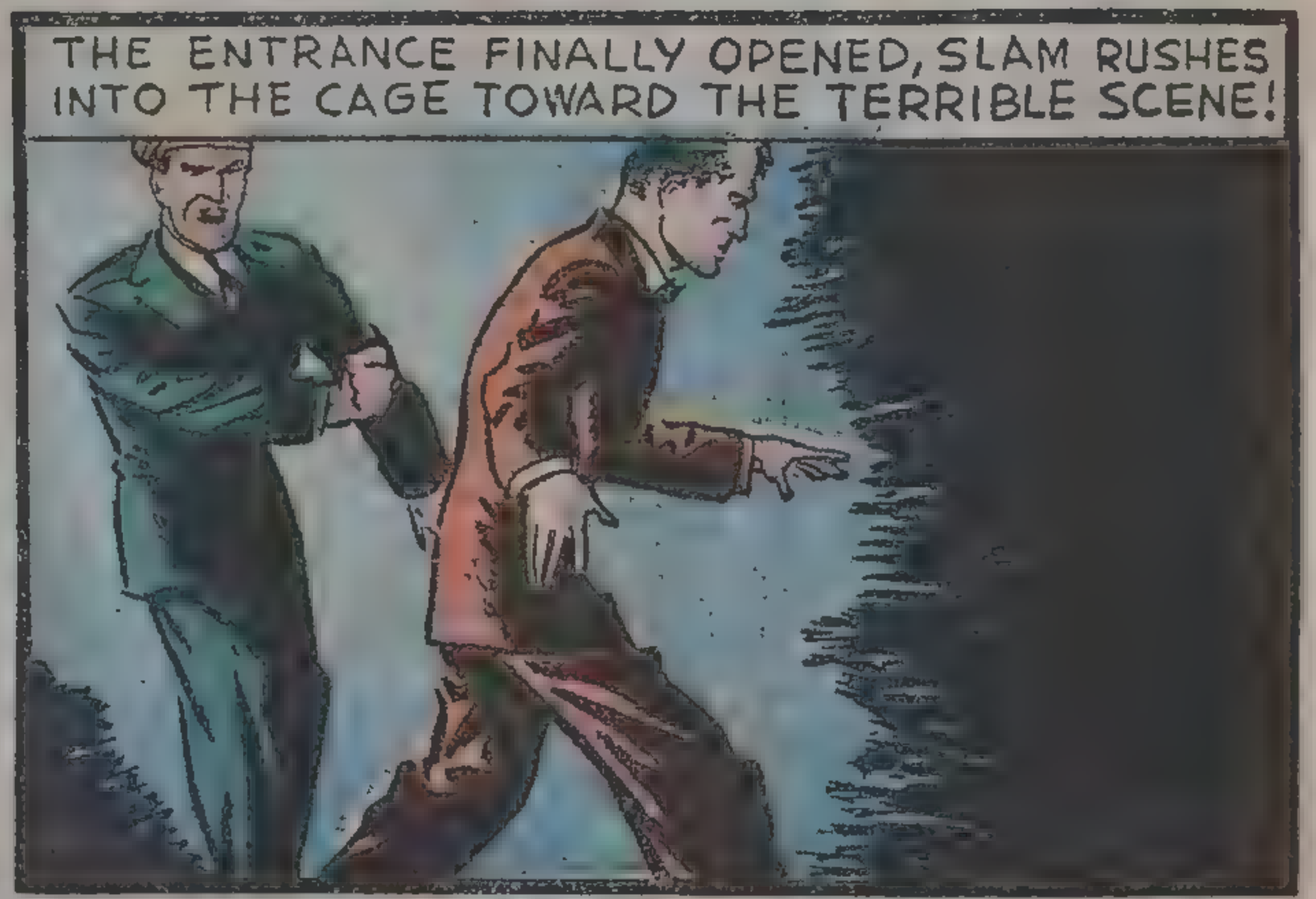
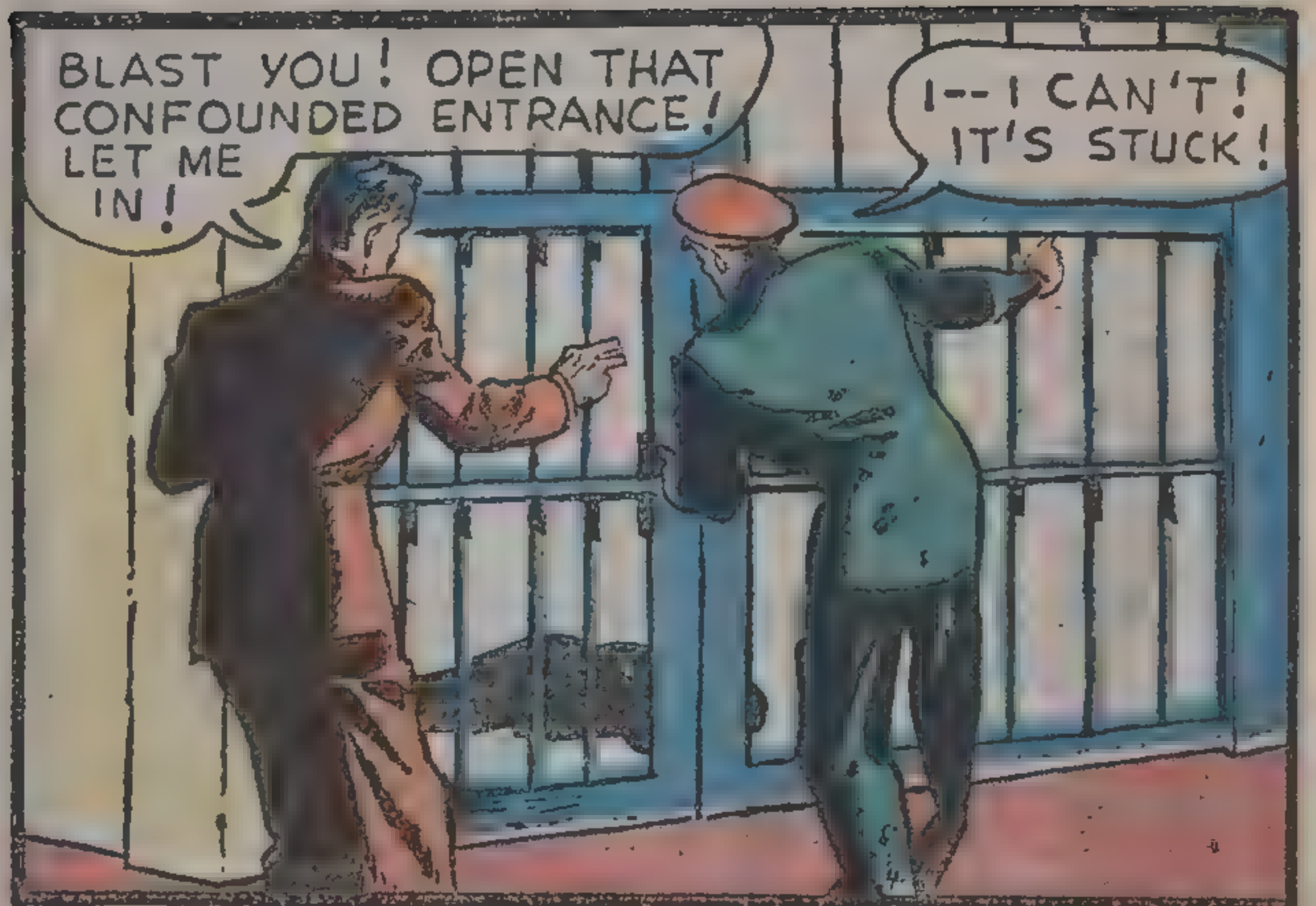
YEH-- HOW
COME?

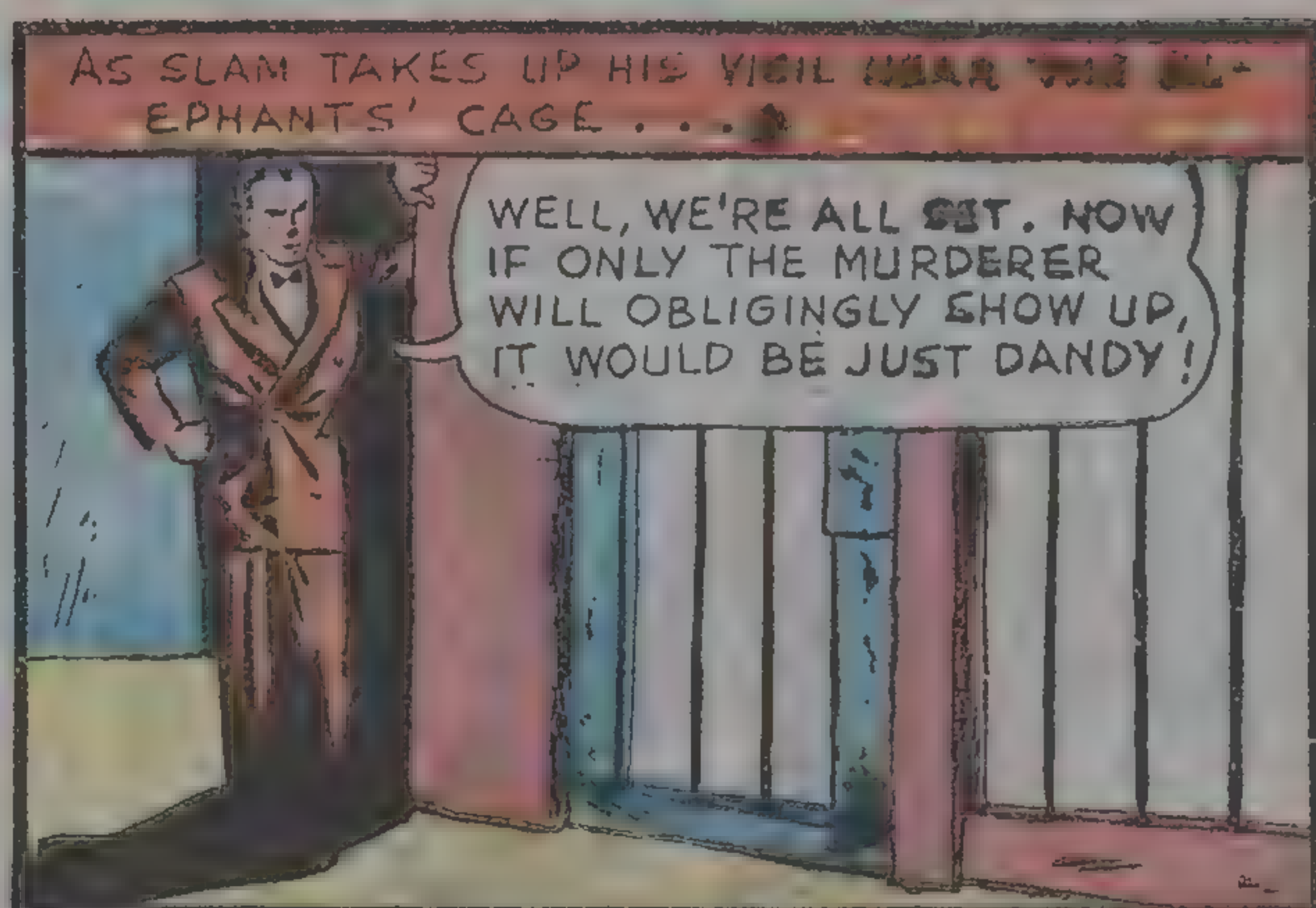
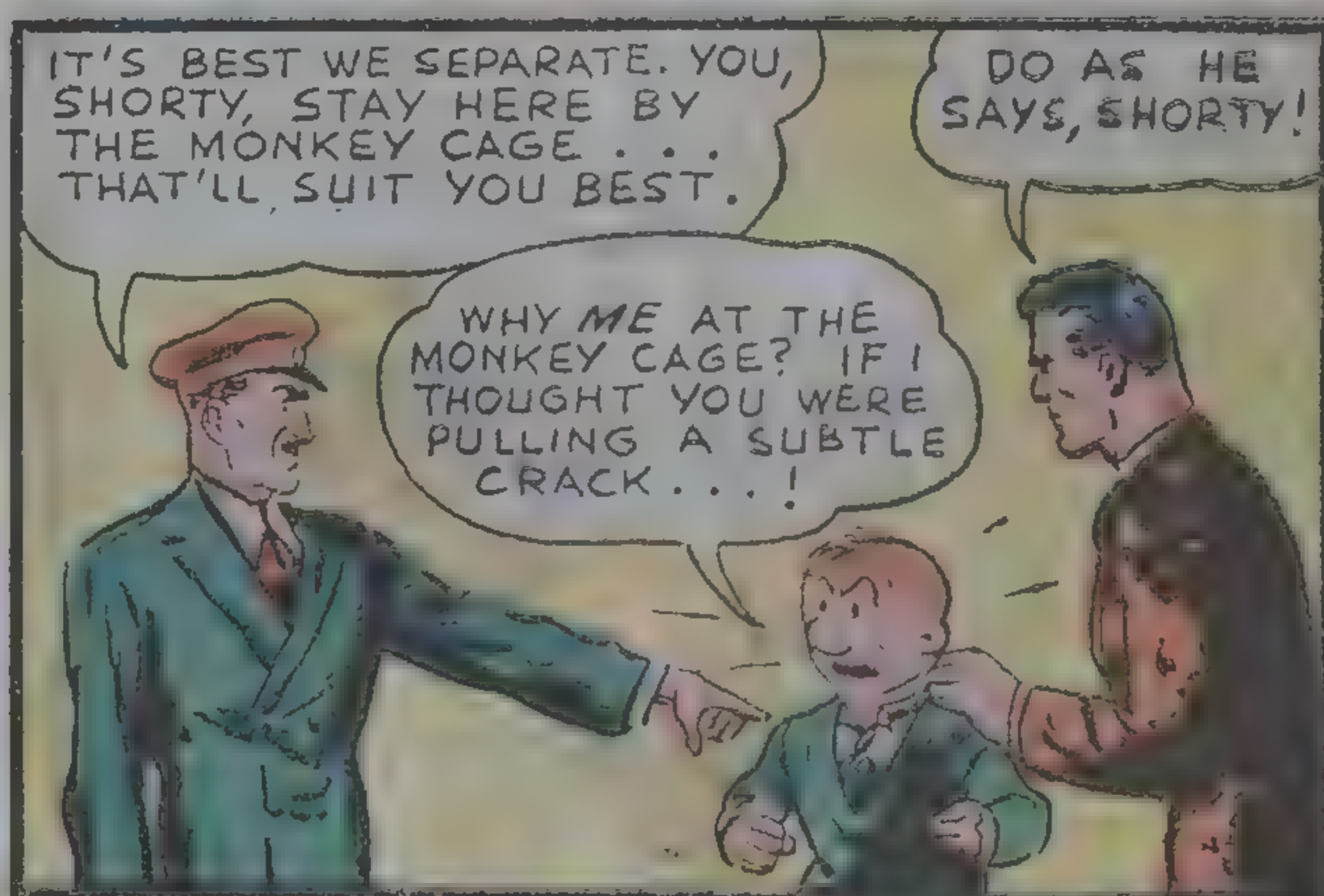
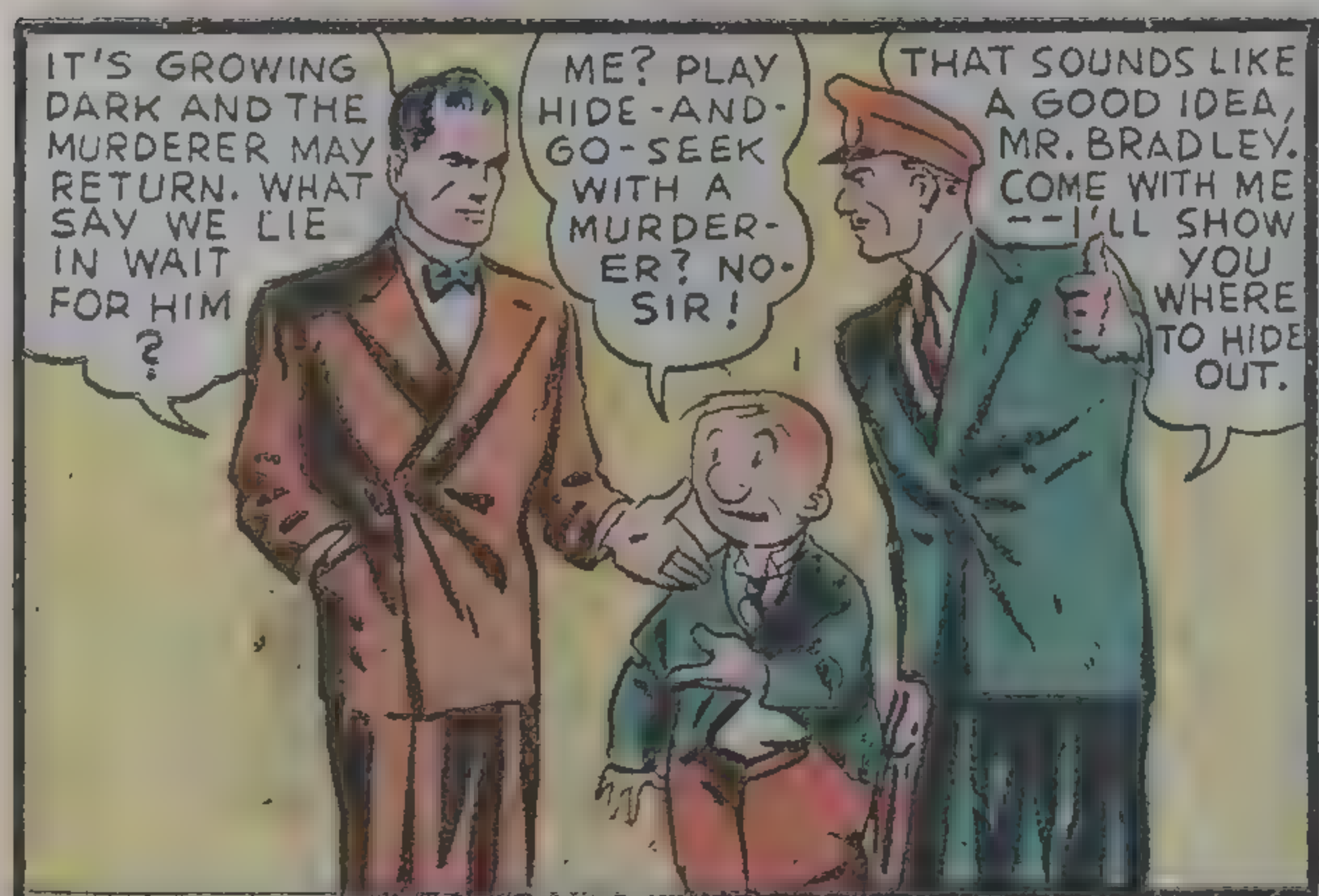
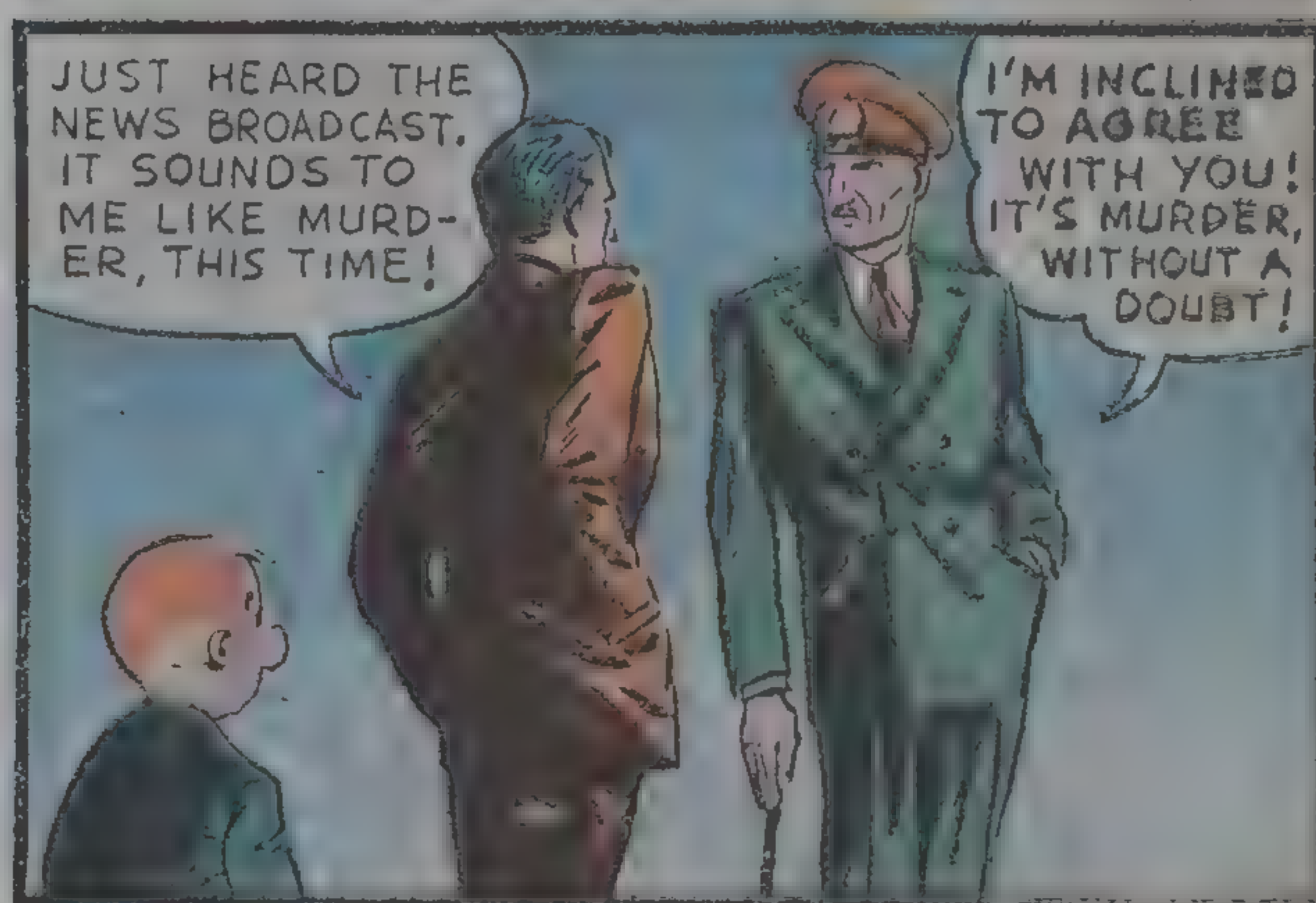
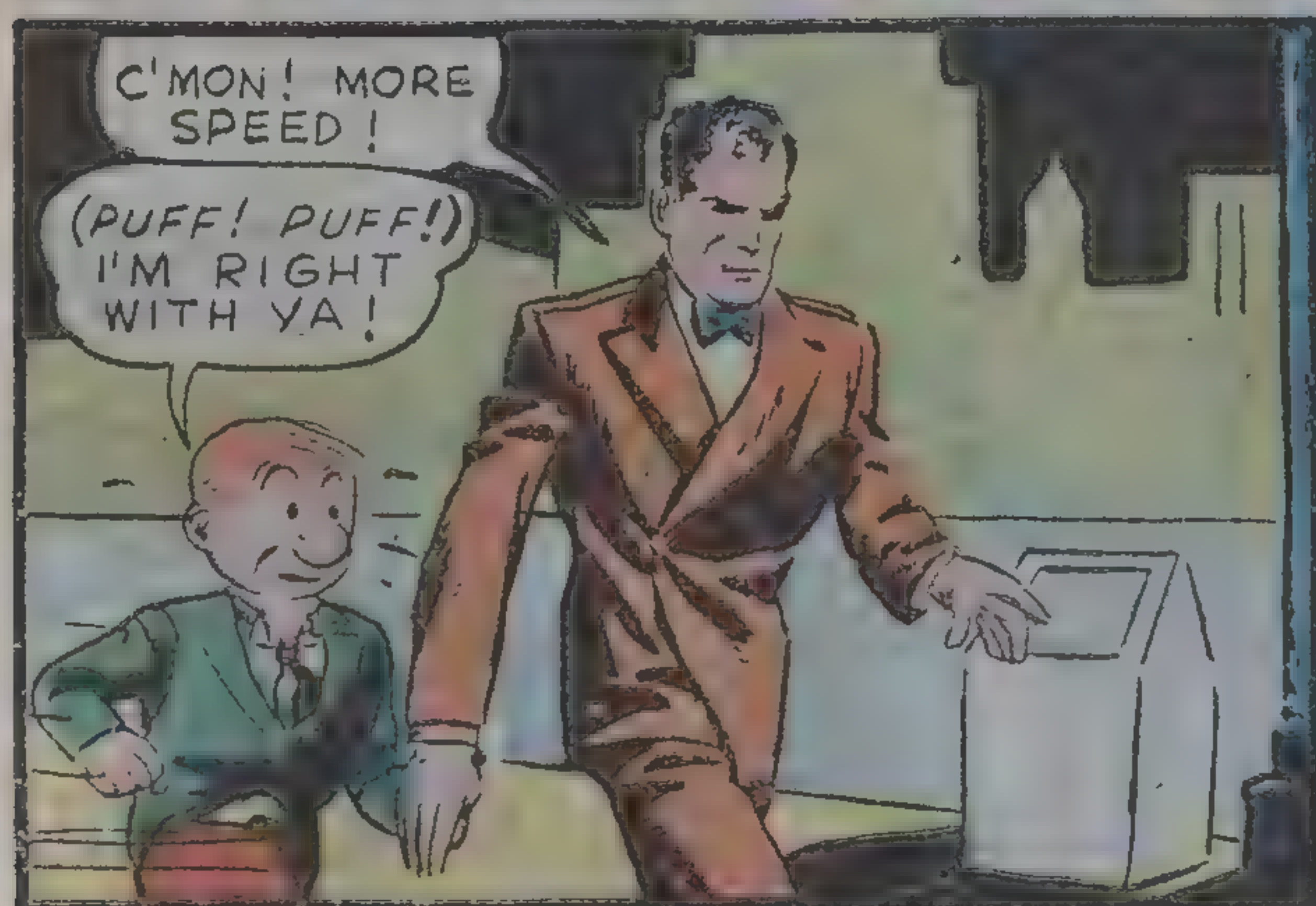
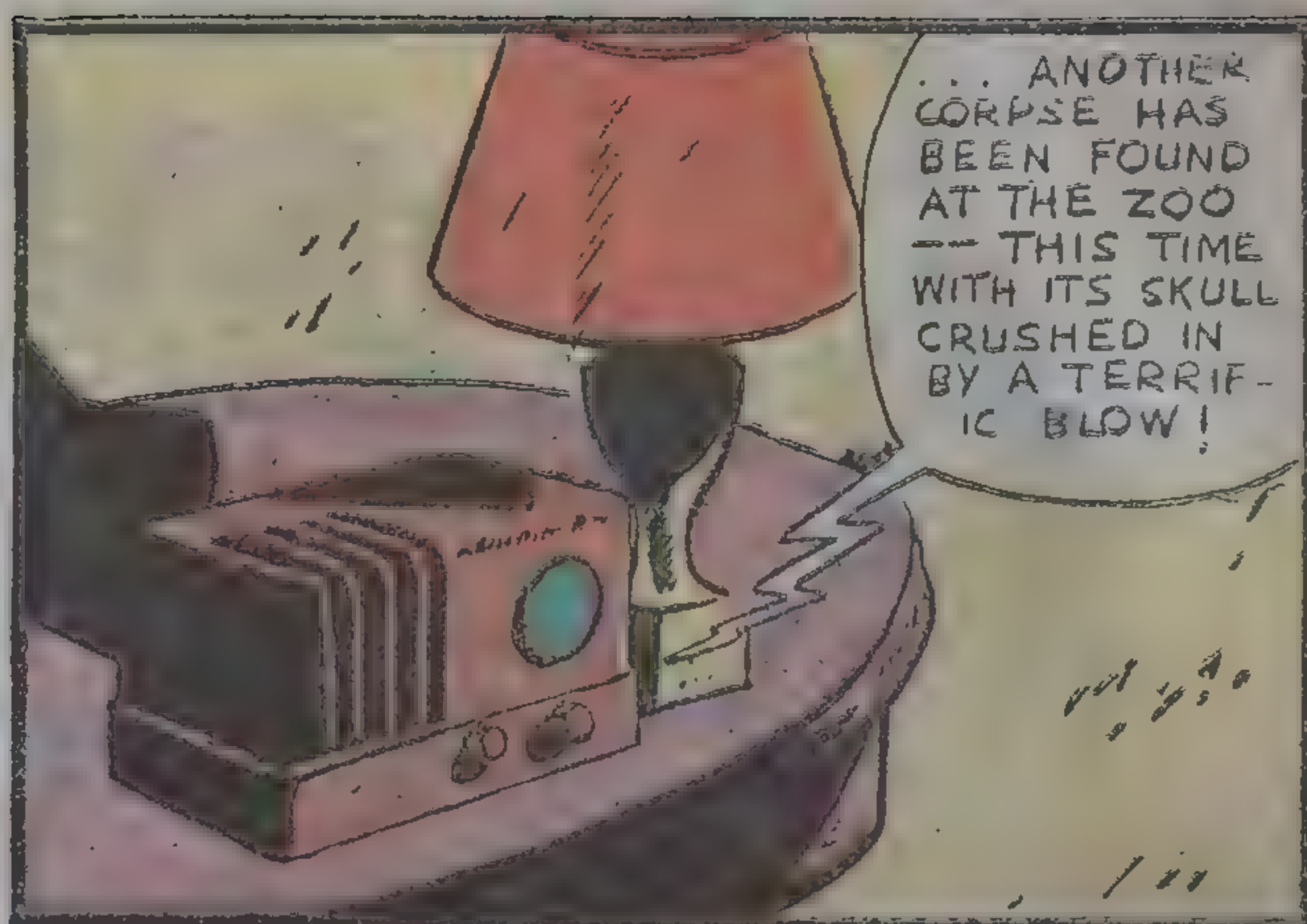
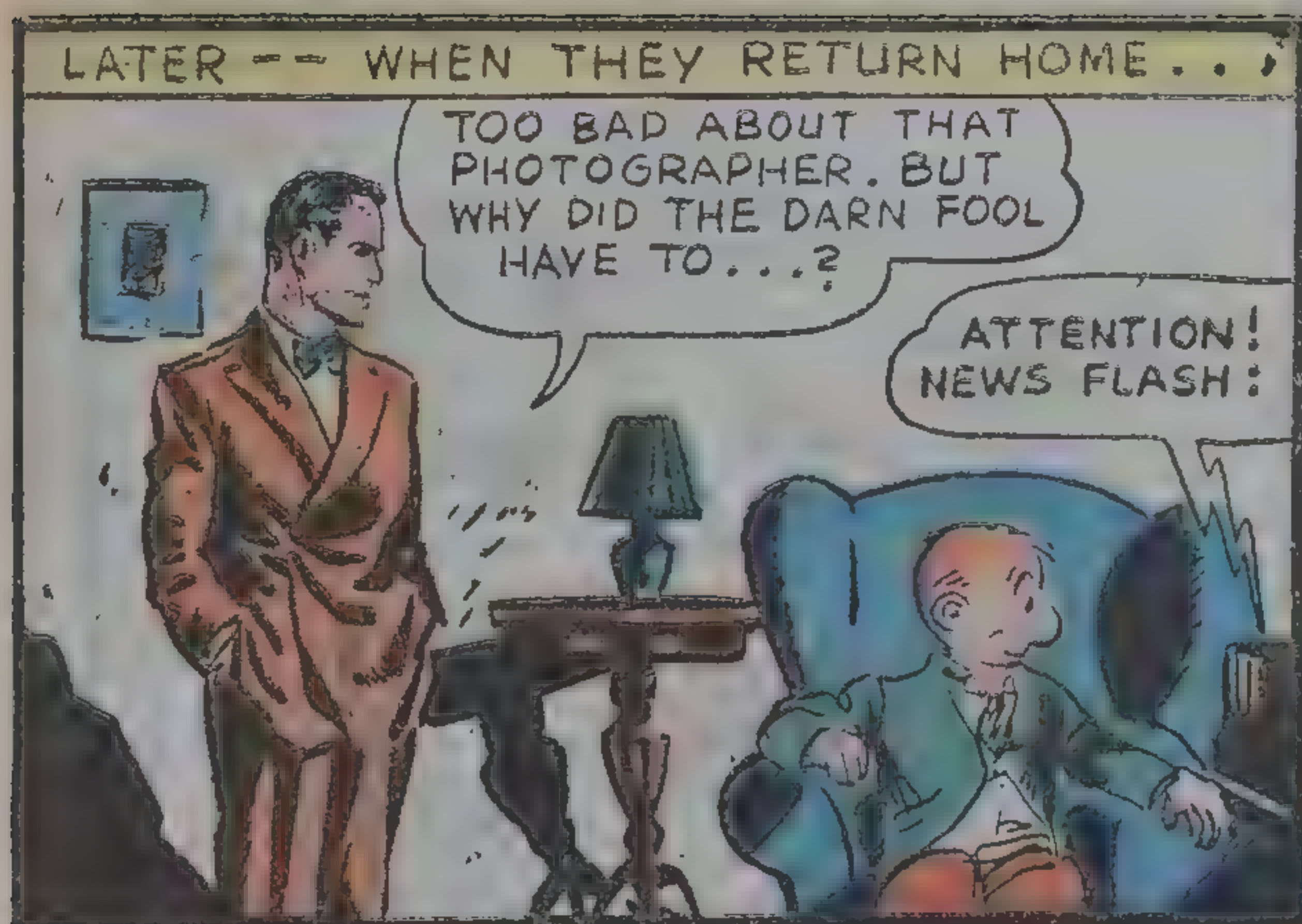
DID YOU HAVE A FIST
FIGHT WITH A MAN AT
THE ZOO YESTERDAY?

YOU BET I
DID! AND HE
DESERVED IT.
S'MATTER?
HE COME
CRYIN'
TO THE
COPS?

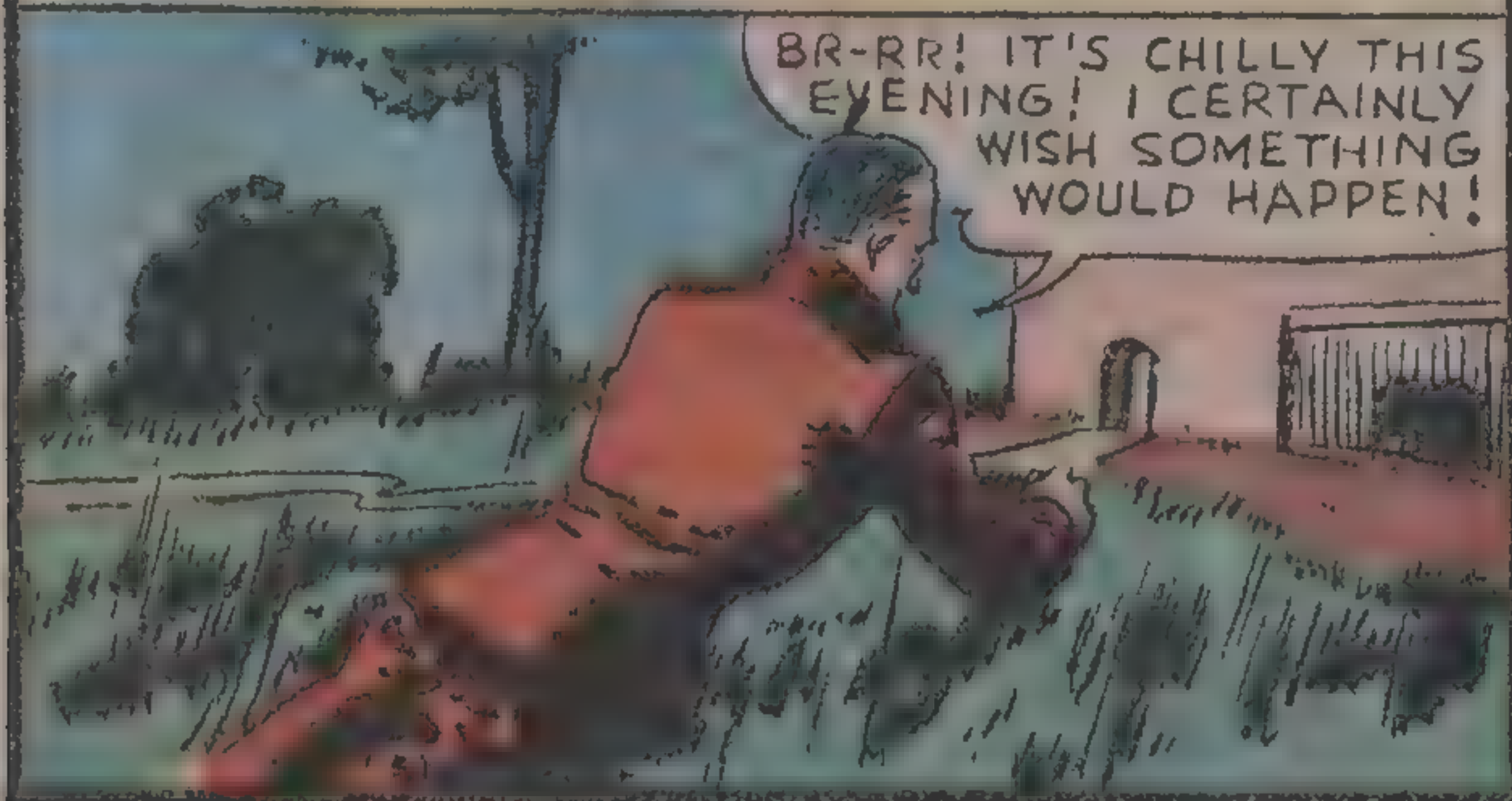
NO.--HE'S
BEEN FOUND
DEAD!







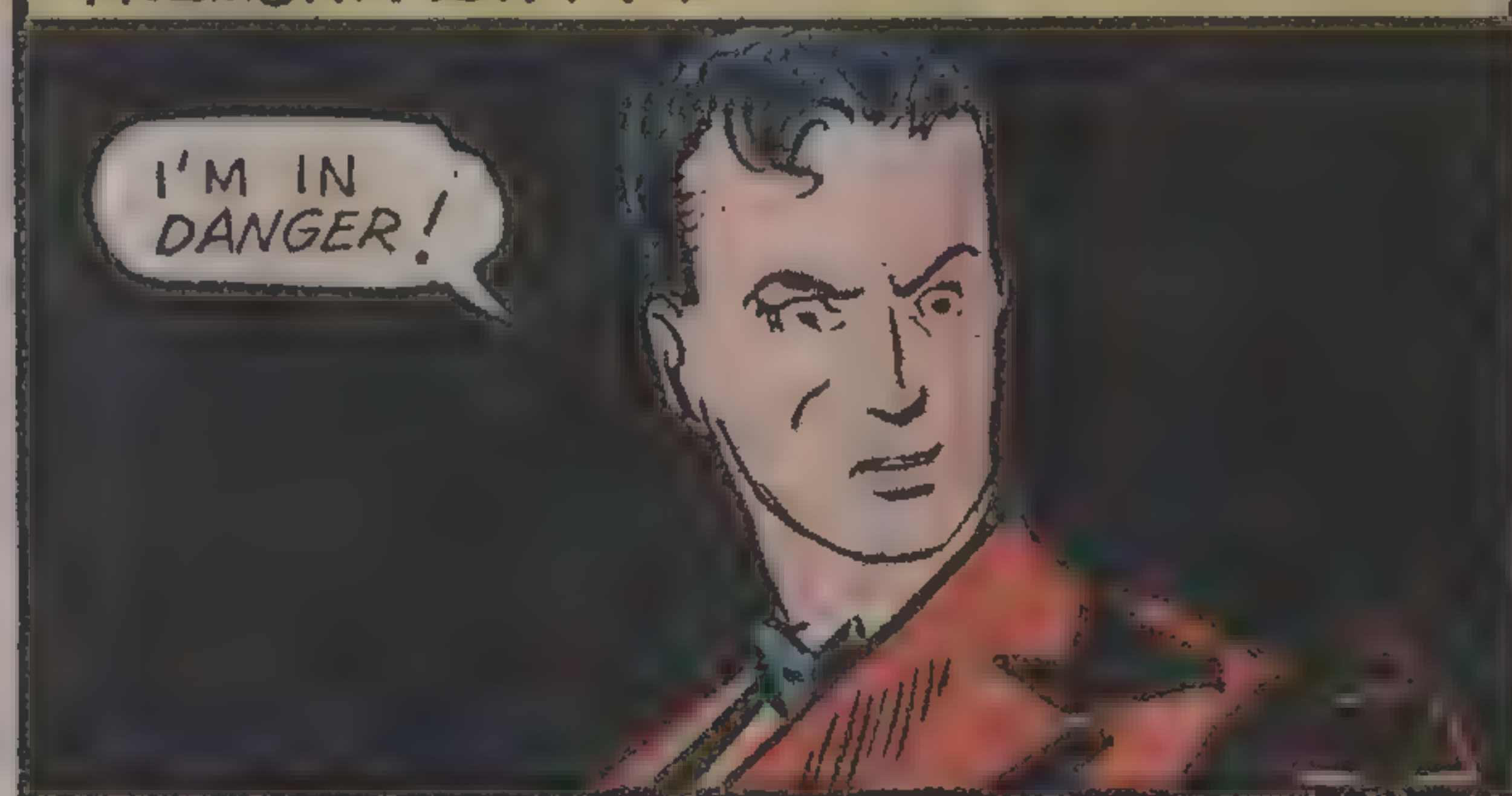
GRIMLY, SLAM WEARILY WAITS AS MINUTES DRAG INTO HOURS... EVERYTHING IS SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL RUMBLING OF ONE OF THE ANIMALS...



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR WISH, SLAM! — CREEPING THRU THE SHADOWS TOWARD YOU IS A FURTIVE, INDISTINCT FIGURE...



INSTINCT-- THE STRANGE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF MAN DOWN THRU THE CENTURIES -- GIVES SLAM A FEELING OF UNEASY PREMONITION...



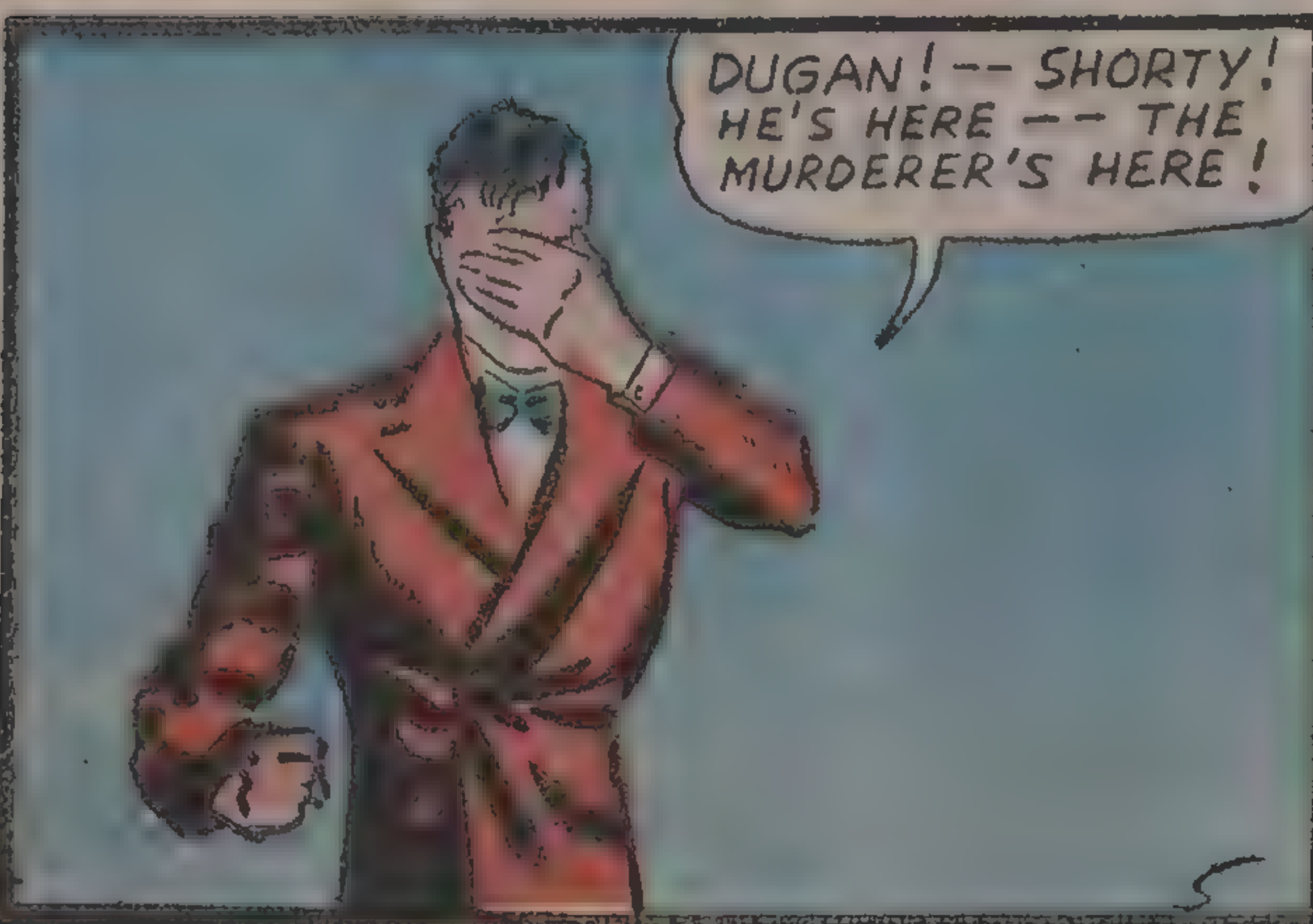
AS SLAM INVOLUNTARILY DUCKS, THE HEAVY METAL BAR WHICH HAD INTENDED TO SMASH HIS HEAD IN, GRAZES THE DETECTIVE'S SHOULDER...



BLINDLY -- DAZED -- FRANTIC -- SLAM GROPE'S OUT FOR HIS COWARDLY ATTACKER... BUT HIS OPPONENT TWISTS AWAY...

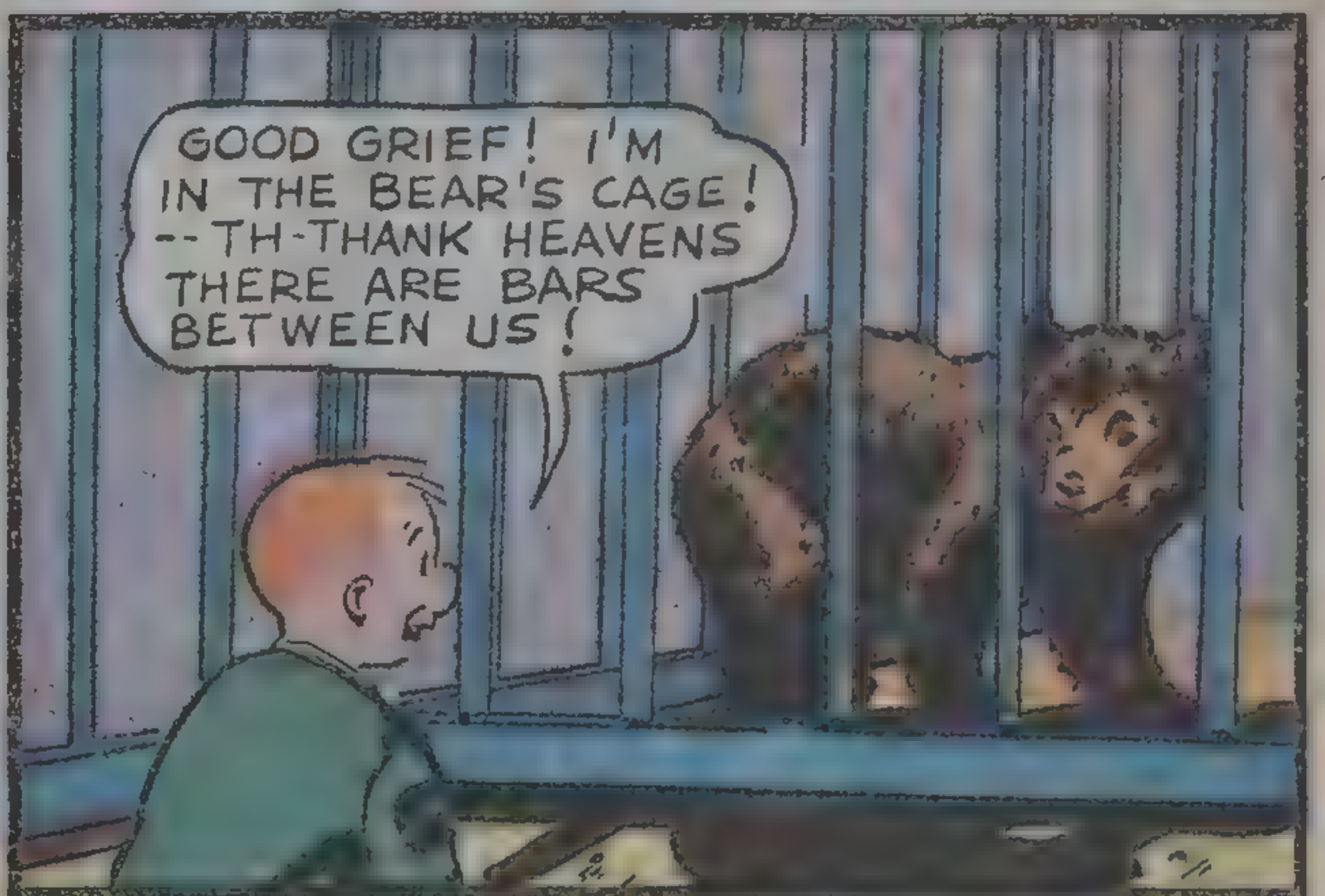
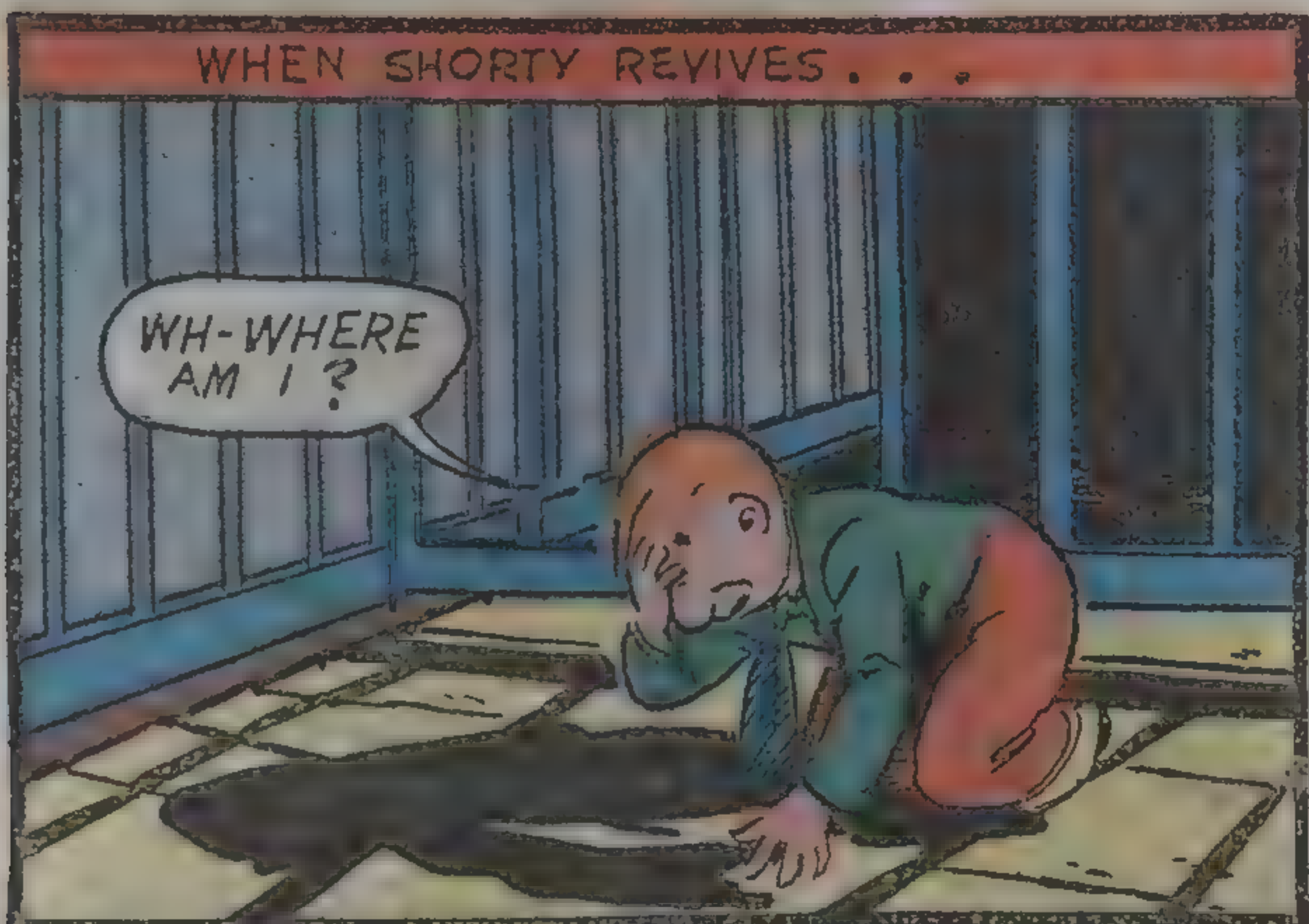
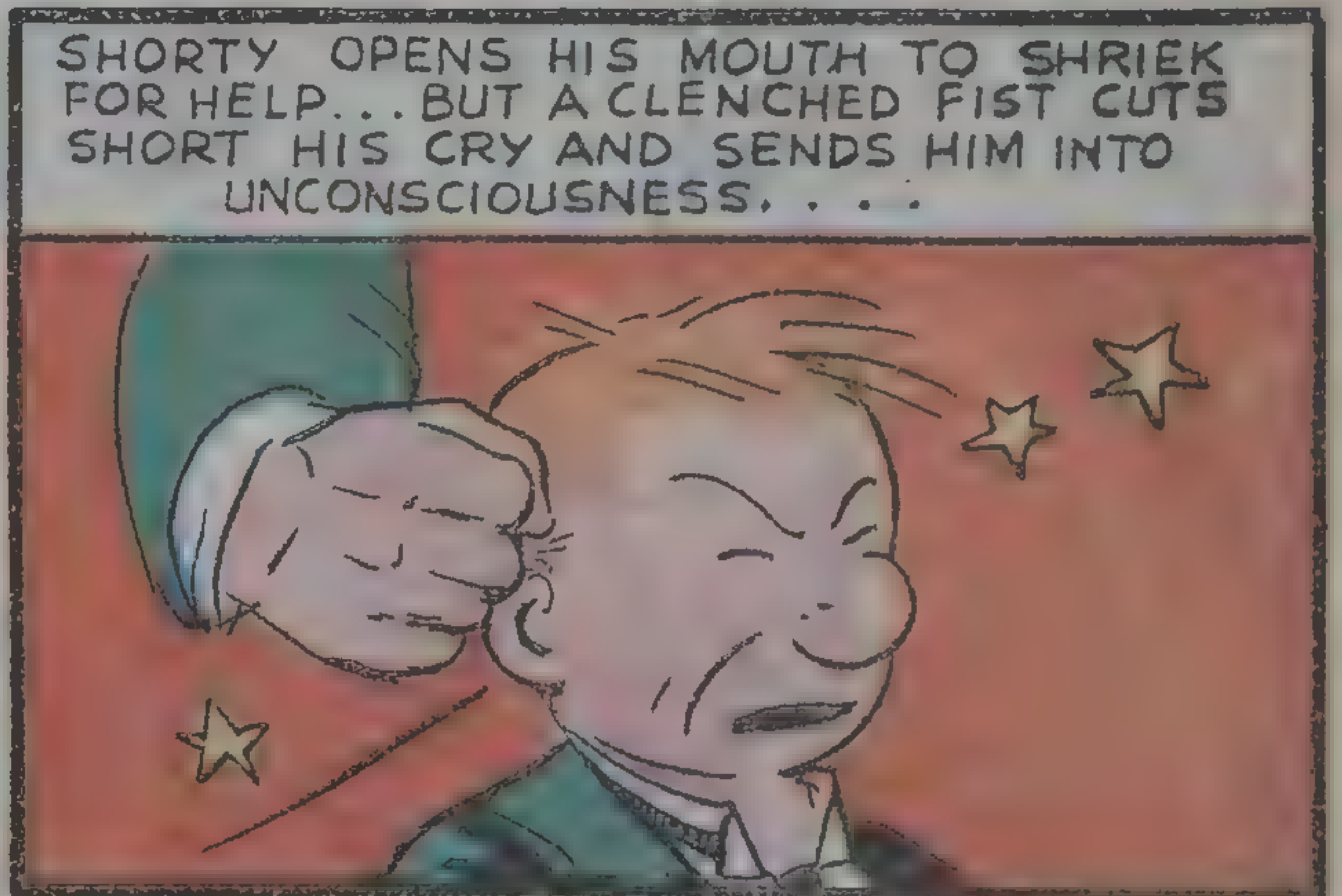
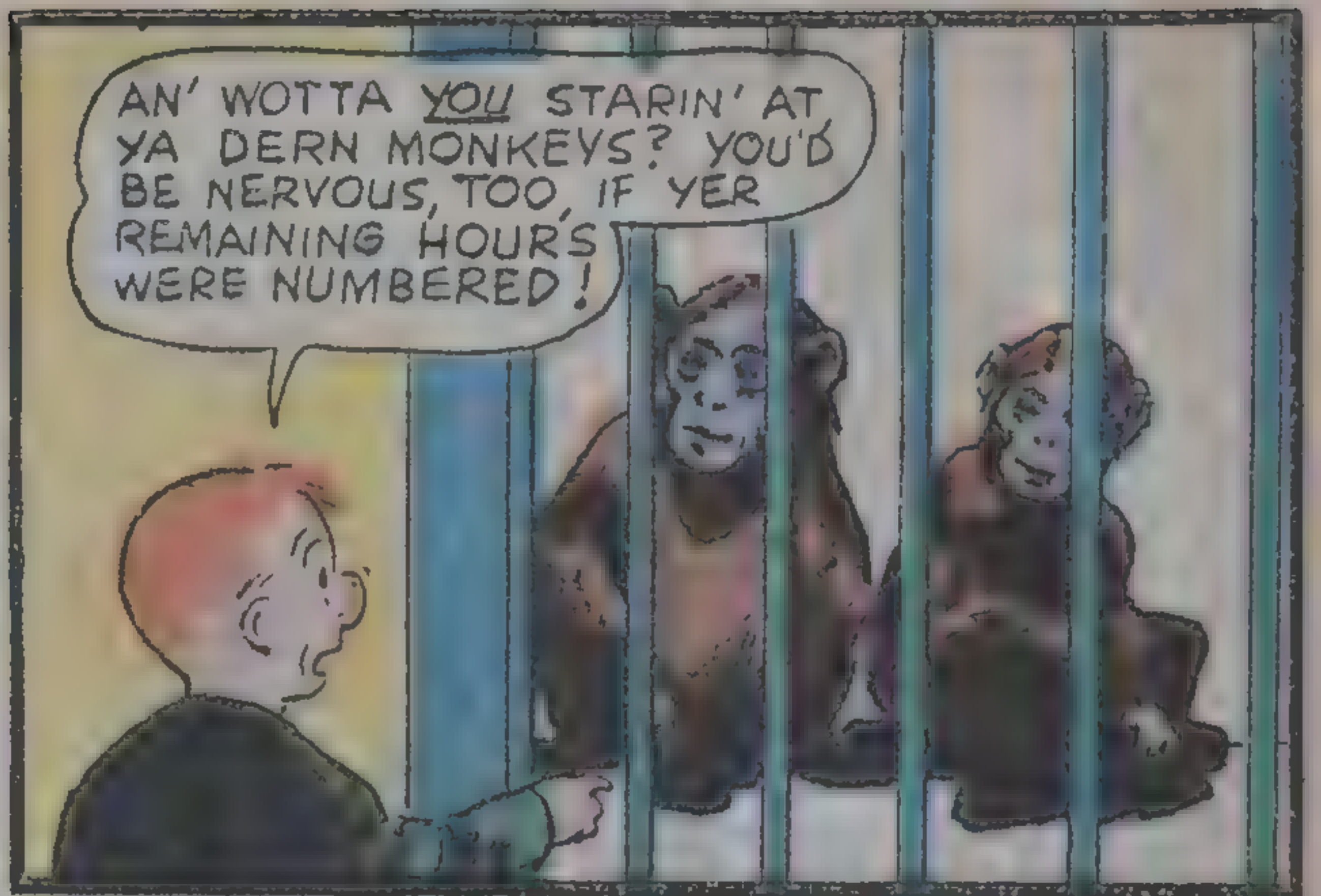
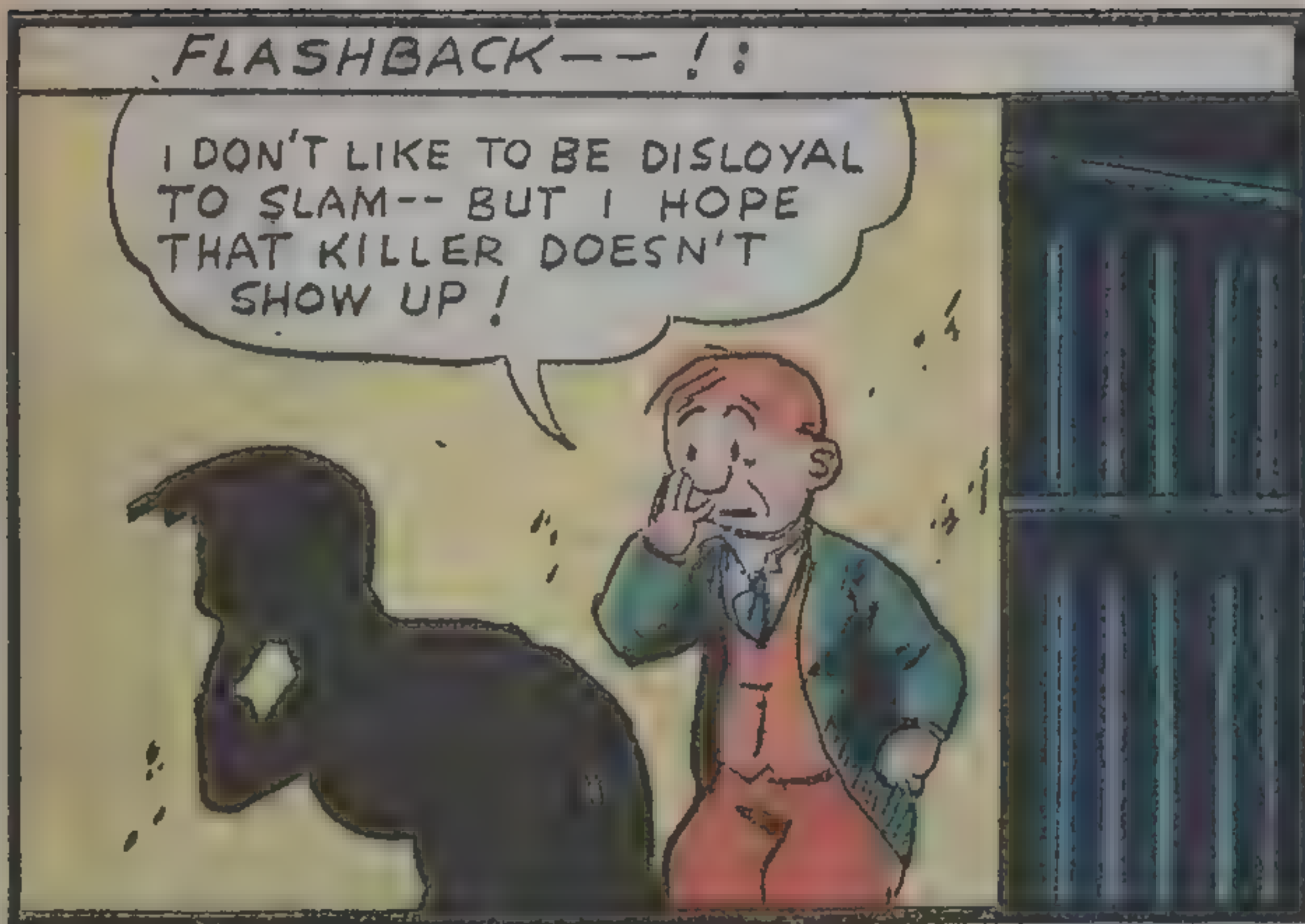


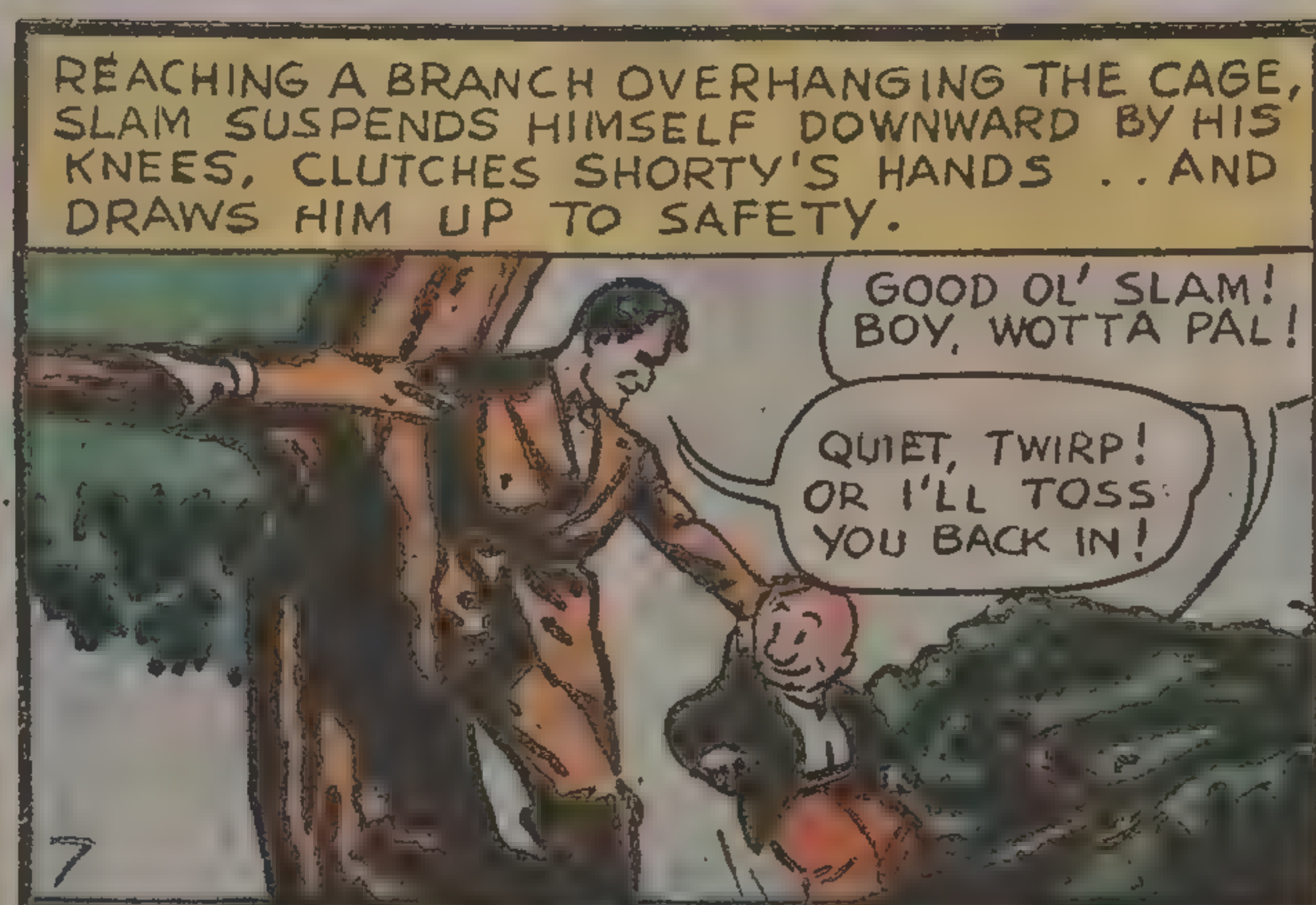
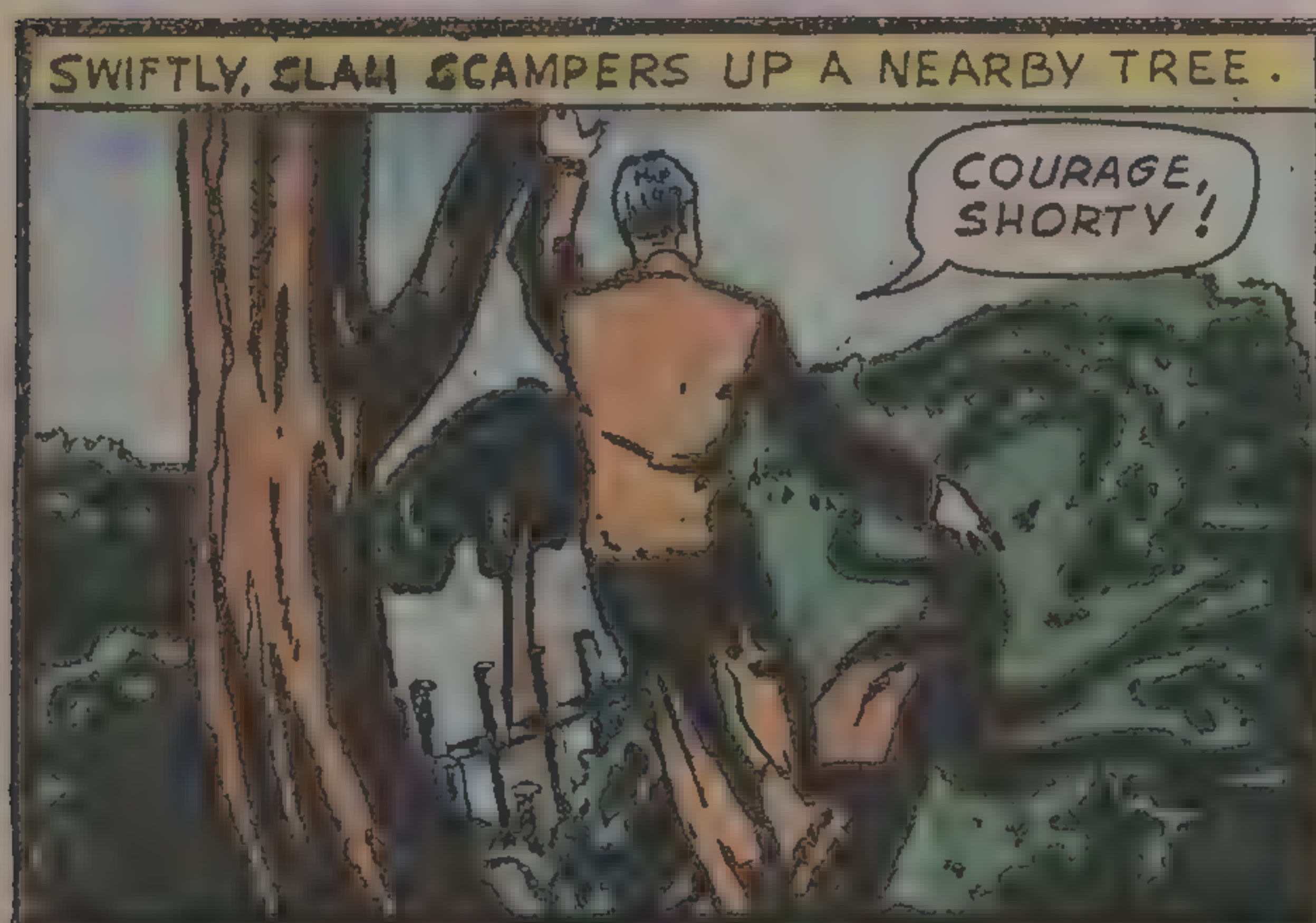
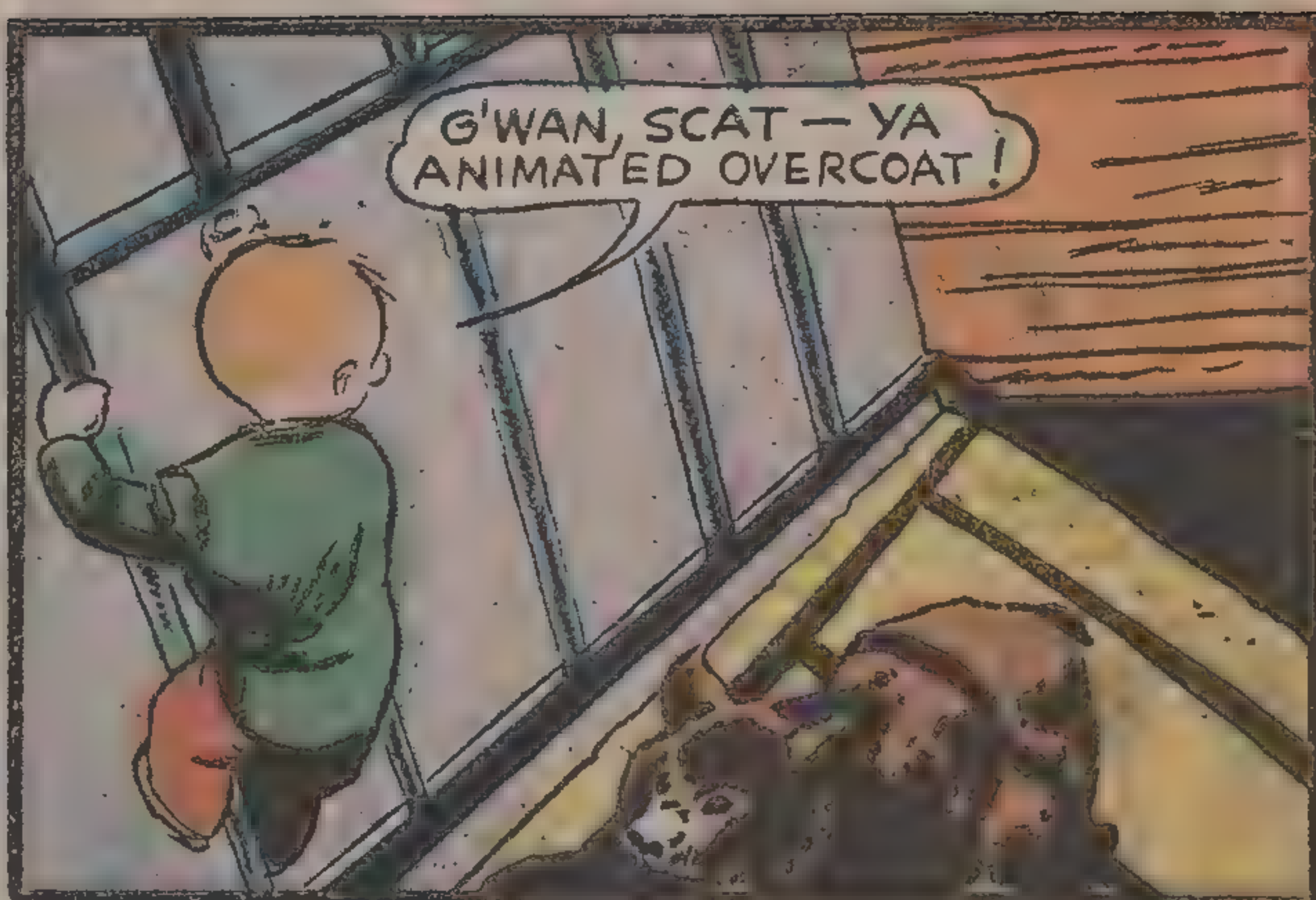
DUGAN! -- SHORTY! HE'S HERE -- THE MURDERER'S HERE!

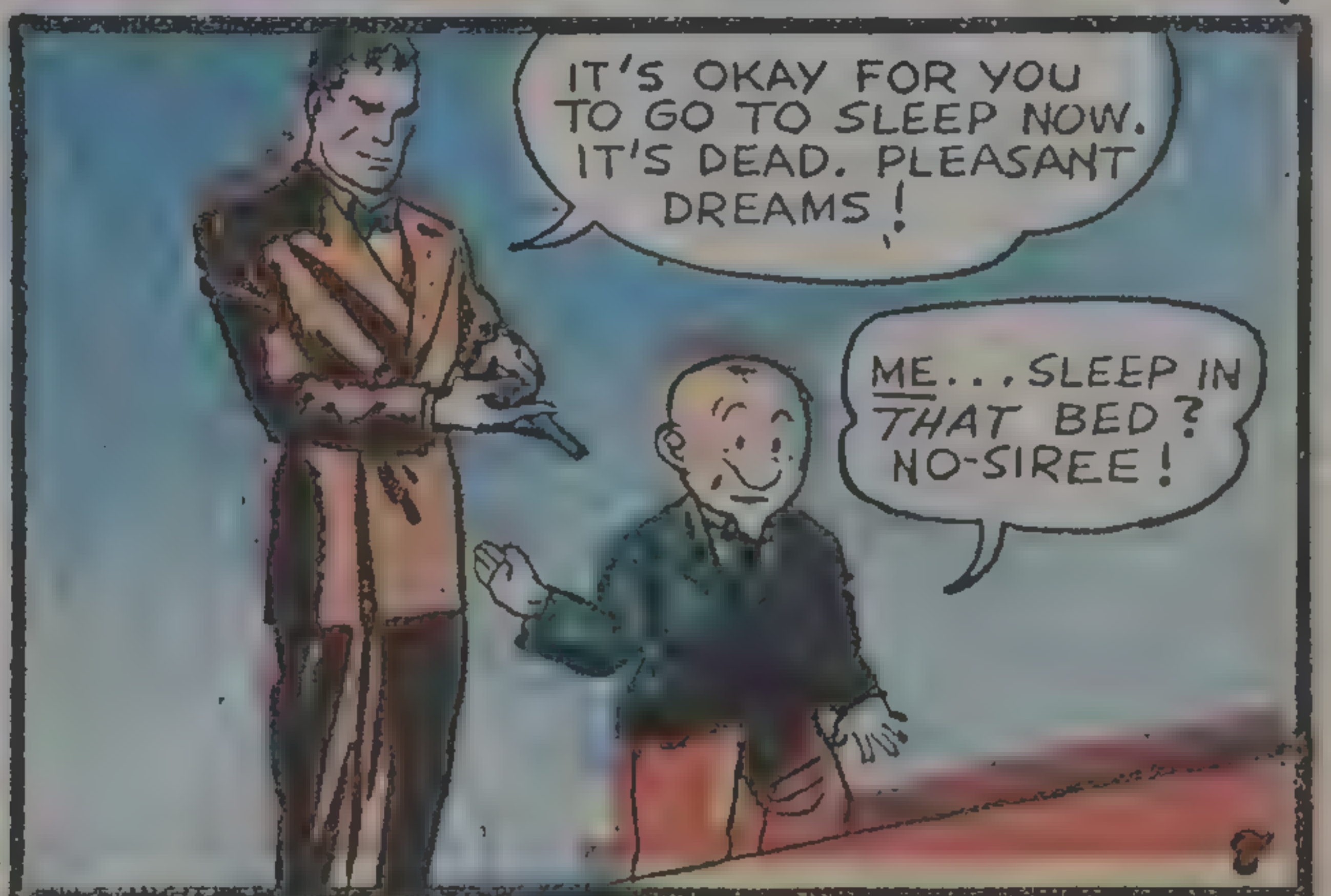
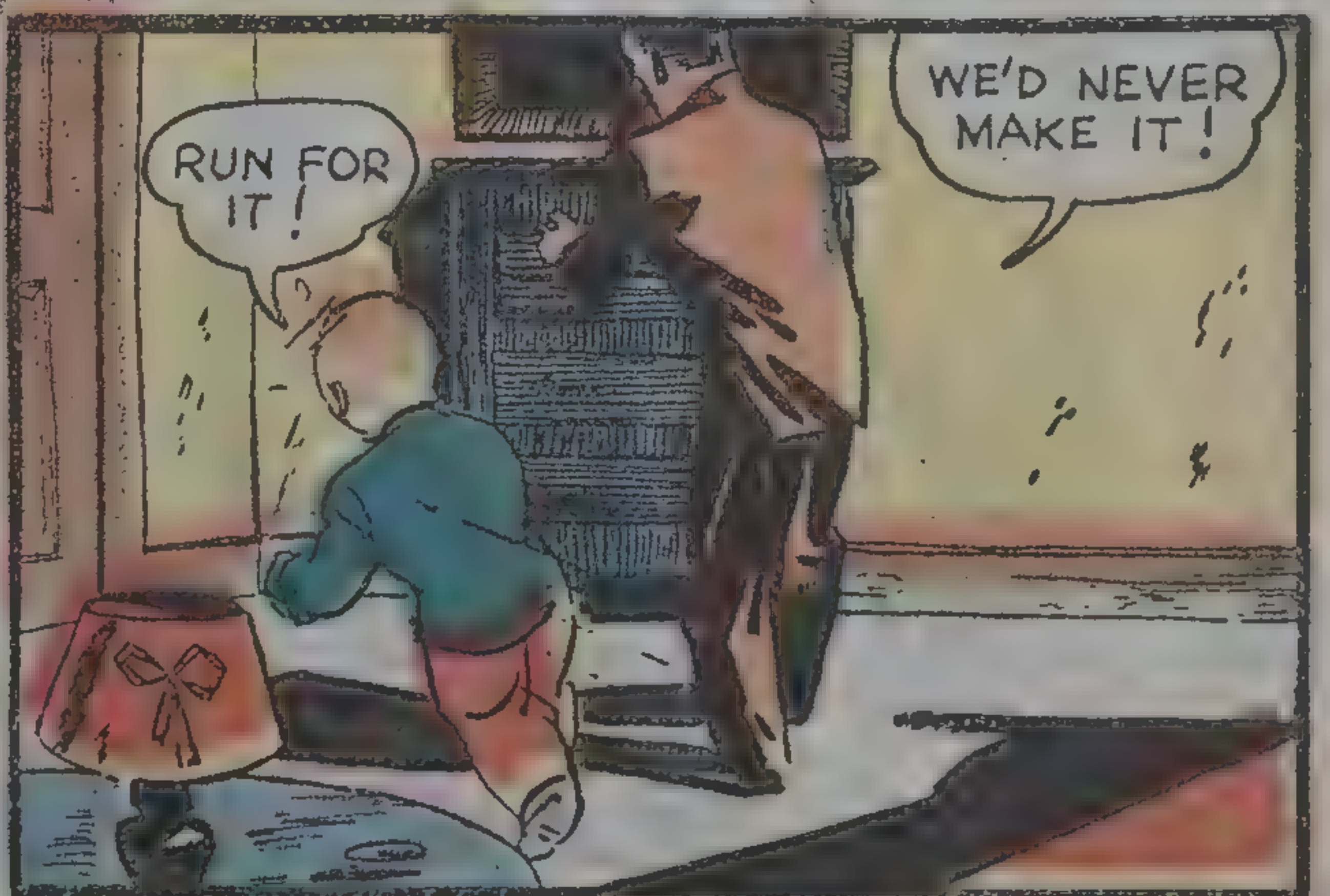
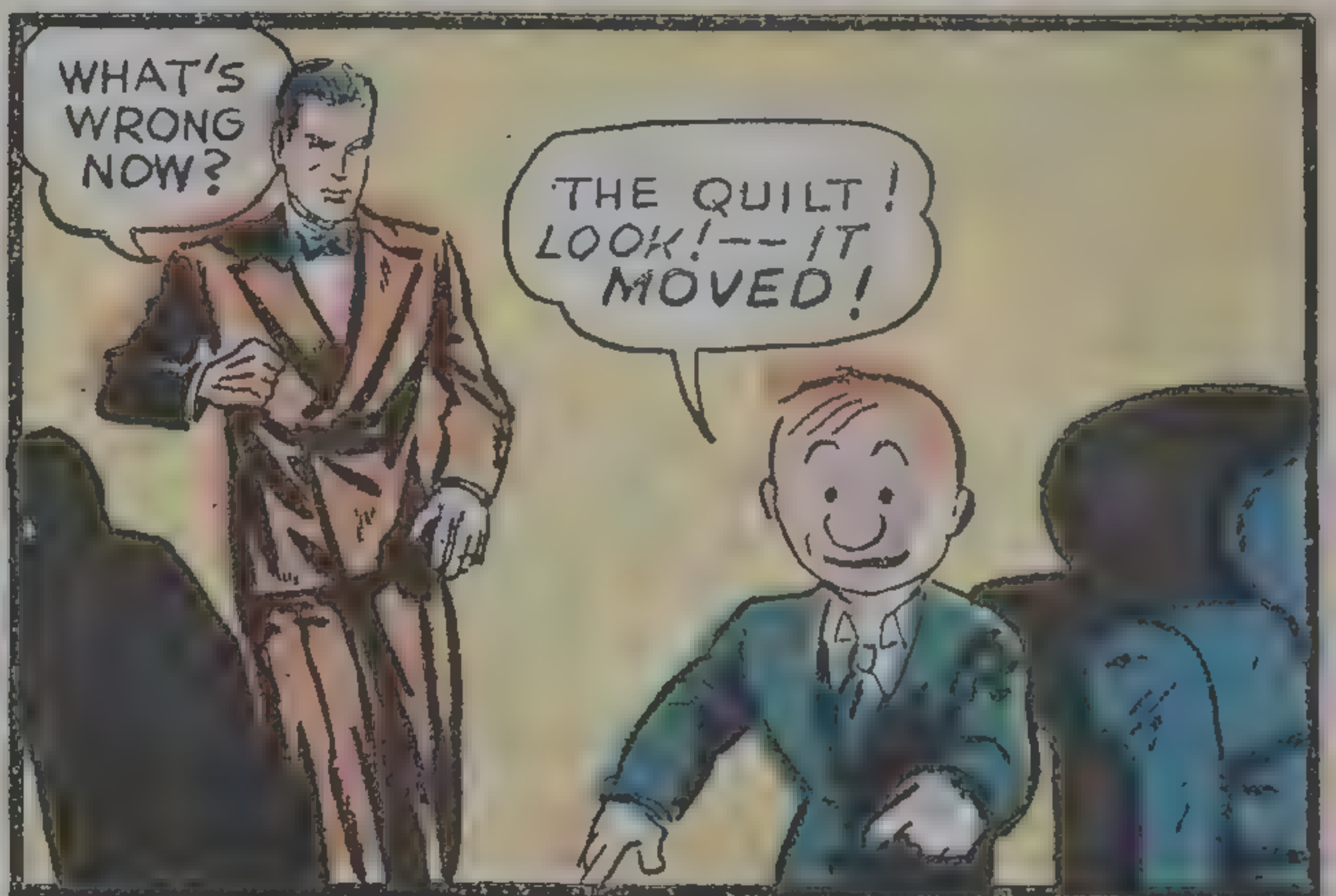
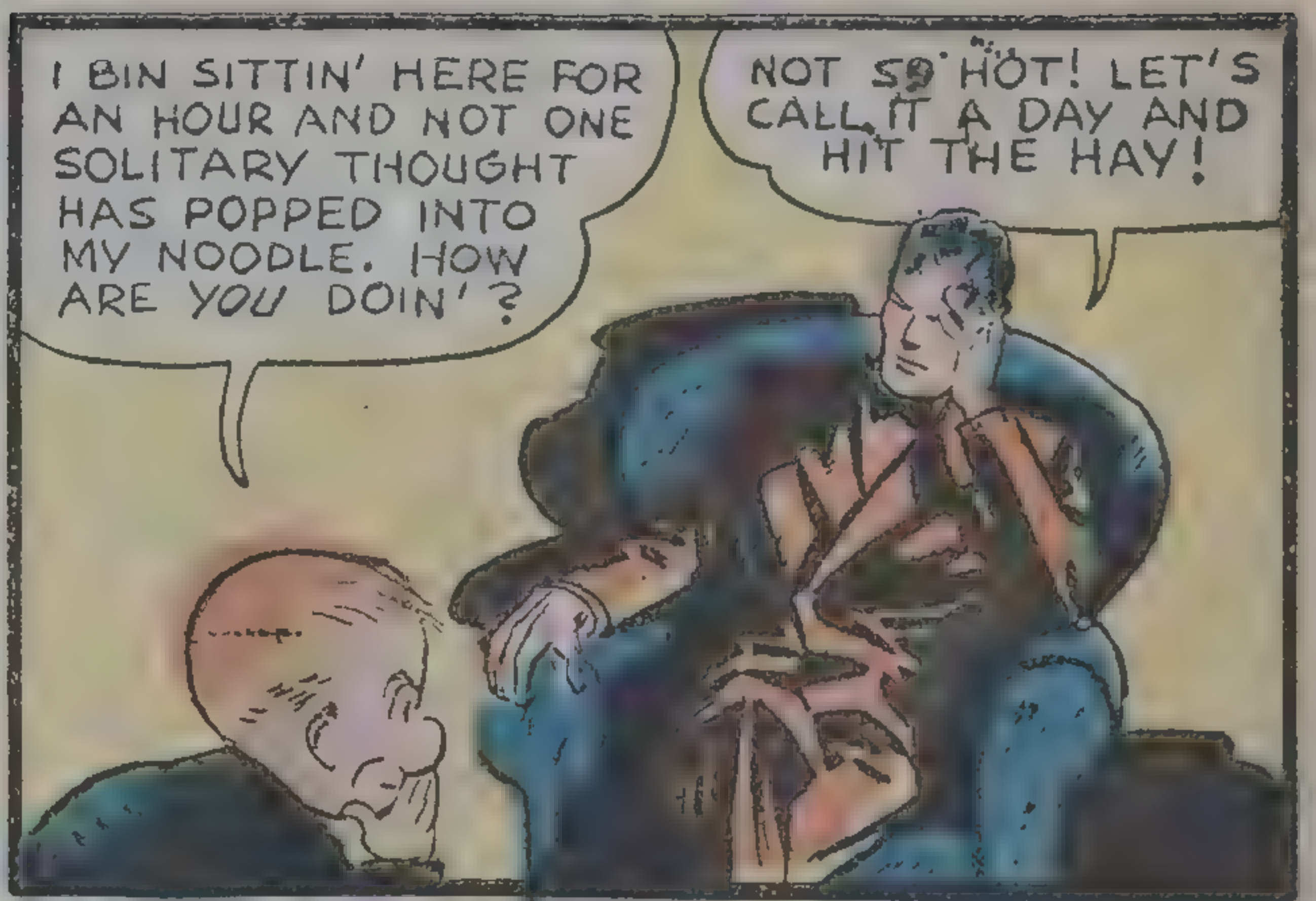
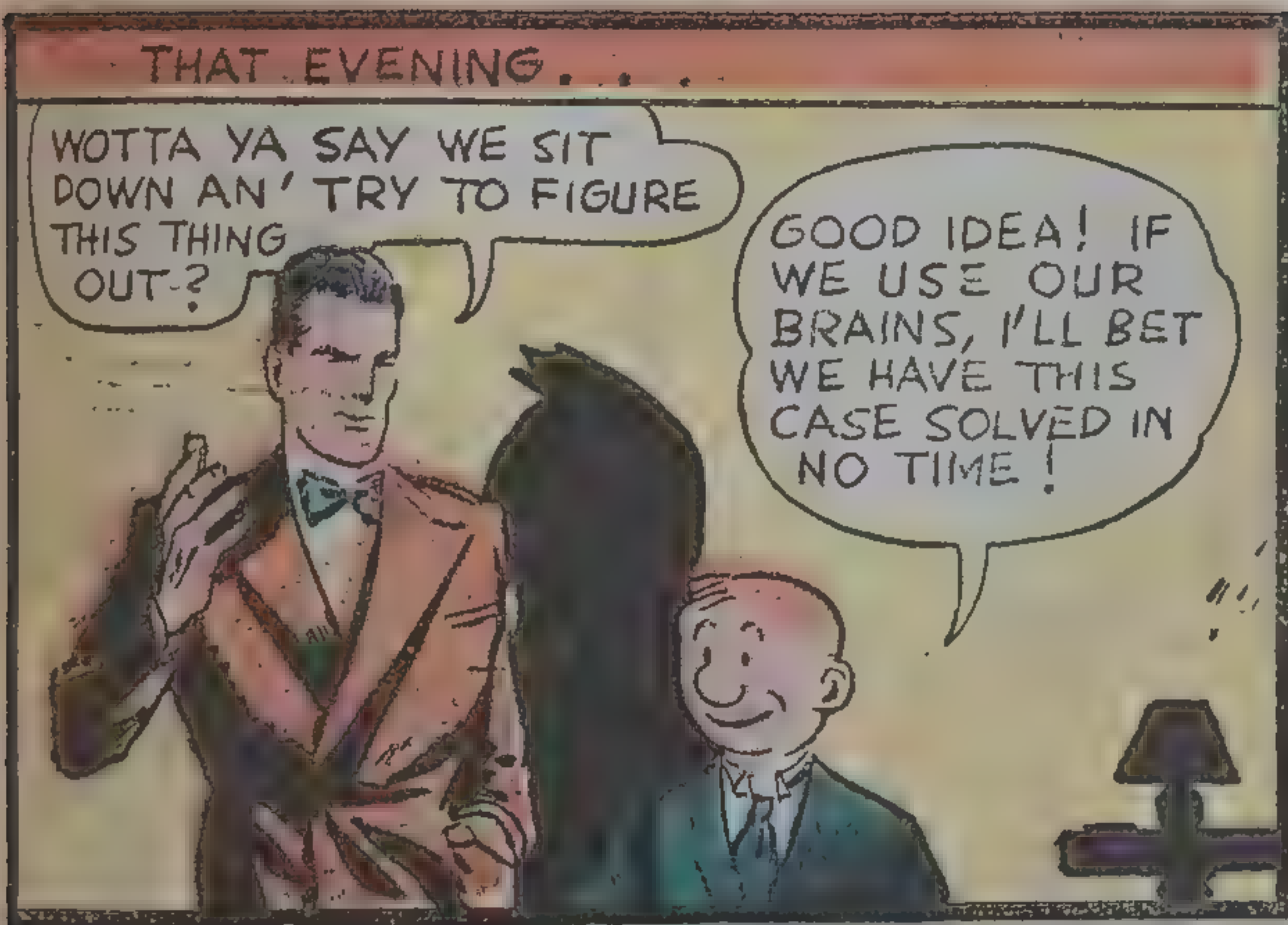


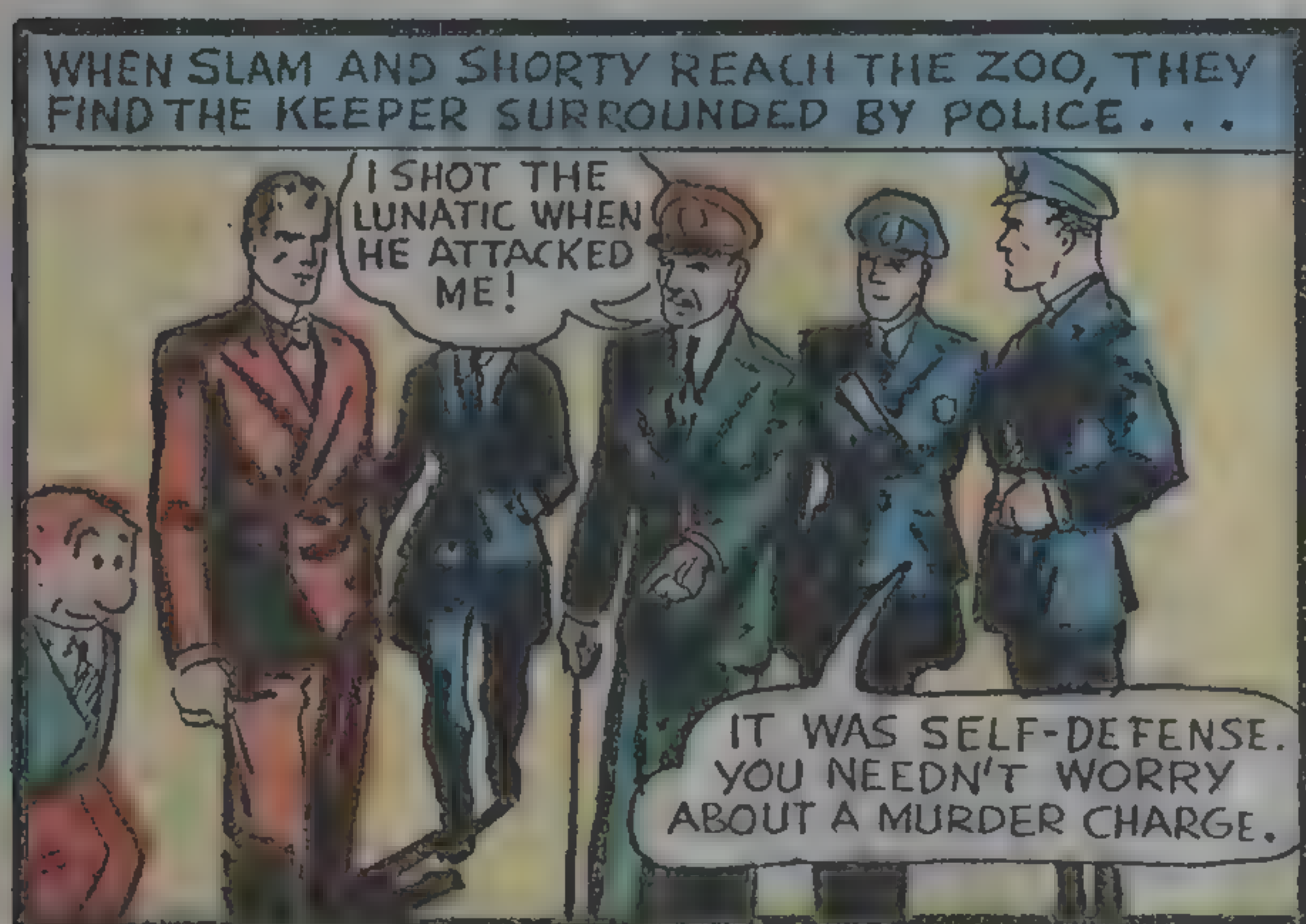
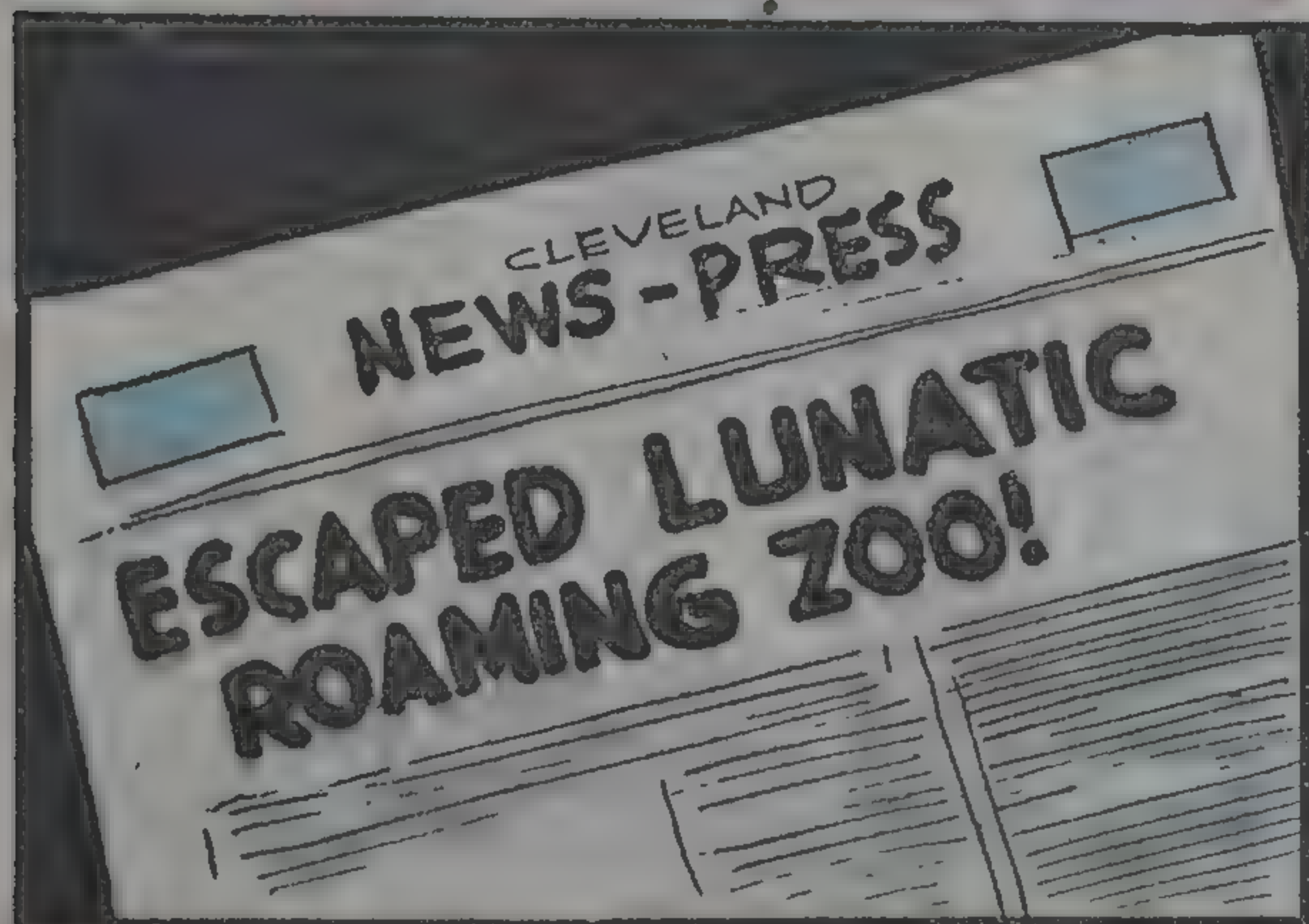
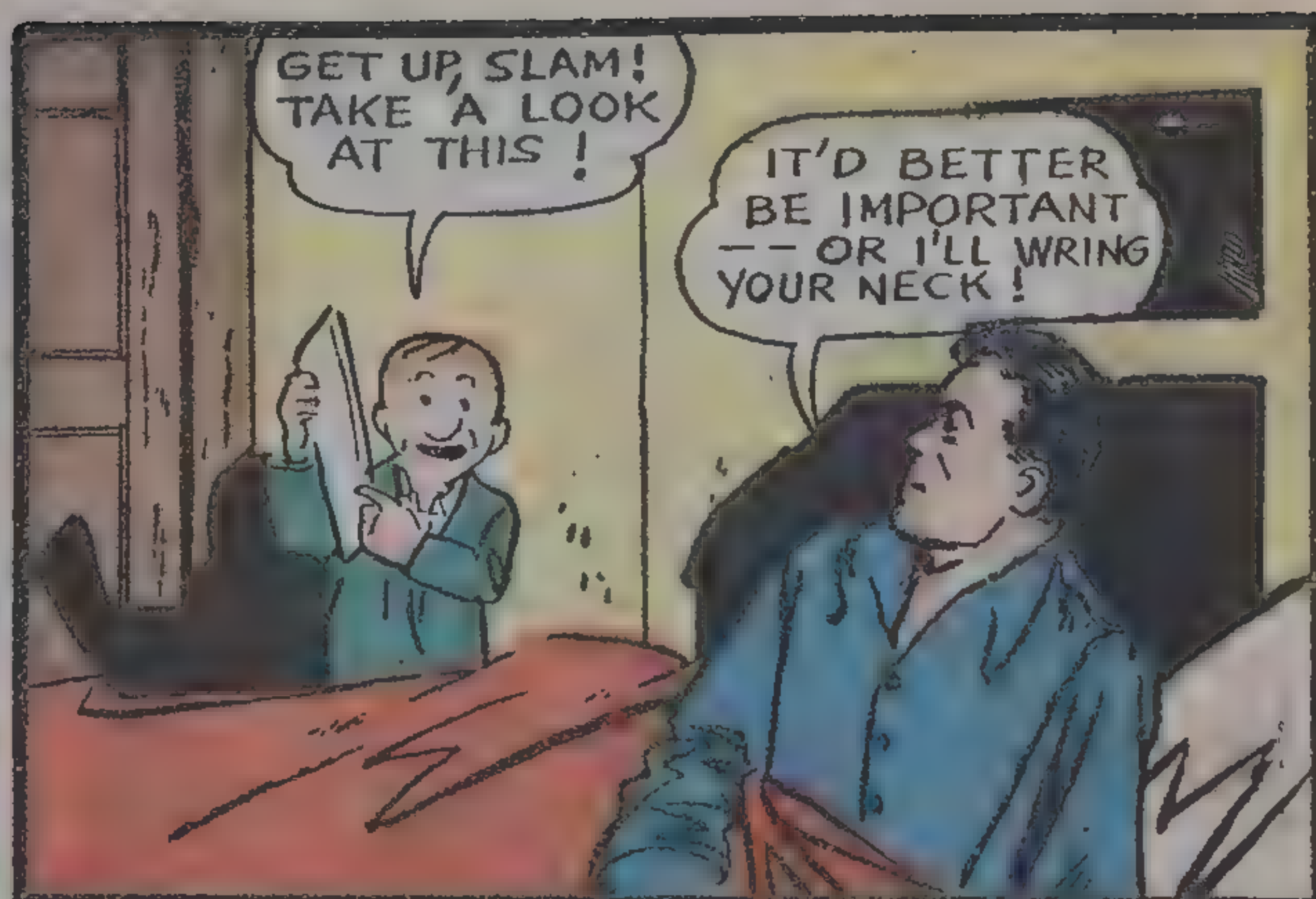
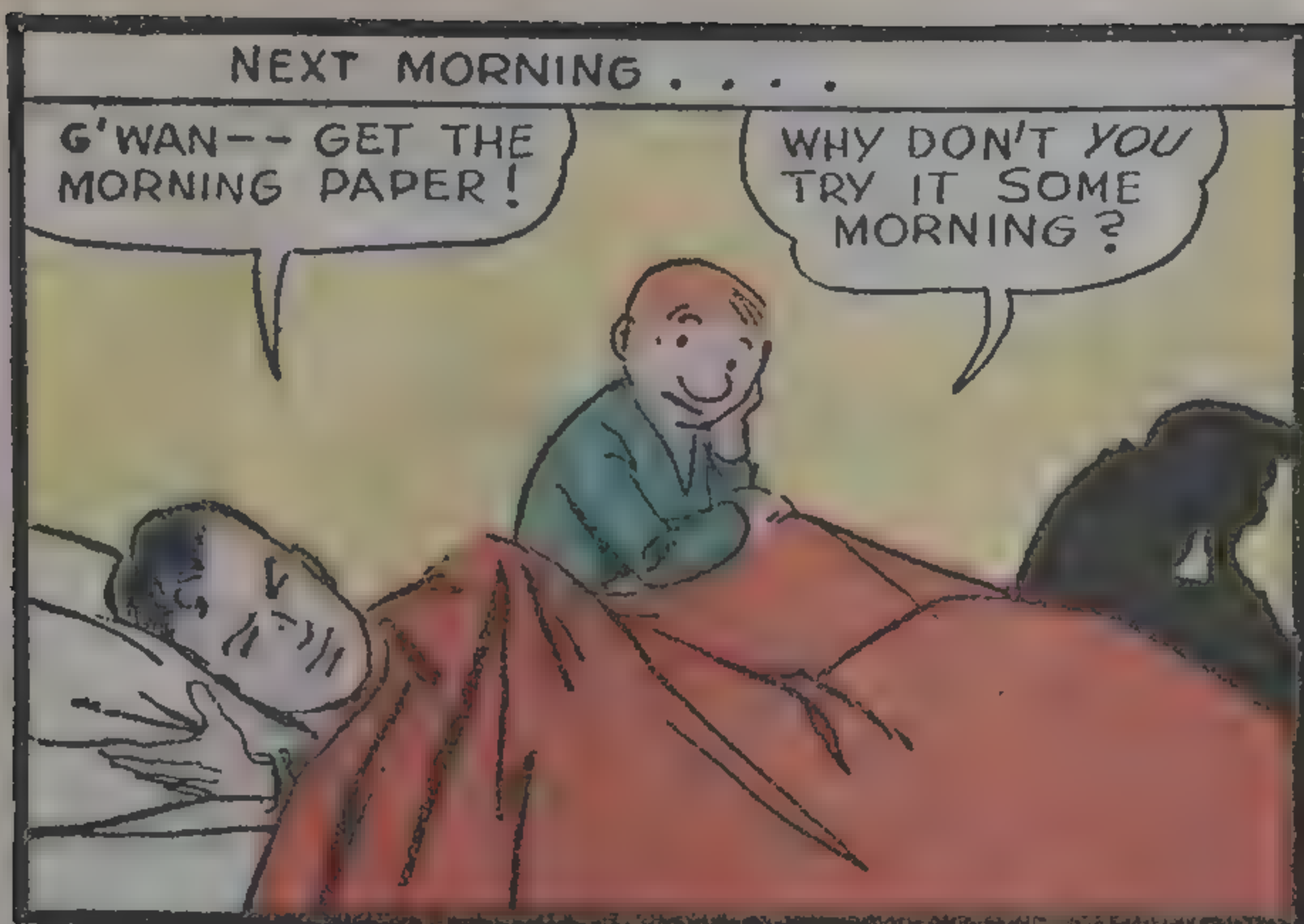
WHAT TH'--? NO TRACE OF SHORTY!











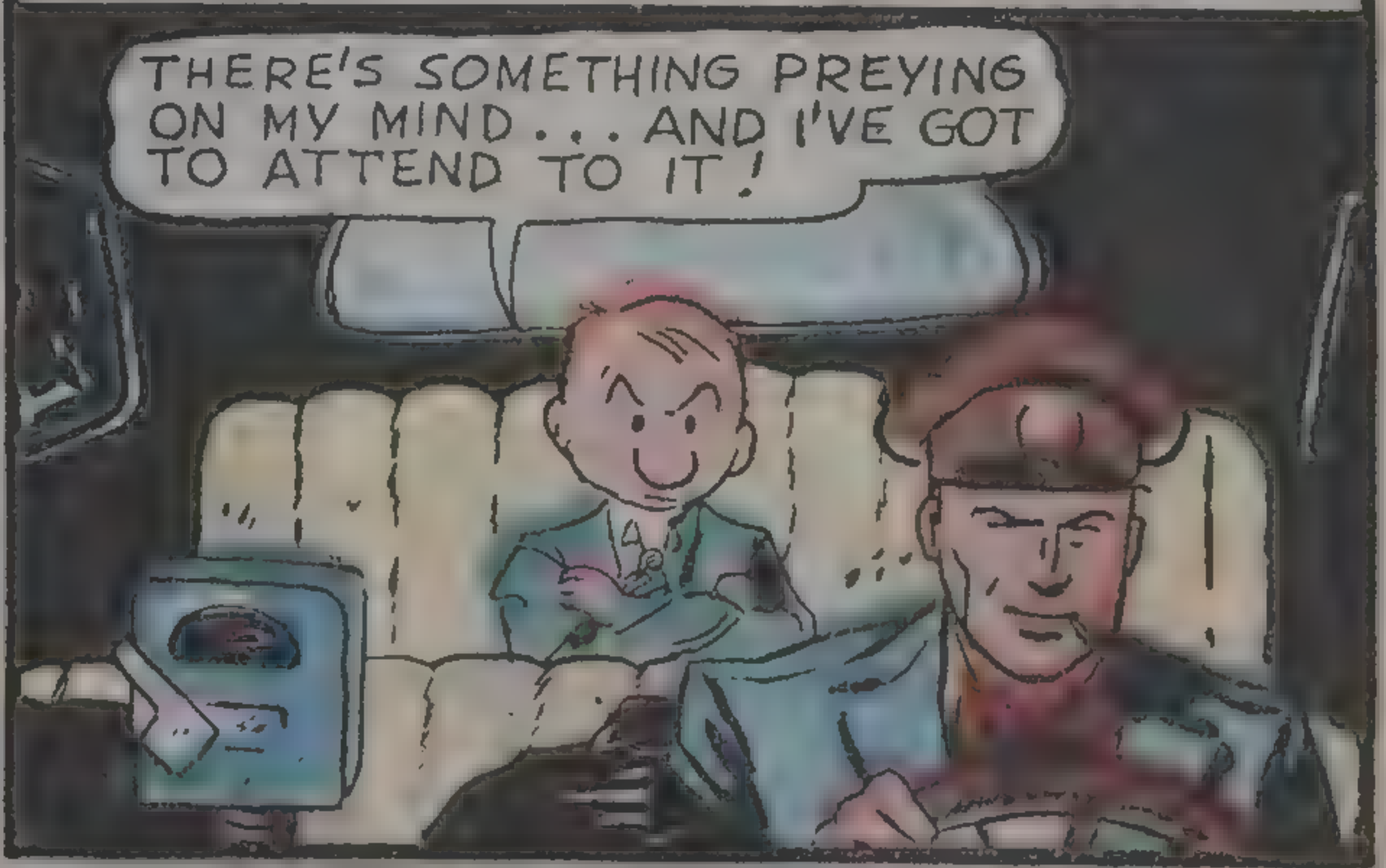
WHAT HAD OCCURED A FEW MINUTES EARLIER...

CAREFUL...
OR I'LL AWAKEN
SLAM!

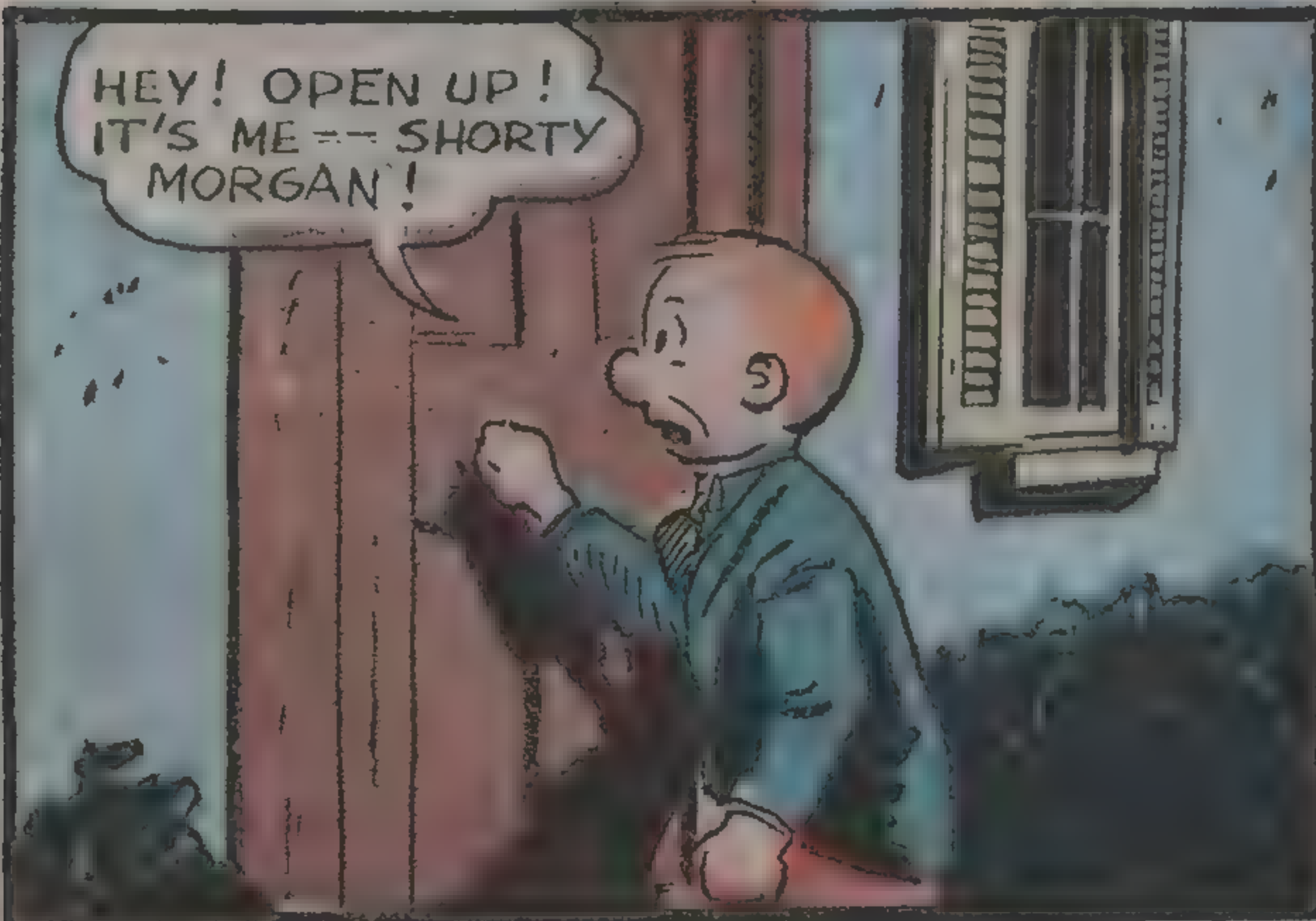


AS SHORTY RIDES TOWARD THE ZOO...

THERE'S SOMETHING PREYING
ON MY MIND... AND I'VE GOT
TO ATTEND TO IT!



HEY! OPEN UP!
IT'S ME -- SHORTY
MORGAN!



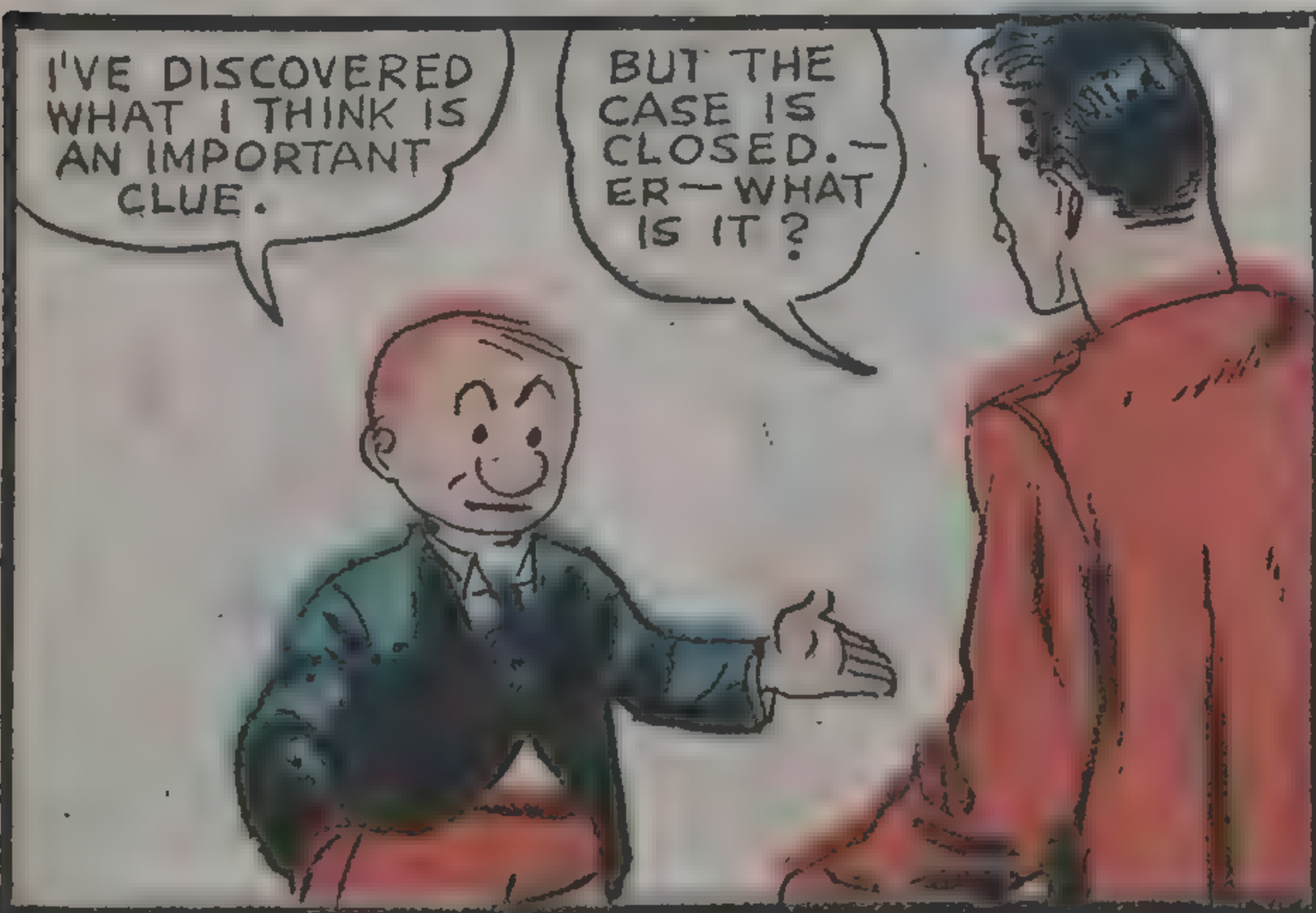
OH, IT'S YOU!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT
?

MIND IF I
STEP IN A
MINUTE?



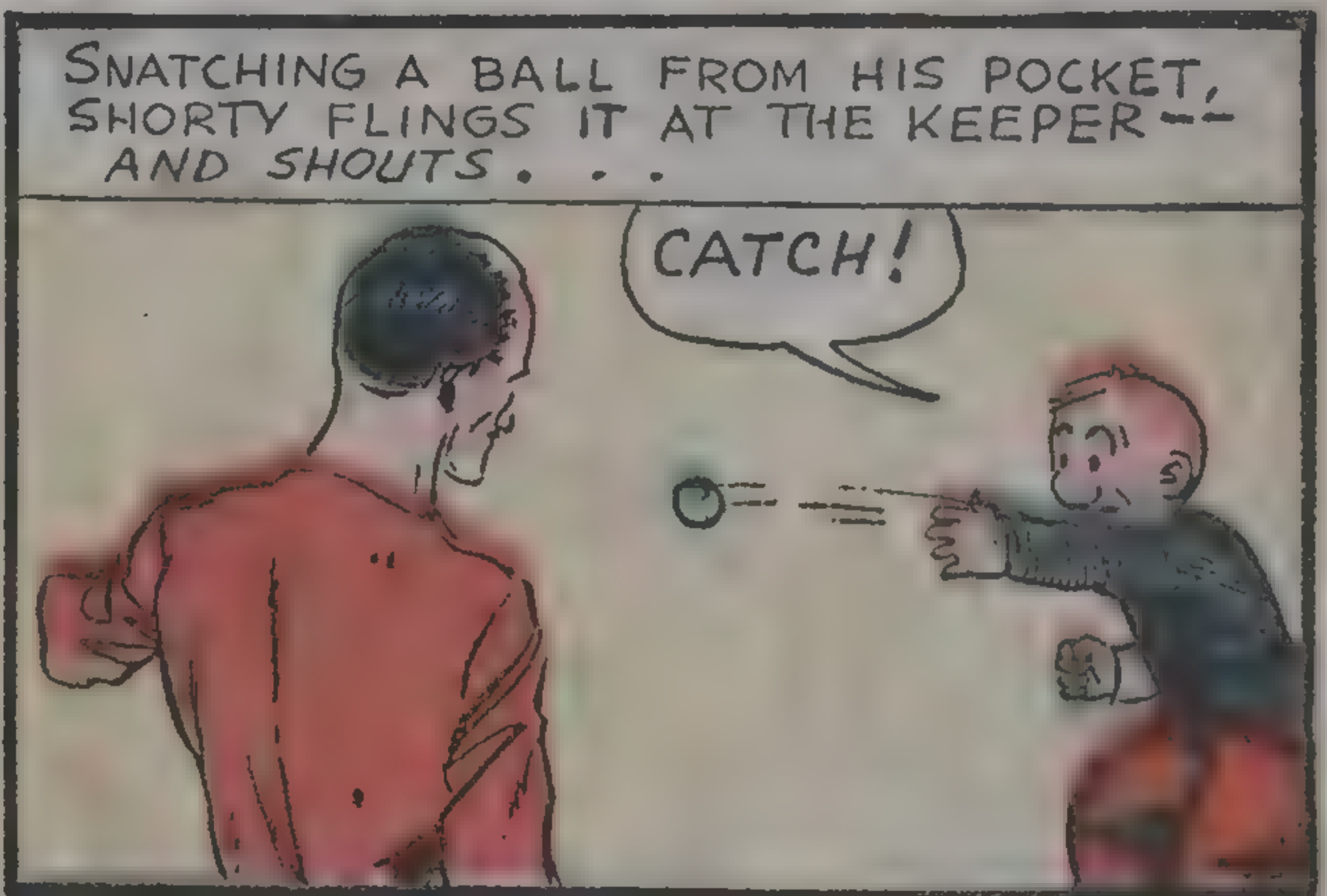
I'VE DISCOVERED
WHAT I THINK IS
AN IMPORTANT
CLUE.

BUT THE
CASE IS
CLOSED. --
ER -- WHAT
IS IT?

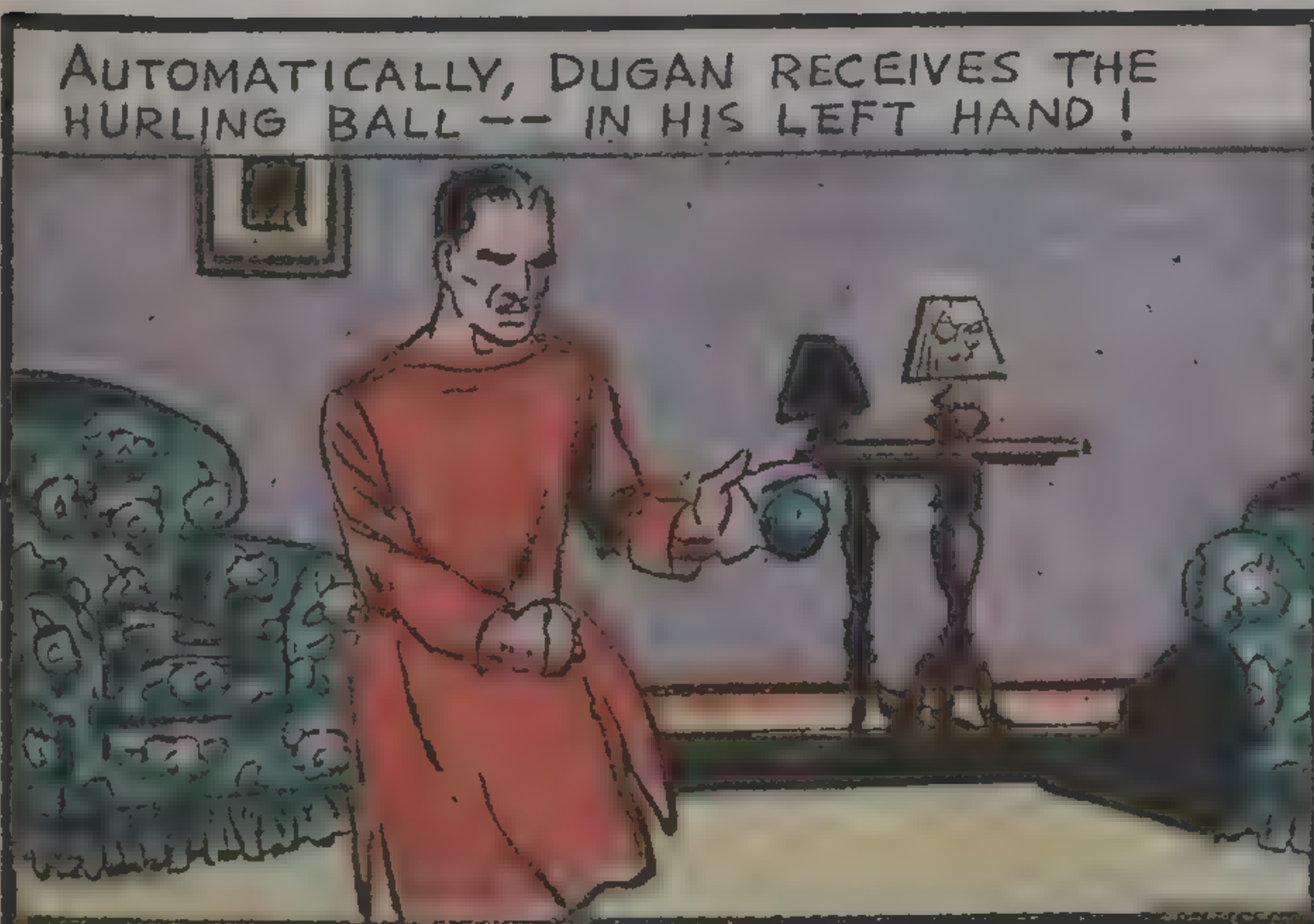


SNATCHING A BALL FROM HIS POCKET,
SHORTY FLINGS IT AT THE KEEPER --
AND SHOUTS...

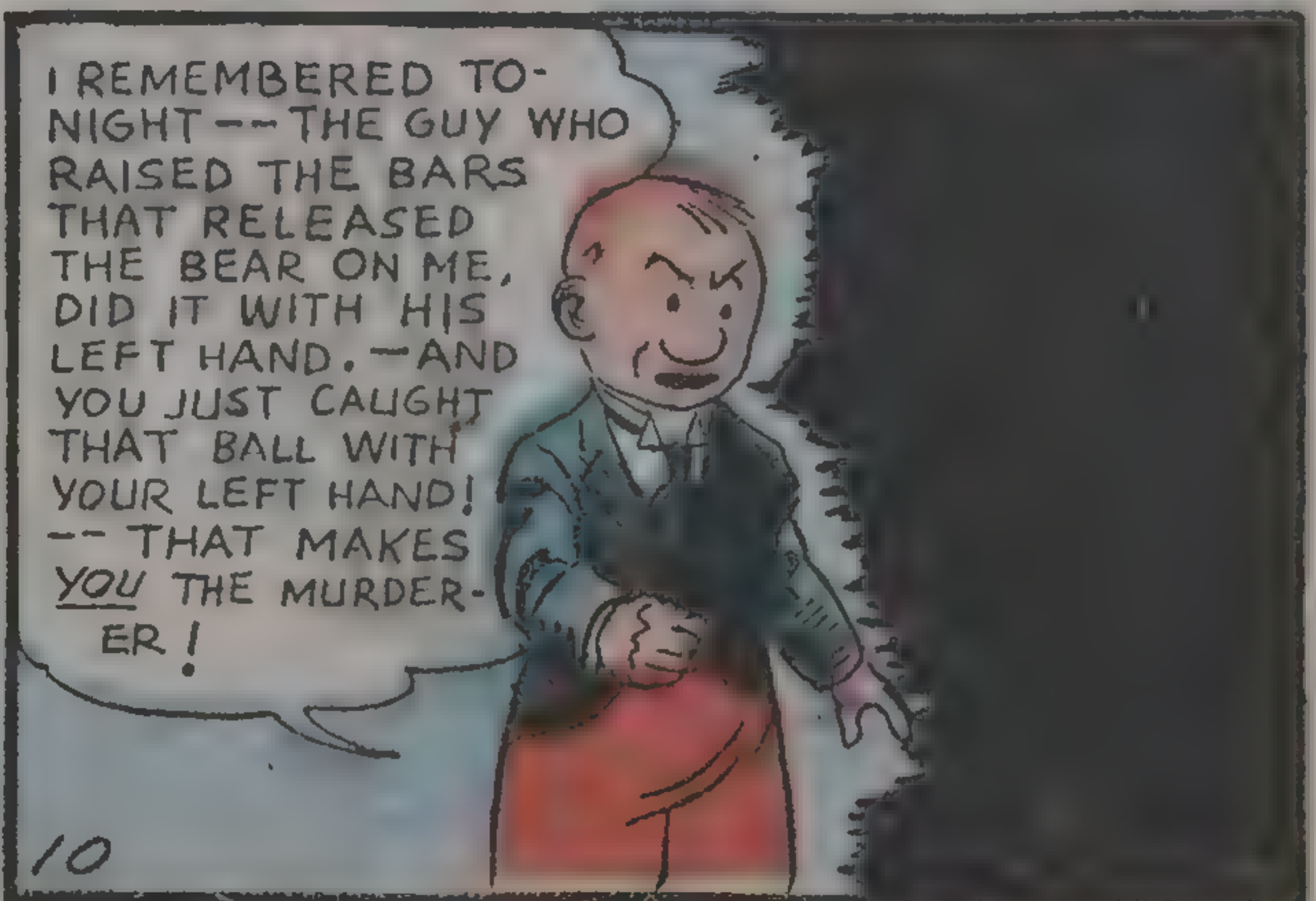
CATCH!

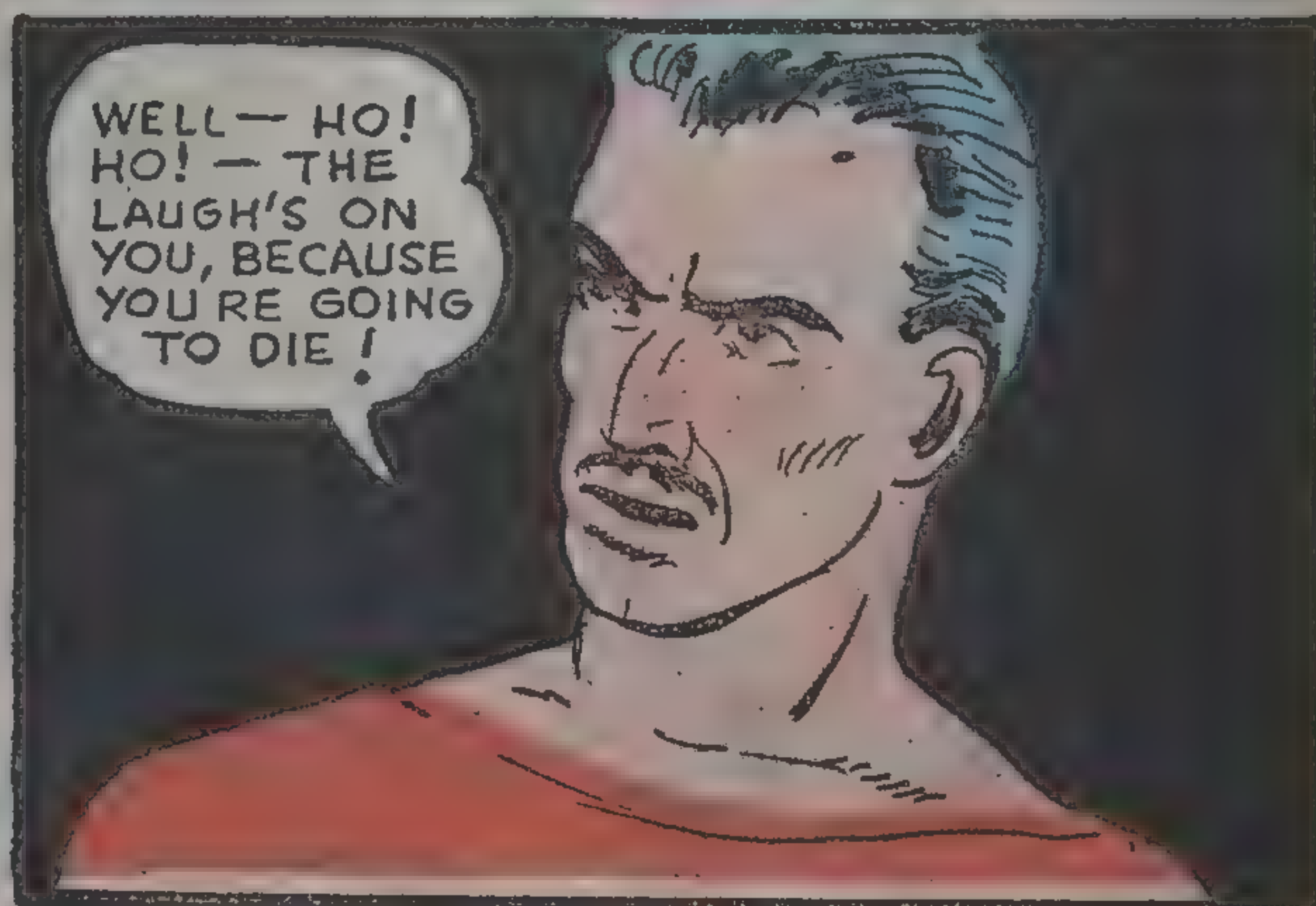
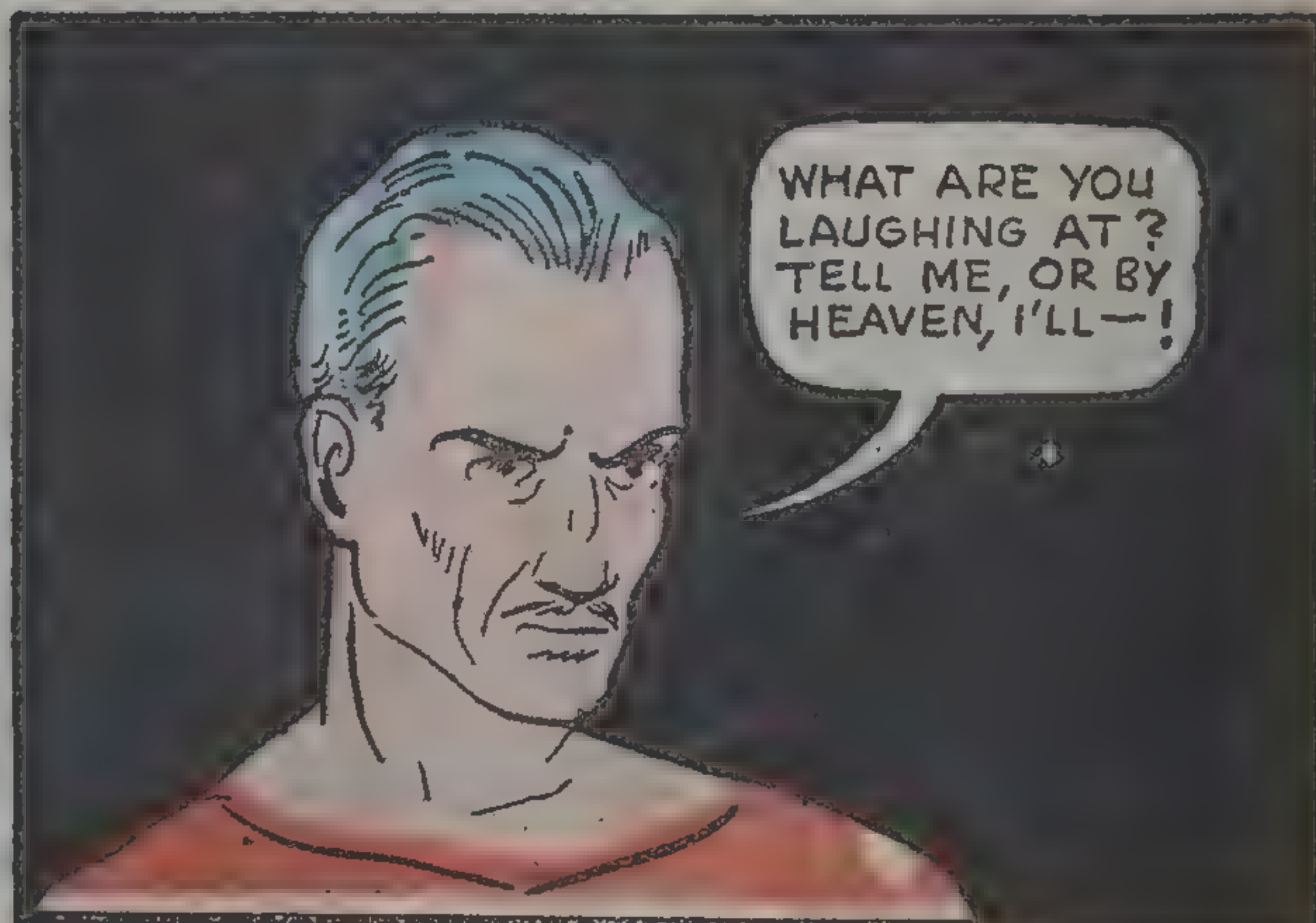
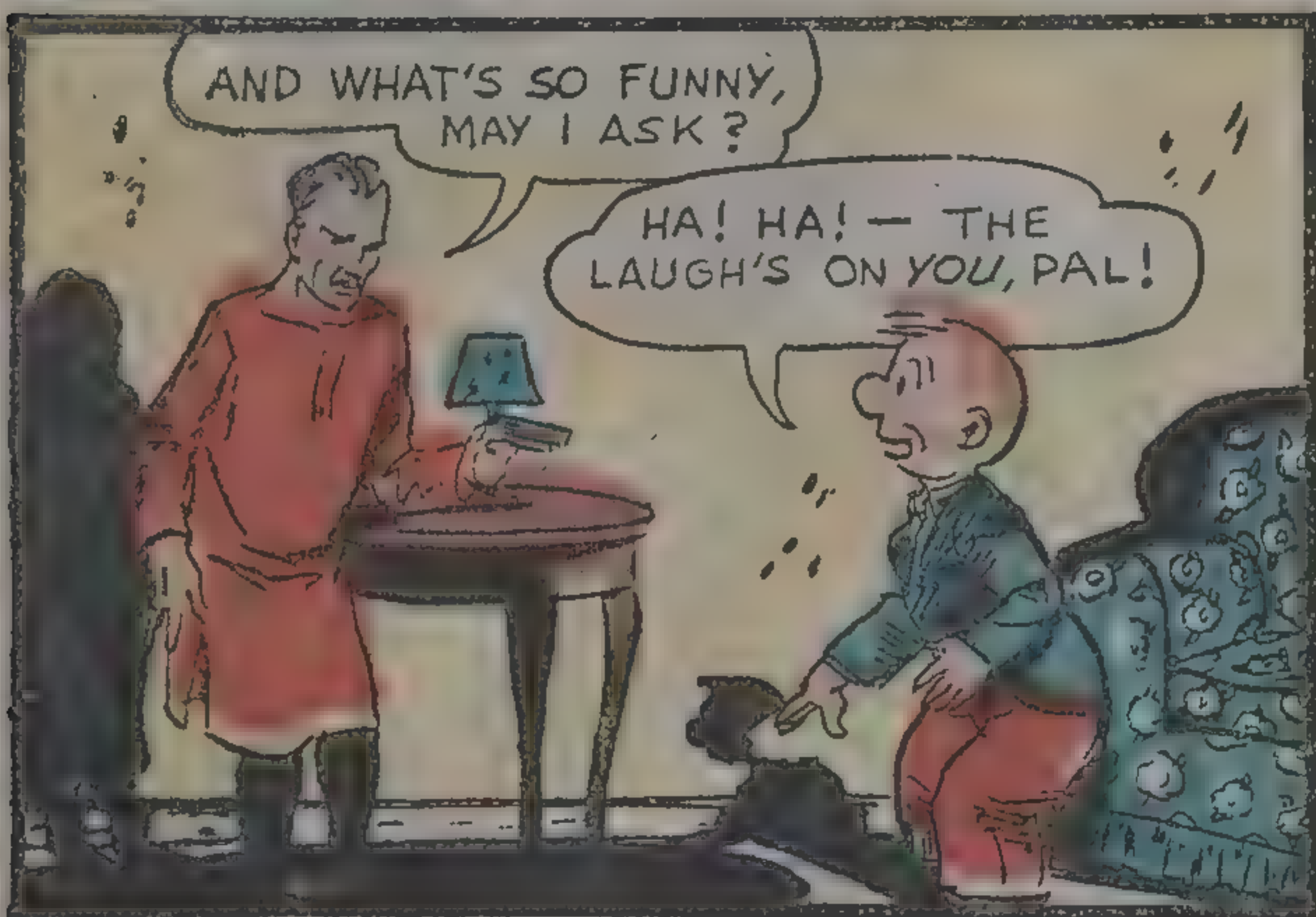
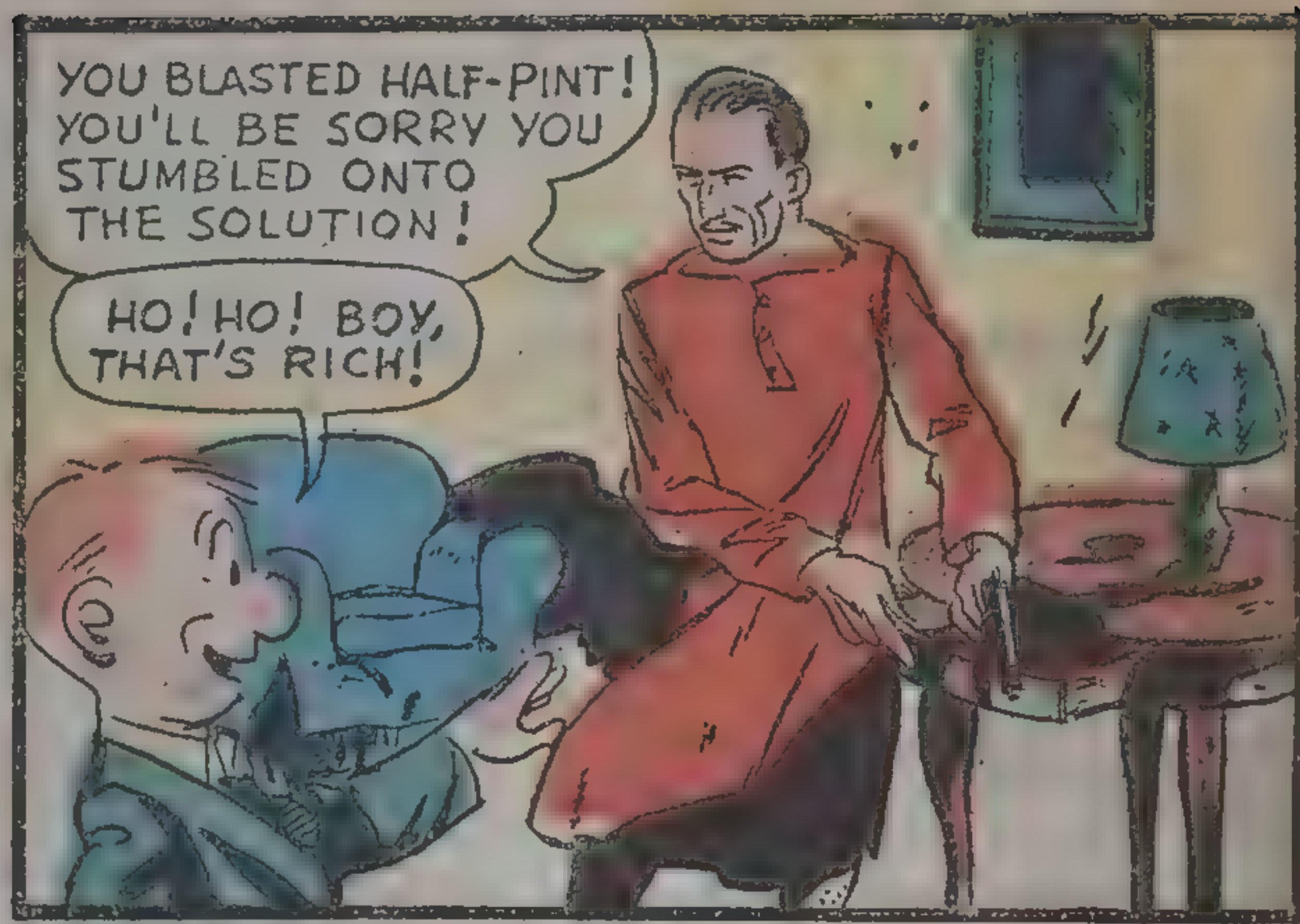
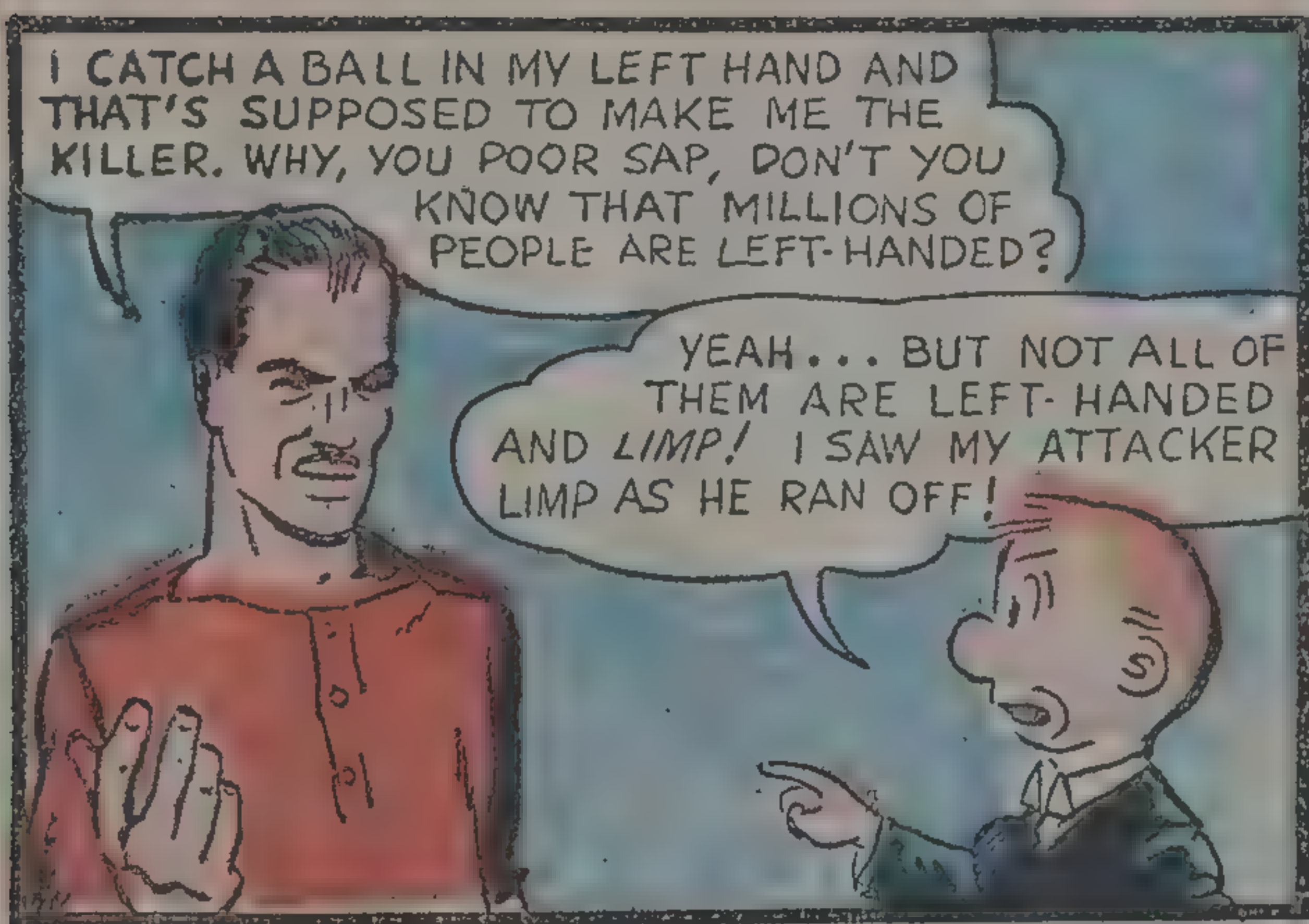


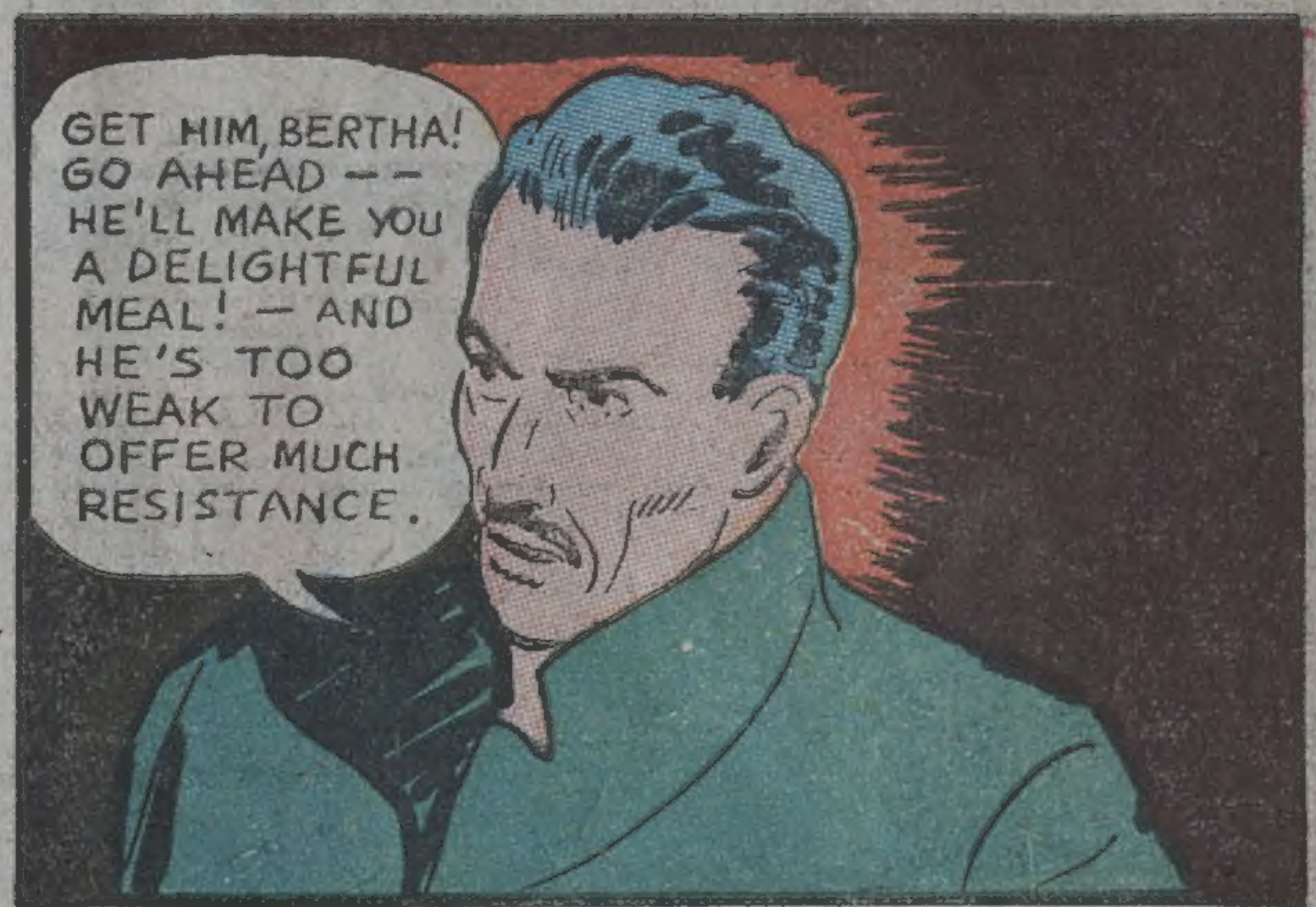
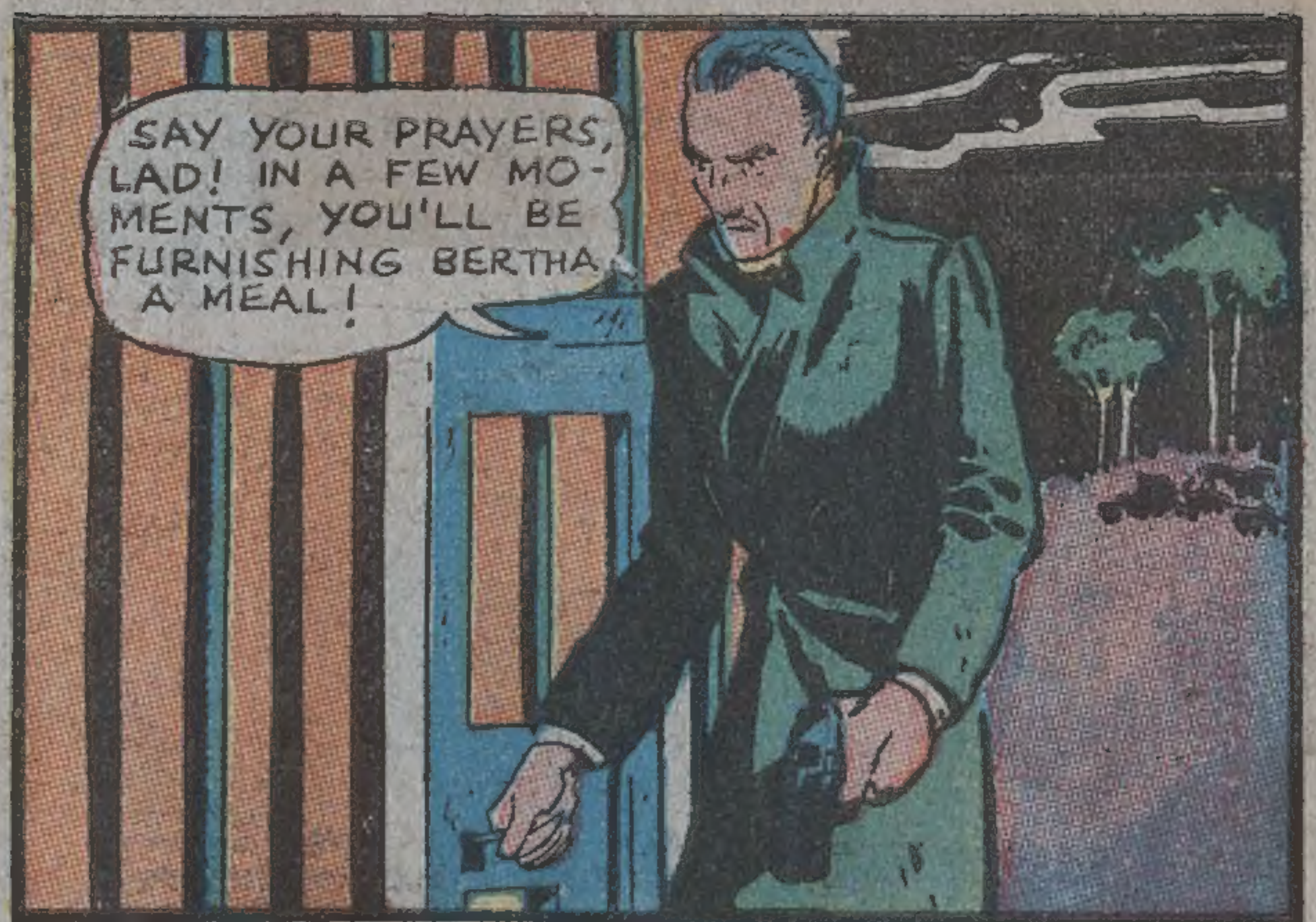
AUTOMATICALLY, DUGAN RECEIVES THE
HURLING BALL -- IN HIS LEFT HAND!

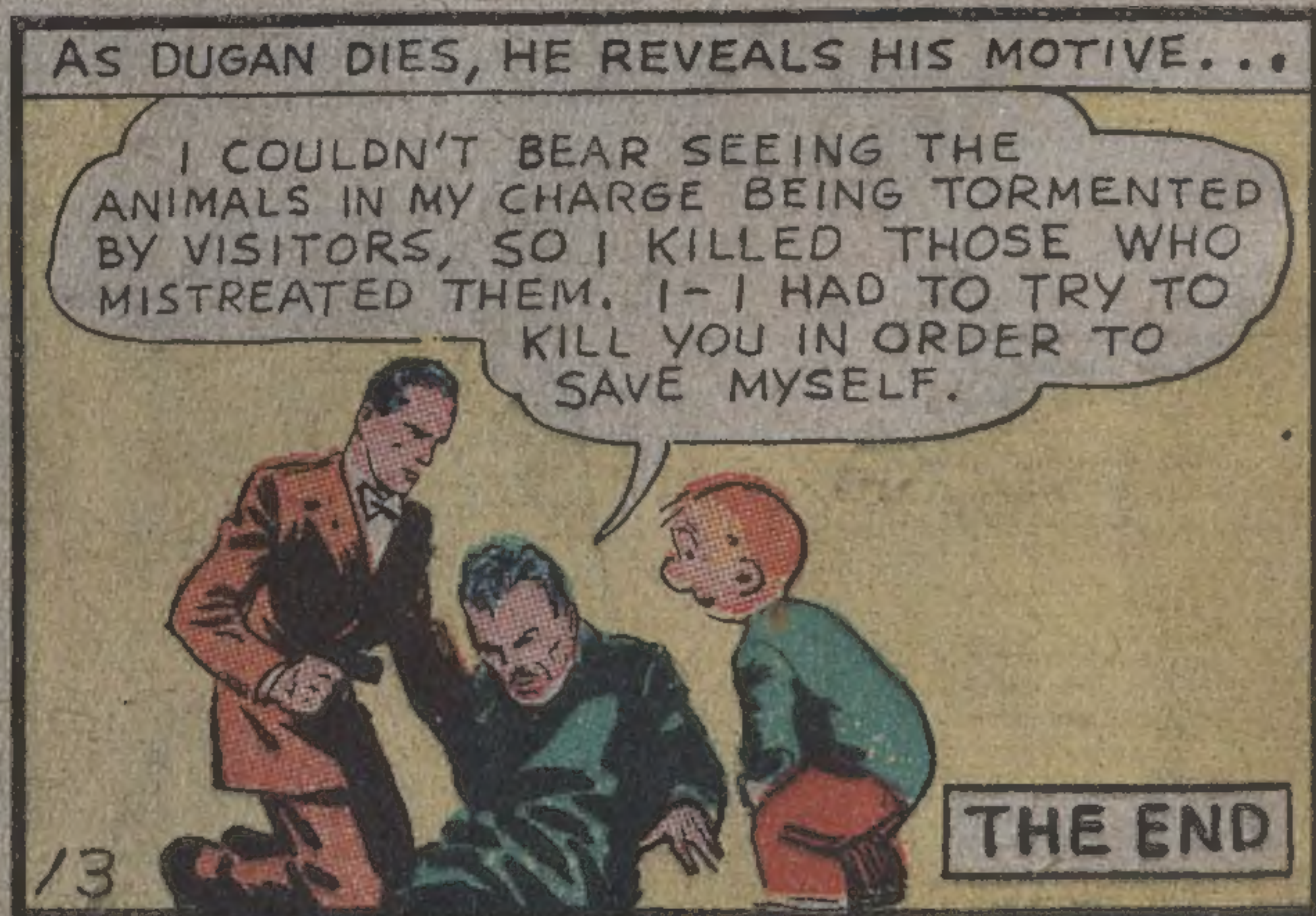
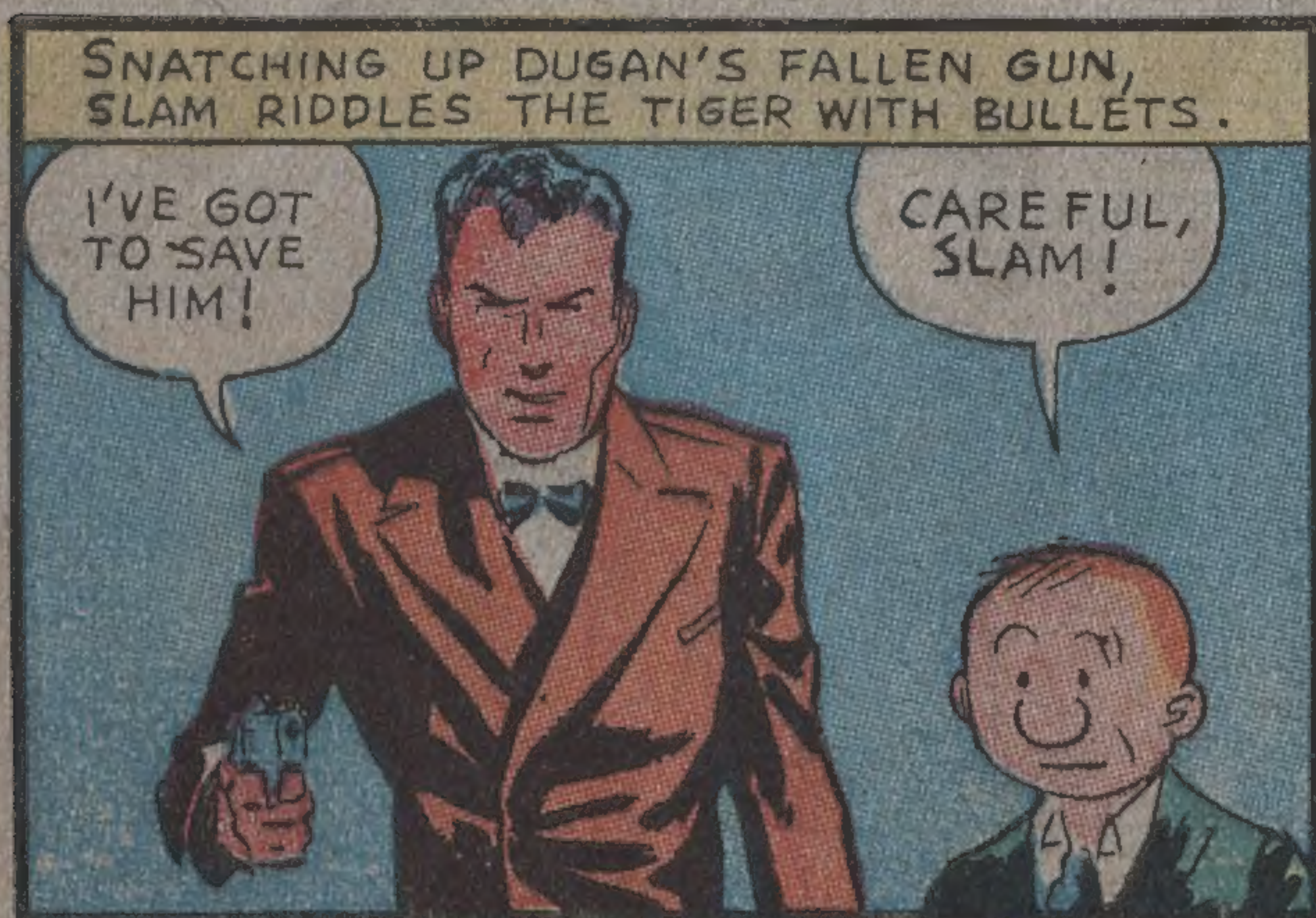
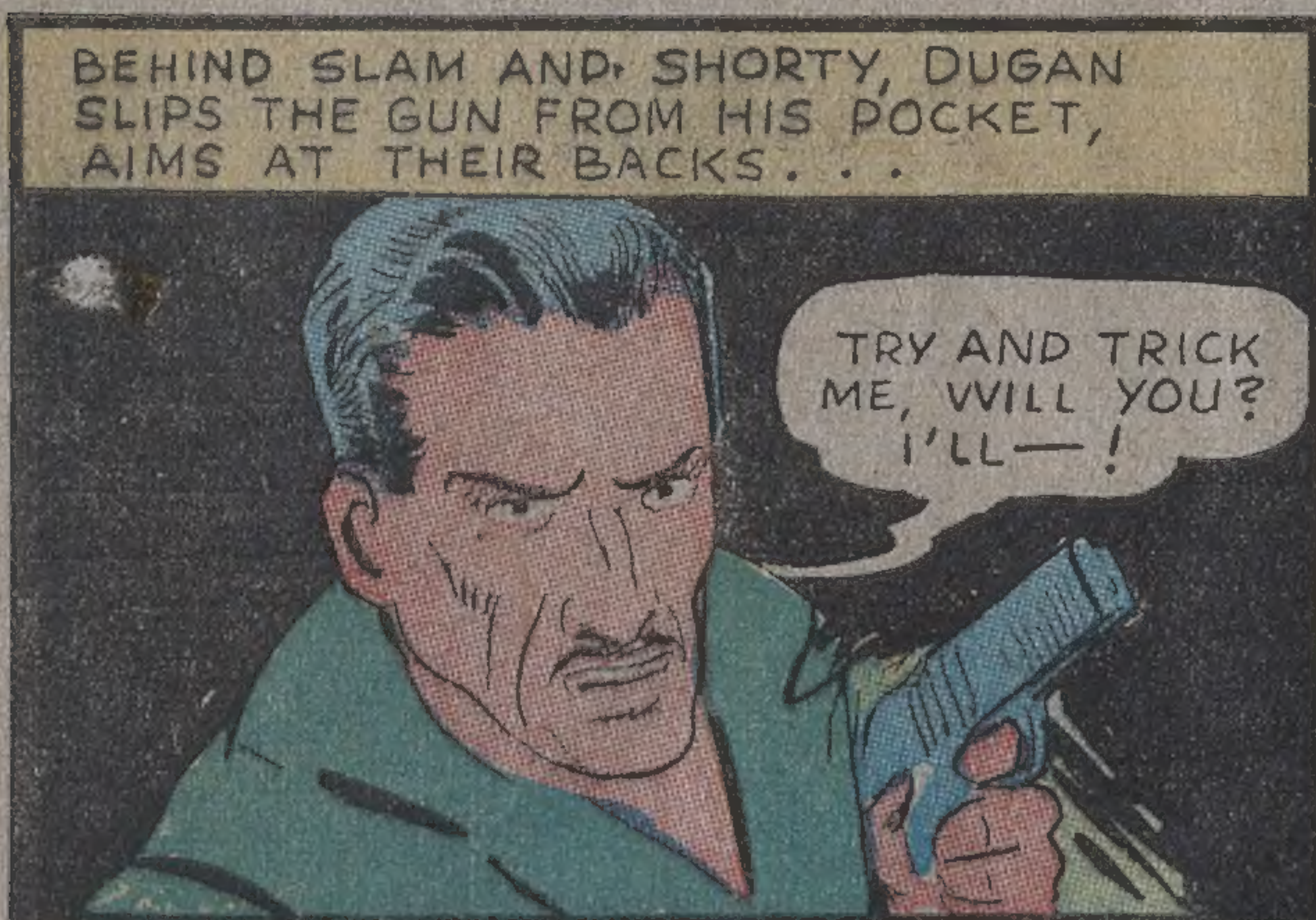


I REMEMBERED TO-
NIGHT -- THE GUY WHO
RAISED THE BARS
THAT RELEASED
THE BEAR ON ME,
DID IT WITH HIS
LEFT HAND. -- AND
YOU JUST CAUGHT
THAT BALL WITH
YOUR LEFT HAND!
-- THAT MAKES
YOU THE MURDER-
ER!









The COMIC BOOK of TOMORROW is here TODAY!!

THE ONE AND ONLY OFFICIALLY
LICENSED COMIC BOOK OF
THE NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR!

This Is
a Miniature
Reproduction
of
the
Book

YOUR loyalty
as a reader of our
monthly comic
books has prompted
us to publish this big
comic book, with all
your favorite features,
as a souvenir of the
world's greatest Fair!

This book is being
sold at the NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR, but
those of our readers who
are unable to visit the
Fair may get a copy of
NEW YORK WORLD'S
FAIR COMICS by filling
in the coupon on the right
and mailing this in, to-
gether with 25c in coin, and
we will send you one im-
mediately. Address your
envelope to:

DETECTIVE COMICS, INC.
480 Lexington Ave.
New York City

**A (WORLD'S) FAIR VALUE
FOR 25c!**

IT'S PRINTED
ENTIRELY IN
COLOR
AND BOUND
WITH A
DANDY,
VARNISHED
COVER
OF
HEAVY
CARD-
BOARD

!



Please send a copy (or copies) of the
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR COMICS to:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

